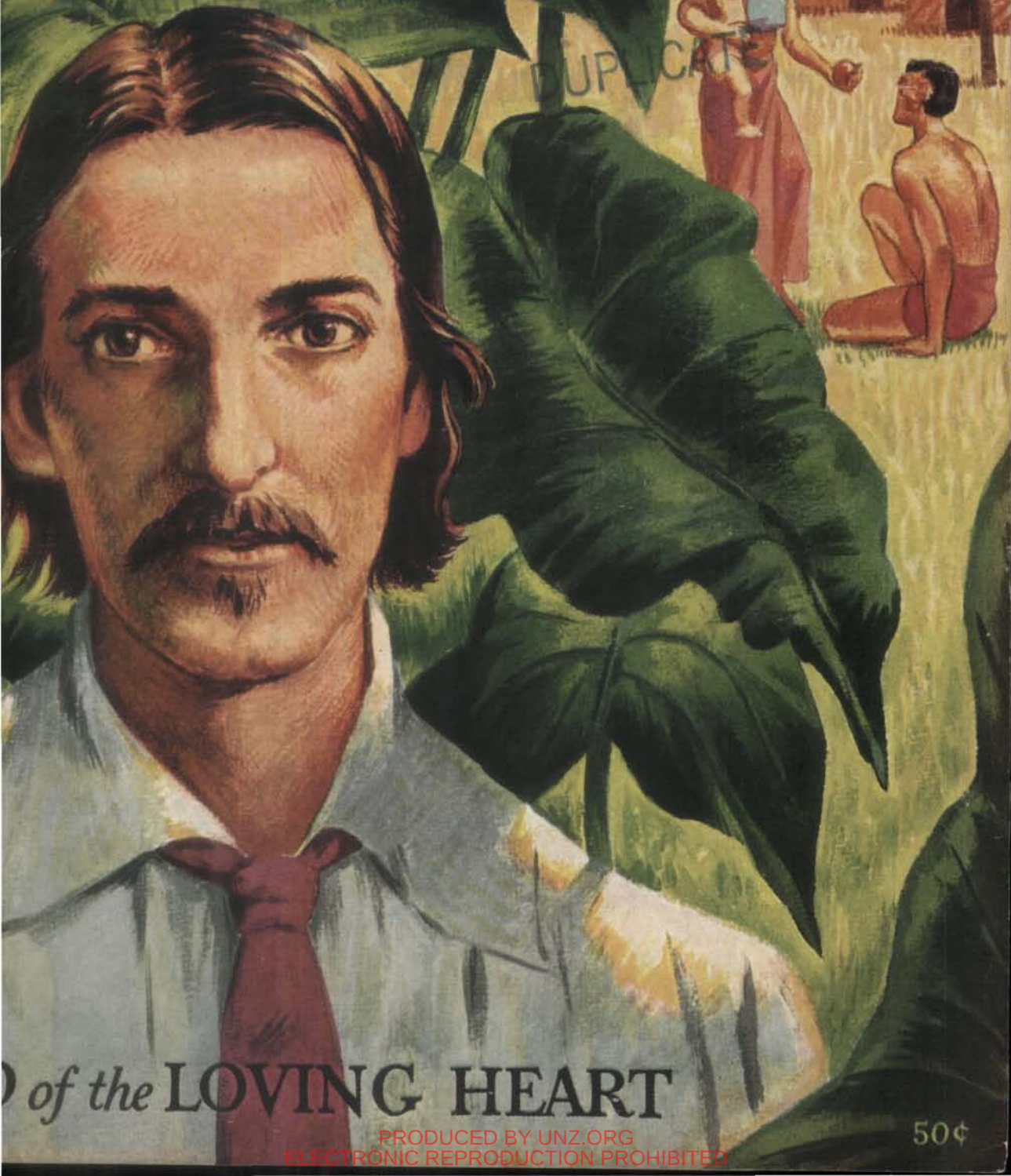


SEPTEMBER 1951

E Atlantic

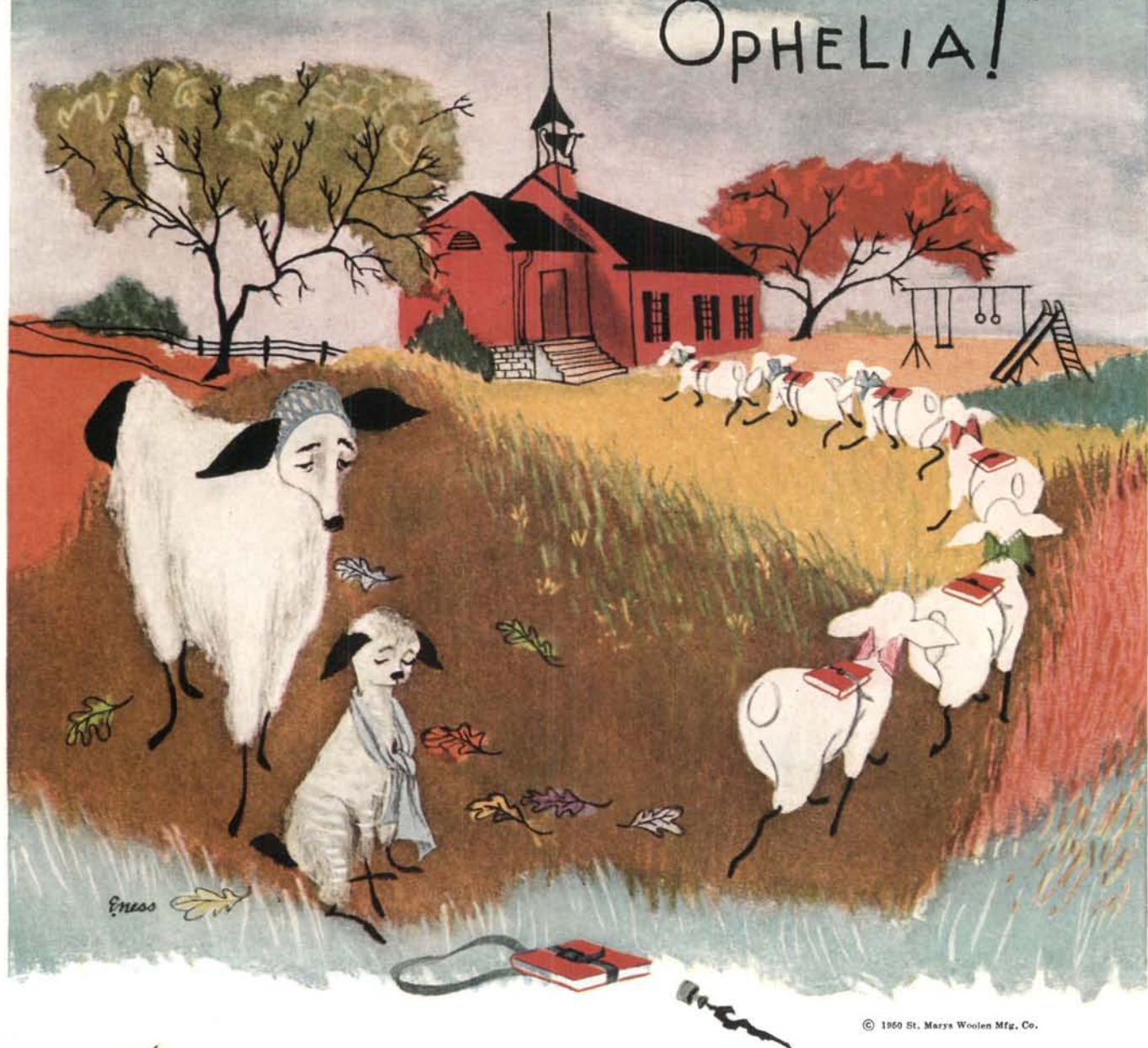


of the **LOVING HEART**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

50¢

"YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE IT,
OPHELIA!"



© 1960 St. Marys Woolen Mfg. Co.


 "At Lamb School you'll learn where meadows
 are richest, dew is sweetest and where
 the coolest shadows are featherstitched with sun.
 You'll learn how to grow the thickest, strongest,
 softest, loveliest fleece in the world, Ophelia.

"Then, someday, that most particular
 St. Marys man will say: 'Ophelia's fleece
 is fine enough for a St. Marys Blanket!'"

"That's top billing, darling . . ."



ST. MARYS BLANKETS

ST. MARYS, OHIO

ST. MARYS BLANKETS • ST. MARYS BABY BLANKETS
 ST. MARYS ROBES • ST. MARYS FABRICS
 THREE WEAVERS HANDWOVEN TROWS

Thinking Inventing Building TO MEET THE COUNTRY'S TELEPHONE NEEDS

The responsibility of the Bell System does not consist of merely supplying good telephone service today. We have to be always creating so that the service grows better and better.



THE CALL FOR PROGRESS

This process of creation can never stop, for the country's telephone needs are continually changing and increasing. So we must always be thinking ahead and inventing ahead and building for the future. This is what the country looks to us to do and we are doing it. It is especially important in these days of national defense.

The pre-eminence of telephone research and manufacturing reflects a dynamic policy and point of view throughout the business. The people needed to come up with new ideas and put them into action are constantly being encouraged and given opportunity.

We shall continue to meet the challenge of the future and do our full part, always, to advance the welfare, the strength and the security of the United States of America.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



SEPTEMBER ATLANTIC

Ninety-three years of continuous publication

VOLUME 188 1951 NUMBER 3

Atlantic Reports: France — Washington — London

James Norman Hall: 1887-1951	ELLERY SEDGWICK	19
A Matter of Conviction	CLARENCE B. RANDALL	22
Broken Idol. <i>A Poem</i>	R. P. LISTER	25
I Bought a Dress in Paris	SALLY ISELIN	26
In the White Giant's Thigh. <i>A Poem</i>	DYLAN THOMAS	31
The Road of the Loving Heart <i>Robert Louis Stevenson in Samoa</i>	J. C. FURNAS	33
Bullying the Civil Service	THURMAN ARNOLD	45
A Girl Called Peter. <i>A Story</i>	H. E. BATES	47
It's the Rain. <i>A Poem</i>	DANIEL SARGENT	51
The Summer Steelhead	CLARK C. VAN FLEET	52
After an A-Bomb Falls	JOHN W. M. BUNKER	56
The Fifth Day. <i>A Story</i>	PETER MATTHIESSEN	60
The American Temperament	DAVID L. COHN	64
Fog	WYMAN RICHARDSON, M.D.	66
The Vanderbilt Cup	KEN PURDY	69

BOOKS AND MEN

What Happened to the Short Story	HERSCHEL BRICKELL	74
----------------------------------	-------------------	----

ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

The Peripatetic Reviewer	EDWARD WEEKS	77
Books the Editors Like		79
Reader's Choice	HARVEY BREIT	80

ACCENT ON LIVING

Charles W. Morton — Raoul Simpkins — Edmund J. Kiefer — Alfred Toombs — Joseph Henry Jackson — M. A. DeWolfe Howe		87
Provence Without Garlic <i>Pleasures and Places</i>	JOSEPH WECHSBERG	92

Cover portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson by Elinore Blaisdell

1 YEAR \$6.00 2 YEARS \$11.00 3 YEARS \$16.00

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, September, 1951, Vol. 188, No. 3. Published monthly. Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N.H. Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. 50 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Entered as second-class matter July 15, 1918, at the Post Office at Concord, N.H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A., by Rumford Press, Concord, N.H. Copyright 1951, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention.

Introducing AN EXCITING NEW
WAY—PARTICULARLY FOR FAMILIES
WITH CHILDREN—TO OBTAIN A WELL-
ROUNDED EDUCATION IN THE ENTIRE
HISTORY OF ART

ALL MINIATURES ARE
NOW OF THIS SIZE

24 FAMOUS PAINTINGS

— IN FULL COLOR — BY

Rembrandt



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST

PRICE FOR THE FULL SERIES

(including 32-page Album) \$1.25

Reproduced in miniature by **THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART**

THIS STRIKING SET is an example of one of the most exciting developments in art education—both for adults and young people—ever undertaken. For more than two years, The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York has been making fine Miniatures, in full color, of its most famous works of art—in order to enable cultivated people everywhere to build up gradually a full replica in their own homes of a great art museum.

The Museum now prepares a separate set of 24 Miniatures every month, in the new large size shown above. Eventually they will include the most interesting and most representative work of every period, every school, every great painter. With each set of 24 Miniatures an Album is provided in which the prints can be affixed in given spaces; and under each one you find fascinating information about what is pictured. Thus each Album, with its Miniatures, is like a guided visit through the Museum under the instruction of an expert.

In effect, the project is like a comprehensive university course, carried on by the staff of the Museum, in both the history and appreciation of art. Yet the plan is of such a nature that it can be understood and enjoyed by persons of all ages.

A SUGGESTION: To acquaint yourself visually with the project, we suggest that you send for this single set of Rembrandts. Or, if you wish to subscribe now on a continuing basis, you can do so with the right to stop whenever you please, just as you might wish to stop going on “guided personal visits” through the Museum. On this basis, you

will receive with the first Album, and with every twelfth thereafter, a handsome Portfolio in which the Albums may be kept for constant enjoyment and reference. The price for each series is \$1.25, with Album.

★ ★ ★

PLEASE NOTE: Since The Metropolitan Museum is unequipped to handle the details involved in this project, it has arranged to have the Book-of-the-Month Club, of New York, act as its national distributor. The selection of subjects and the preparation of the color prints remain wholly under the supervision of the Museum. All matters having to do with distribution are handled by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc.
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

A49

AS A DEMONSTRATION . . . please send me the 24 Miniatures of REMBRANDTS IN THE METROPOLITAN, with Album (price \$1.25).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



CHECK HERE IF YOU WANT SUCCEEDING SERIES with the privilege of stopping at any time. The series immediately following will be 24 famous American water-color paintings by Eakins, Sargent and Winslow Homer.

DO NOT ENCLOSE MONEY • A BILL WILL BE SENT

POSTAGE AND HANDLING CHARGE, WHICH WILL NOT EXCEED 10¢ PER SERIES, WILL BE ADDED



THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today



France



THE Parisians have in them something of the Venetian love of carnival and pageantry. From the beginning of May until the 14th of July, when half of the population abandons the city to the tender mercies of invading tourist armies, the Parisians allow their exuberant artistic fantasies free rein. Almost any theme will do if it can serve as an excuse for redecorating a shopwindow or a whole boulevard, and any available anniversary will be seized upon eagerly if it can be used as a pretext for organizing an exposition or a parade.

This year, not to be outdone by their friends across the Channel, the Parisians decided to celebrate their city's two-thousandth birthday. The decision, of course, was quite arbitrary, for no one here is quite sure just when the mysterious birth took place; and like any lady of advancing years, Paris has shown no signs of admitting her true age.

But even the most pedantic chronological experts have made no attempt to deny that it was a good excuse for arranging a public festival in the honor of their city. Thus night after night for a good part of this summer the great buildings of Paris have been illuminated and the fountains have played on the Champs Élysées and the Place de la Concorde. Not since the war has Paris appeared so radiant and shown fewer signs of suffering from the ravages of her bimillennial antiquity.

On the 8th of July on the parade ground that faces the Invalides, Paris officially opened her anniversary celebration with a magnificent fireworks display and the firing of the cannon once used by the Royal and Imperial armies. The very next day this same parade ground was covered with an imposing array of the French Army's latest mili-

tary equipment. Thus was inaugurated an "Army Week" which was climaxed on the 14th of July by a very impressive military parade.

A military parade is not, of course, an accurate index of an army's real strength. About this neither the generals nor the politicians of the Fourth Republic have any illusions. They know very well that what was displayed in July was but a small beginning of a rearmament program which will have to go much farther before it amounts to anything substantial.

How many men in uniform?

At the present time France has about 720,000 men under arms (not including her police force), of which about 570,000 are in the Army, 90,000 in the Air Force, and 60,000 in the Navy. The present term of compulsory military service is eighteen months, but if this were to be extended to two years, the strength of the French armed forces would be increased by some 150,000 men.

Such an increase in the term of military service is certainly necessary to permit the French Army to fit out the twenty divisions which have been promised for 1953. It is estimated in the French Army that it takes at least six months to train a fairly good noncom and one year to produce a reasonably good officer. Consequently, any officer who comes from the ranks of the yearly contingents and whose term of service is limited to eighteen months is not of much use to the Army, for he can only afford it six months of profitable service.

This is not enough to allow the Army to build up effective combat divisions which have to be staffed in part by officers and enlisted men serving their



The Atlantic Report on France



terms of eighteen months. But if the length of compulsory service were lengthened to two years, non-regular army officers could give the Army one full year and noncoms a year and a half of useful active service.

The shortage of professional soldiers

Leaving aside the question of manpower (of which there is still a grave shortage), what is most holding back the formation of active divisions is the serious shortage of professional officers and noncoms in France to train the recruits who are doing their term of service.

A large proportion of these professionals are in Indo-China, where France at present maintains an army of 150,000 whose effective strength is equivalent to that of five divisions. This expeditionary force is made up exclusively of professionals, who cannot be relieved by new recruits and sent back to Europe, because by the terms of the law of last November which extended military service from twelve to eighteen months, conscripts can only be sent to those parts of the French Union outside of Europe and the Mediterranean where active military operations are not in progress. Because of this legislation, no rotation plan, such as that which the U.S. Army has adopted in Korea, is possible in Indo-China.

The result is that the formation of new divisions has been seriously delayed. At present the French Army has five divisions on an active war footing in Europe, four of them in Germany and one of them in France, and the best it has been able to promise General Eisenhower for this year is five more divisions which can be activated in three days.

French military men feel that this legislation perpetuates a grave injustice in the treatment of the French Army. The last Assembly thereby refused to consider that the war in Indo-China was a war in which every young French draftee has a stake. It put the burden entirely on the shoulders of France's military elite, who slowly but surely are being bled white in an interminable war of attrition.

As a result, the morale in the professional cadre of the French Army is not too good. The French Army in one way or another has always been in the breach and it is prepared to stand there again in any cause in which the welfare of the country is at stake. Its roll of honor is probably as impressive as that of any other army in the world. Out of the 40,000-odd that have graduated from the École

de St. Cyr (France's West Point) since its foundation in 1808, more than 8000 have died on the battlefield. The Army is proud of this record, but it does not feel that this should mean that the professional army is expected to take all the blows in order to allow the draftees to lead as soft a life as possible.

Too little pay

All state problems in France have some financial basis, and the Army's problems are no exception. By and large French soldiers (and the same goes, of course, for airmen and sailors) are sadly underpaid. The French Treasury gives the armed forces no better treatment than it does its humblest secretaries. Thus where the minimum salary for a stenographer is around 20,000 francs a month, a second lieutenant on active duty begins with a pay of 22,000 francs (approximately \$63), a sergeant with a pay of 13,500 francs a month (not quite \$40), and a regular army private with a pay of 3300 francs a month (or 31 cents a day).

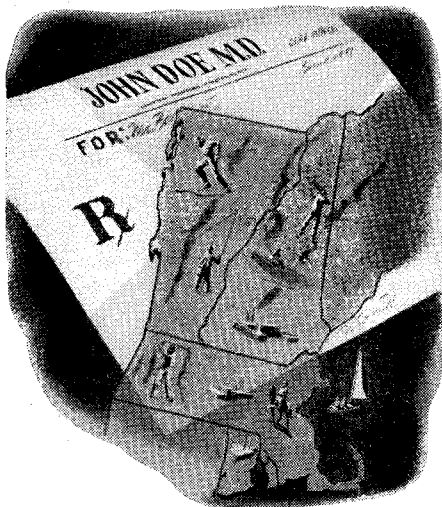
Comparisons with civilian wage-rates lend themselves easily to misinterpretation, because all members of the French armed forces enjoy substantial benefits in housing and in food. But if one considers the pay that members of the U.S. armed forces get in relation to civilian salaries, it is obvious at once that in comparison with the American Army, the French is an army of paupers. A French major general still earns no more than a U.S. second lieutenant.

This means, of course, that French military budgets which look at first sight so small to an American amount to many times more in real value — that is to say, in terms of the men that every billion francs can maintain. But unfortunately the members of the armed services in France are paid miserably low rates even by French standards. In 1947 there were 321,000 career officers and men in the French armed forces. Three years later in 1950 there were only 243,000 — a drop of 25 per cent. The number fortunately has begun to rise again, but at the end of this year there will still be fewer career officers and enlisted men in the French Army than there were in 1949. To remedy this situation the Army feels that an increase of at least 30 per cent in the current pay-rates is necessary.

The French Treasury is not likely, however, to prove any more generous in the future than it has in the past. As it is, the defense budget this year is 67 per cent greater than last year's, and the Treasury is straining itself to meet this added expense.

I met New England

when Doc said "... or else"



"I'm not suggesting you quit or even slow down," Doc said. "But regardless of all the extra work you have to do today, you must get more relaxation — golf, fishing, skiing, anything you like . . . or else," he added, handing me a prescription.

I was lucky. We'd been looking for a new plant location in the East. So I held out for New England. I knew that vacationland well . . . knew it had more of what the Doc ordered than any other section of the country.

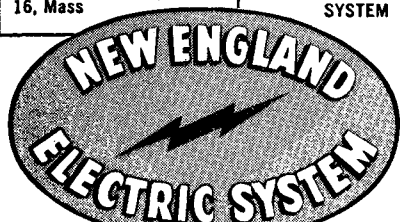
More of what the new plant would need too — especially now that we're in defense production. Dependable power stemming from a well-integrated system of transmission lines, plenty of water and good rail service to sites located well away from concentrated industrial centers. We'd be close to the best research facilities in the world and right in the center of a high-income market made up of exceptionally skilled workers.

INVESTIGATE NEW ENGLAND

Write for descriptive list of some typical industrial plants now available. Confidential. No obligation. Industrial Development Department, Room A, New England Electric System, 441 Stuart Street, Boston 16, Mass

**NEW ENGLAND
IS THE
PLACE TO LIVE
AND WORK!**

**NEW ENGLAND'S
LARGEST
ELECTRIC
SYSTEM**



Means Better Living

This year slightly over one quarter of the French budget is going into defense (740 billion francs out of 2700 billion). Another quarter is going into the reconstruction of destroyed houses and into the modernization of industry. If the French government were to make a serious amputation in its reconstruction allocations in order to increase its rearmament effort, its action would prove detrimental to France's industrial situation and would be bound to result in profound social unrest.

For some time to come, therefore, the French Army will be dependent mainly on the United States for its equipment; and the new weapons from French arsenals that it has been displaying, while as modern as any in the world, will continue to have a symbolic rather than an effective military value.

France needs raw materials

The French Treasury's financial dilemma is aggravated by the fact that it derives its revenue not so much from direct per capita taxes (like the income tax) as from more or less indirect taxes derived from industrial enterprises and from sales. Its revenue thus varies in direct relation to the total of national production. To increase its receipts it can either increase its sales or corporation taxes, which French business claims have reached a crippling level, or it can hope for a general industrial expansion.

Some optimistic French economic experts believe that French industry can expand from its present high level of output (over 141 per cent of the pre-war level) to 160 per cent of the 1938 level by the end of this year and to 180 per cent of it by the end of next year. This would necessitate a great increase in the import of raw materials, which only the United States could assure.

French industry is already suffering from raw material shortages. The steel industry, for example, has had to cut down its production for lack of German coke. Thus the French rearmament program has been held up by the same technical shortages which afflict American industry.

Guns and butter

With the exception of the Communists, all French parties are now

advocating national rearmament. During the June elections they vied with each other in demanding a greater rearmament effort; but like any election slogans, these appeals had for the most part a purely demagogic aim, and promised the French electors that they could have their guns and eat their butter too.

But when the Assembly convenes this autumn, and the new deputies come to grips with the concrete economic difficulties involved, it will be another story. The French rearmament program will be continued, but it will probably not be accelerated very much. The French government, like our own, will prefer to believe that war is not an immediate threat and to plan for a steady, slow build-up of strength rather than rush into a frantic overnight effort. And in acting thus, it will certainly be acting in accordance with what the majority of the French think about the immediate future.

The Soviet menace

To the average Frenchman the power of the Soviet Union is an ever-present menace, but it seems to him a potential rather than an actual one. He does not think that the Soviet Union will go to war and overrun Western Europe unless openly provoked.

This is not the view of General de Gaulle and many of his followers, who are much more concerned by the actuality of the Soviet menace. Unlike most members of the new Assembly, de Gaulle is a military man and he has a military man's sense of urgency. He grows easily impatient with political wranglings or protracted political debates. What he wants in the realm of military defense is action, not words. To him the moment is critical. For if France does not build up her Army now, fast, she will soon find herself a second-rate power in Europe whose place will have been taken by Germany. De Gaulle wants France to be able to talk to Germany as an equal, which she can only do from a basis of organized military strength.

There is a certain logic in de Gaulle's views on this subject, but it is not the kind of logic that the deputies from the center parties in the new Assembly will probably like. The new Assembly will certainly be further to the right than was the last;

particularly for the old-timers who have been in politics for years, the essence of political strategy will consist in keeping the ship of state somehow afloat and in improvising solutions for problems as they crop up, without looking too far ahead in an attempt to anticipate them.

Compromise as usual

The new Assembly is not likely to act in a way startlingly different from the old. There are still too many parties which differ substantially from each other for a solid majority to be possible. Instead of 16 official parties there are now 12, but the change has not gone much further. A casual French observer is tempted to think to himself, "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose." As in the old Assembly, the question dominating all legislative procedure will be not what measures should be proposed, but what measure is likely to arouse the least opposition.

The new deputies may at first expect their parties to lay down definite political programs, but they will soon discover that every program, every policy, every individual measure will be made the subject of endless parliamentary wranglings and behind-the-scenes negotiations. In the course of time, like the old parliamentary hands, they will develop skill and patience in the eternal art of compromise. One day they will no doubt themselves develop into expert jugglers capable of keeping any number of legislative balls in the air at one time, and, like the old-timers, will end up eventually by becoming hypnotized by their own game.

As leader of one of France's major parties, General de Gaulle has been criticized for staying out of the Assembly. But his decision was probably a wise one. When a deputy enters the Assembly, he quickly finds that his time is consumed in endless detailed discussions in and out of committee, and in protracted negotiations, political deals, and intrigues. This, of course, is what befalls any politician in any parliament, but in the French Assembly the number and the disparity of parties make the deputy's life particularly frenzied and confused. It is only too easy for him, under the circumstances, to lose sight of the wood for the trees. In the months to come, France will need men who can still see the wood.

The Tiffin Collection

The Tiffin Collection represents the refreshment and fulfillment of one of the rarest and most ancient of arts—the hand-blowing and hand-fashioning of superb crystal into matchless ornaments and service pieces for the home.



THIRTEEN AND ONE-HALF INCH FLOAT

In these pieces the last, long-sought radiance, the "diamond-fire," is caught. This pure beauty is neither white nor blue, but clear, and as alive to light as sparkling water. The fresh forms are quick and exciting as new laughter.

A piece from the Tiffin Collection is the one gift you could not have given before—the one beauty your rooms could never until now have known. Now on display and for sale at fine stores across the land. Just write us for name of one nearest you.

The Tiffin 
Glassmasters
TIFFIN, OHIO

Washington

THE Washington newspapers recently reported the news that a Senator's wife had been the victim of a theft of a \$2500 diamond and platinum bracelet. It was added that the bracelet was the gift of a shipbuilding company in token of the lady's service in christening one of its boats.

The news occurred at a time when Congress was busy with the consideration of ethics in government, yet no commentator saw the tie connecting the little with the big news. The silence could not illustrate better what is wrong with the contemporary scene in the Capital. The borderline between right and wrong has been gradually whittled away; and, increasingly, it is not what is right that counts, but, as the President puts it, what is legal.

The problem of accepting tokens of the above description comes up very frequently in a Capital society which is divided between givers and recipients of favors. A Supreme Court justice makes it a practice to return everything. Charles Evans Hughes, when Secretary of State, limited his acceptance to petty consumables, and later added handkerchiefs. Others will take only packages of the specialties of a country which has been a beneficiary of favors or is an expectant beneficiary. "You have a low opinion of yourself," said one man dealing in foreign aid, "if you are so rigid as to be rude when some sort of anniversary comes around."

But all this is beside the point of the obviously bad practices which are complained of. In regard to Congress, the issue of the "kickback," or the pocketing of part of the salaries paid to legislators' staffs, has led to some convictions. It is as illegal as payroll padding. If there is any cure here, it lies in insistence on publicizing Congressional staffs and their salaries. But you can never get such information except by grace of the official clerks.

Self-correction is not a habit of the houses of Congress. Nor is condemnation of errant colleagues. This is shown in the extraordinary sympathy for colleagues who get caught in misdemeanors. Even after Representative Andrew J. May was sent to jail for his liaison with war contractors, the majority leader, Representative John W. McCormack, told

an applauding House that he had represented his constituents "with loyalty." This lack of self-discipline is recounted with copious examples in a new book by H. H. Wilson called *Congress: Corruption and Compromise*. The book sums up the history of the last few decades, and it does not make pretty reading.

The ethics of Washington

Senator Paul H. Douglas and his subcommittee on ethics are scrutinizing the behavior of officials in the Executive branch of our government. This investigation came as a result of the RFC inquiry. At that time the whisper was that dubious practices in the RFC amounted to chicken feed compared with what was going on elsewhere.

The Comptroller General whetted the investigators. He traced "the shockingly low moral standard" in the Capital to both big government and war government. In wartime the lid was off. High federal officials accepted cocktail parties, hotel accommodation, and transportation from contractors while drawing expenses and allowances from the government. Some found cushy jobs awaiting them from firms whose claims they had settled. "Sheer size," said the Comptroller General, "leaves knavery obscured and undetected. The false card is lost in the shuffle."

In this correspondent's opinion the absence of standards is still the exception. But there are enough examples of lack of virtue to make the citizen worry. The trouble arises in the quest for a remedy. In the Executive branch, which is not elective, several cures are suggested. Senator Douglas has a bill for a code of fair practices in the regulatory commissions. He would have the commissioners bound by the same written and unwritten practices that are supposed to govern the judiciary. For instance, a judge will not take counsel for one of the parties into private consultation; the other counsel has to be present.

The Comptroller General would have Congress restore an act of 1872 which made government employees leaving the service ineligible for a period of two years to serve as counsel or agent in pressing

any claim against the United States that may have been pending in their department before they left.

Senator Douglas has hardened this proposal by suggesting a two-year prohibition on private employment of anybody who has dealt with the claims of the employing concern while in government service.

Care, of course, has to be taken, in airing these matters, not to vilify the government service as such. Of late years more than one department has had its prestige undermined by indiscriminate blackening. The prime example is the State Department, now the butt of the same kind of jokes as the banking profession was in the twenties. Yet no finer or more patriotic men can be found in the Capital than some of the officials in the State Department.

Divided responsibility

Administration of foreign aid is now distributed among various government agencies. For instance, Point Four is in the State Department, but technical assistance is in ECA. Military aid seems to be divided between the State Department and ECA. A movement in which most of the private study groups have joined would set up an entirely new agency for the handling of the 8.5-billion-dollar foreign aid program for the current fiscal year. The object is not so much efficiency as to leave the State Department stranded.

However, this is almost like burning down the house to roast a pig. After all, the State Department is the instrument of our foreign affairs. If it is denied the administration of foreign aid, there will be two consequences. First, our foreign policy will be impeded, for the defense of the national interest and the achievement of national objectives are dependent upon bargaining. Foreign aid thus needs to be regarded in some cases as a weapon. However, if the aid is divorced from diplomacy, it will degenerate into a giveaway proposition, as some of it has degenerated already.

Secondly, what appears to be coordination will in fact turn out to be the opposite. There will be, as in wartime, two arms of government in foreign capitals, and those capitals, in consequence, will find themselves in a fog in dealing with Uncle Sam.

But... Would CHRIST Call You A Christian?

There is an amazing difference of opinion today as to what constitutes a real Christian.

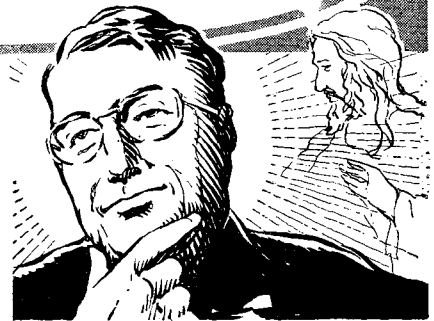
One man regards himself as a good Christian because he applies the Golden Rule to everyday living. Another professes to be a follower of Christ even though he believes only part of the Savior's teaching. And some who call themselves Christian even go so far as to reject his divinity.

Too many people, unfortunately, are setting up their own standards of Christian character and Christian living... forgetting that Christ Himself set these standards for us.

The result is that many sincere people are confused... and are deceiving themselves with a minimum, or "so-so" kind of Christian living.

The Catholic Church teaches that the mere belief in Christ is not enough. For if it were, why did Christ take the trouble to show us by precept and example how we should live? Nor can we regard His teachings as just a social doctrine... subject to our individual amendments... when He made it so plain that our very salvation depends on living as He prescribes, not as we choose.

If you want to find out how good a



Christian you really are, read — and read again and again — Christ's Sermon on the Mount. And if you read only the introduction... including the Beatitudes... you should realize how far short of Christ's standards are the standards which men set for themselves.

Perhaps you may feel that the ideals voiced by the Savior nearly 2,000 years ago cannot be applied in our modern times. And possibly you will not understand the practical meaning of Christ's references to "the meek," or "the poor in spirit," or "they who hunger and thirst for justice." In that case, we are happy to help you — without cost or obligation.



Free

We shall be glad to send you free on your request, an interesting pamphlet explaining the meaning of the words Christ used in the beginning of the Sermon on the Mount... and how you can apply them to achieve a fuller, richer Christian life. Write today for your free copy. Ask for Pamphlet No. B-29.

S U P R E M E C O U N C I L
KNIGHTS of COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU

4422 LINDELL BLVD.

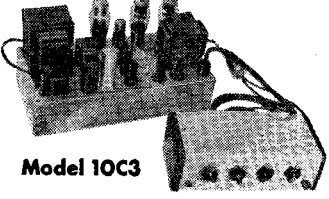
ST. LOUIS 8, MISSOURI



Stage a
"Music Festival"
 in your own **LIVING ROOM**



For "Live" Symphony
 reproduction



Model 10C3

**the BROOK High Quality All-Triode
 AUDIO AMPLIFIER**

Write for free Technical Bulletin, detailed Distortion
 Analysis & booklet "Better Listening"

Brook Electronics, Inc., Dept. SI-1
 • • 34 DeHart Place, Elizabeth, New Jersey

WHAT EVERY HEARING AID USER SHOULD KNOW!

"CAN I GET a hearing aid without anything in the ear?—without any attachment to the head?—that doesn't need batteries?—without a cord? Can I get an aid I can wear so that NO ONE will know I am hard of hearing?"

A new FREE booklet, "What Every Hearing Aid User Should Know", by the author of a 700-page text on hearing instruments, gives you the FACTS. It tells the truth about hearing aids and will save you many hard earned dollars.

DON'T BUY UNTIL YOU READ IT!—until you know what every hearing aid user *should* know.

Just put your name and address on a penny postcard and send it to L. A. Watson, Room 63A, 21 North Third Street, Minneapolis 1, Minnesota. Your copy of this valuable booklet will come to you FREE in a PLAIN WRAPPER by return mail.

The lesson should have been learned from the experience of ECA and the State Department. When ECA was set up, Secretary of State Marshall fought against a separate establishment, because he felt that in such a situation the country would have two Secretaries of State. But his plea was drowned by the general antipathy to the State Department, which was spearheaded in this instance by Senator Vandenberg.

The result was as Marshall had forecast. In Europe, Paul Hoffman was regarded as Secretary of State; and though he was far more active than Secretary Acheson and far more animated with a bold concept of leadership, the result, nonetheless, was rivalry and confusion. This confusion and this rivalry were duplicated at the operating level. Sometimes there was harmony between Ambassador and ECA mission chief, often not. The same rivalry exists in the present ECA administration under William C. Foster.

Running the propaganda war

At last the President has set up a Psychological Strategy Board, and Gordon Gray is back in Washington to head it. Mr. Gray had a well-deserved reputation as an administrator when he left the Army Department to become president of the University of North Carolina. The mandate he has been given is purposely vague. But the Gray Board may turn out to be the planning group at the elbow of the National Security Council which General Albert C. Wedemeyer advocated at the MacArthur hearings. The General's idea was that only through such a unit could we regain the initiative and keep it.

At any rate, the Gray Board will have prestige, and that is vital. It will devote its brains and energies to the mapping out of cold war policies which, when passed by the Security Council, will be rigidly adhered to.

Nothing is more important. Diplomatic policy, or the strategy of the cold war, changes from week to week. Palestine was a good example. China is the current example. When Assistant Secretary of State Dean Rusk came out with a brand-new policy, Secretary Acheson put on a dead-pan face in his conference with the newsmen and insisted that there had been

no change in United States policy on China.

General Ridgway has said that our national destiny is dependent upon our driving a wedge between Peking and Moscow by all the means at our disposal. Suppose that this becomes policy as the result of studies pro and con of the Gray Board. Then, presumably, the word would go down the line and to all our representatives abroad, and all actions would have to fall within the framework of this policy.

Hitherto the National Security Council has not been able to undertake this thinking task, for the good and sufficient reason that all the members of the Council are working heads of departments.

Truman in 1952

Mr. Truman has recovered enough stock out of the cease-fire to be spoken about here and there as a contender in 1952. Six months ago nobody in the Capital would have offered to wager on any such prospect. But his latest speeches and actions certainly reflect a recapture both of self-confidence and standing. He is not as ready now to step aside for General Eisenhower as he was in 1948.

It was only by a fluke, it can now be revealed, that General Ike did not stand in Truman's place three years ago. The movement to "draft Ike" had Truman's initial backing, but it was George Allen who spiked it. Allen was court jester for F.D.R., then for Truman, and seems to be in the same role in the Eisenhower train. He advised Ike against running. However, it is still hard to believe that Truman would do any stepping aside for anybody in the event that his stock continues to improve.

Politicians who make the crossing to Paris seem to be as thick as arms shipments. They report variously on their return, and one gets most of one's impressions—so tight-lipped are they—at second hand. Some are certain that Eisenhower would not take a Democratic nomination. Others explain that while he is 100 per cent back of Truman's foreign policy, he is a congenital Republican in domestic affairs. Be this as it may, the tight hold that Taft has on the party machine makes the admittance of Eisenhower difficult, despite the clear

fact that he is the people's choice. In that event — what? The time to declare himself cannot be far off.

Everything for everybody

It is proving to be a vain task to persuade both Congress and people that Korea is not a war itself, but only an episode in a continuing war. Something of a letdown seems to have arrived. It remains to be seen whether the military will share it. The demonstration of military letdown is still to come but the town is full of reports that the military will take advantage of the "breathing spell" by keeping some items, such as tanks and aircraft, a little longer on the drafting board, so as to get the advantage of yet another design.

If some degree of rescheduling does take place, then the disbursement of orders, and the output of defense money, will be a longer process. The result will be felt on the fisc, though not till after the year-end. In other words, though we are now spending half a billion dollars a week in military expenditures, there might not be a deficit next June after all, even assuming a 6-billion-dollar tax program instead of the 10 billion dollars the Administration wants. Don't forget that the anticipated deficit this past June turned into a surplus — a reminder of the habit of bad estimating on the pessimistic side.

In this emergency the Administration has acted on the theory that it is possible to have guns and butter together. As some writer has put it, the Administration also is providing the cow, meaning full investment in civilian plant as well as full civilian production and military investment.

Ideally, investment in non-munitions capacity should be firmly curbed, and most of the military production should come out of existing facilities. Even if this involved a curb on civilian production, the compensation would be substantial. There would not have been the disgraceful post-Korean scramble among the Allies for raw materials; America's part in the scramble was due to the anxiety to fill both civilian and military demands. Nor would there be the danger of overdoing development of marginal mines here and abroad.

This brings in its train a problem in readjustment, as, indeed, does

overexpansion in factory space at home. Finally, by way of example, you could get more radar development if the electronics industry produced less for civilian purposes.

The argument for guns and butter is that our fabulous economy can afford both. But there is a better argument. It is that if the civilian gives way to the military too much, you might bring on a garrison state, and that this would make hostilities inevitable. There was good sense in John L. Lewis's warning against getting all dressed up; no state in history has been able to avoid a shooting war in such a posture. But, if you can provide the butter as well as the guns, then readjustment from emergency is that much less difficult. As to the cow, the animal might be restrained by a wise use of the tax weapon. Tax concessions have been given to the producers of strategic materials; why shouldn't tax handicaps be devised as a deterrent against plant investment which is unwarranted?

Mood of the Capital

The mood of the Capital is oscillating between preparedness and letdown. In some discerning minds the notion is arising that settlement over Korea might be taken to develop a policy of national objectives. Since Korea the country has been operating not upon a plan, but at the behest of constantly changing military requirements. Ad hoc preparedness has been the rule side by side with ad hoc diplomacy. The spur has been provided by Economic Mobilizer Wilson. He has used the carrot and the stick approach. The stick is the fear of inflation, and the carrot is a date when the emergency will be over.

As to inflation when the present price recession is over, opinions, of course, vary, though the confusion has never been more profound. The economists are struggling to figure out spending ideas of businessmen and consumers. If military requirements are spread out, then inflation is not the bogey that is now conjured up. But there is no uncertainty in the Administration. The Administration still holds up the bogey of inflation for purposes of trying to perpetuate price controls as well as tax and credit and allocation controls. The great need is to get over our episodic ideas and get used to a crisis economy for an indefinite future.

Why do you play your phonograph so LOUD?



Every music lover knows the answer to that question. It's because your phonograph just cannot reproduce the full range of your recordings at a normal listening level.

BUT... something new has happened in the sound world... and REK-O-KUT, manufacturer of recording and transcription equipment for the Broadcast Industry has done it. The new **RHYTHMASTER** and the **RECITALIST** WILL reproduce the full broad range of your recordings at any listening level.

REK-O-KUT'S exclusive **POLYPHONIC SELECTOR** accomplishes this by maintaining the proper relationship between the highs and lows when a record is played at any volume either very softly or very loud. Even with the volume turned down to a mere whisper, all the highs and the lows are reproduced clearly and without loss. Never before has anything like this been possible to achieve in a portable phonograph.

REK-O-KUT

Recitalist

featuring the

POLYPHONIC SELECTOR



Plays all records, standard and microgroove, from 6" to 16" and broadcast transcriptions.

BOTH OFFER 3 INSTRUMENTS IN ONE

1. High-Fidelity Phonograph
2. P.A. System (with microphone)
3. Broadcast Receiver (with FM tuner)

★ **RECITALIST** (Illustrated) equipped with 3-speed turntable **229.95**

★ **RHYTHMASTER**, similar to Recitalist but with Continuously-Variable-Speed Turntable that plays records at ANY SPEED from 25 to 100 R.P.M. **269.95**

Ask for a demonstration at any music store audio visual dealer or radio parts jobber. Or write direct to Factory for complete catalog and descriptive literature.

REK-O-KUT CO.

38-25 QUEENS BOULEVARD
LONG ISLAND CITY 1, N. Y.



London

CLEMENT ATTLEE's progress in the esteem of the British voting public this summer is an example of how incalculable political trends can be. By all considerations that seem important his stock with the public should have fallen disastrously, for no other Western government has suffered so many serious setbacks this season as his.

At the end of April his fiery Minister for Labor, Aneurin Bevan, resigned from the cabinet hurling over his shoulder dire predictions of economic disaster because of the Government's arms policy. In early summer the Iranian oil crisis broke around the cabinet's head, threatening the extinction of Britain's single richest foreign investment and her whole position and prestige in the Near East.

About the same time, Guy F. Burgess and Donald D. MacLean of the Foreign Office shamed the Government's security precautions by disappearing. Finally, by the end of summer, many of the rebel Bevan's rueful forecasts appeared to be becoming fact with prices mounting and the nation's earnings on its all-important foreign trade account taking the biggest drop in any quarter-year in British peacetime history.

Yet the public opinion polls record that the long fall in Labor's popular support through last winter and spring was reversed in the summer months. As the people's choice for the prime ministership, Attlee is shown leading by far the nearest Conservative (who was strangely not Churchill but Anthony Eden), with 57 per cent of the sampled opinion. Labor leaders have begun talking with some confidence once more of calling new elections in the autumn with a hope of returning to power with a safer majority.

Hindsight is discovering a horde of reasons for this curious case of success amid failure. The most convincing of them relate strictly to British domestic politics. For one thing, the resignation of Bevan is discovered to have been a source of strength to Attlee and not, as was predicted at the time, a source of party division and weakness. For, since Bevan has chosen to remain with the party though opposing the cabinet, it has meant no

loss of working-class votes for Attlee's party as a whole. But Bevan with his acrid class-conscious outlook is anathema to the British middle classes, and his riddance from the governing circle of Labor is thought to have brought many hitherto doubting middle-class voters to Attlee's support.

Attlee's patient calmness

A second domestic explanation is rather more subtle. During the long months of Labor's declining support, the public came to regard Churchill's party in a new light. The Tories were looked on not casually as simply His Majesty's Opposition, but more searchingly and critically as the potential source of an early new administration for the nation; and in that light their attraction has begun to diminish, causing an automatic enhancement of Labor's prestige.

Tory parliamentary tactics of keeping the House sitting into the night and calling snap votes on trivial issues have given some voters an impression of frivolity. The failure of the Tories to suggest any positive alternative solutions to the nation's problems has smacked of irresponsibility.

Most damaging of all, however, many Conservatives in Parliament gave the impression of losing their heads in the strain of the Iranian oil dispute and proposed sending troops into Iran to make a show of force. The action would clearly have been disastrous: it would have risked having Britain stamped as an aggressor by the UN and might have provoked conflict with Russia.

By contrast, Attlee's patient calmness, exhibited both in Korea and Iran, has been reassuring to Britons whose dread of world wars is fresher than their longing for the old imperial grandeur. Many people feel that Attlee, by exercising this same restraining influence on America in regard to Korea, deserves much credit for the coming about of the truce talks in Kaesong.

Something to cheer about

Another set of reasons given for the signs of Labor's political recovery belongs to the realm of purely psychological windfalls. For example, the victory

of the English fighter, Randy Turpin, over America's Sugar Ray Robinson, bringing Britain the world's middle-weight championship for the first time since Bob Fitzsimmons won against Jack Dempsey in 1891, suffused a glow of pride over this island that has been remarkable. It struck a greater blow at the "decline and fall" complex which has so pained British life since the war than perhaps any big political event.

People with no earthly interest in boxing felt the lift. "I am not sure I know what it means," said a kind old English lady who heard the decision listening to the radio, "but it is so wonderful to hear Britain has won something!" There is no doubt that this event had a soothing effect on the general disgruntlement and thereby became a political factor in favor of the government in power.

In this same psychological category the fact of a pretty good summer as regards the weather — always a tremendous influence on British political sentiments — and the success of the Festival of Britain deserve special mention. Conceived by the former newspaper editor, Gerald Barry (now fittingly rewarded with the title Sir Gerald Barry), and scoffed at by many for its expensiveness before the opening, the Festival is turning out to be a stroke of genius.

It has two purposes. First, self-congratulation: to give evidence against the "decline and fall" complex by a handsome exhibition of British industries, arts, and general prowess on the South Bank fairgrounds across the Thames from the Houses of Parliament. And second, relaxation: to have a rather lavish expense-be-damned celebration after six years of austere war and six more years of austere peace.

This second purpose is served at the Battersea Park "Fun Fair" and in local festivities and pageants in several hundred towns and villages throughout the country. The colorful Battersea Park structures are proving so successful that Parliament is considering keeping them as a permanent part of London's life.

Not the least prideful of the summer's display of Britain's best features is the uncommonly star-studded theatrical season: John Gielgud, fresh

from American success in a Christopher Fry play, in *The Winter's Tale*; Sir Ralph Richardson in Chekhov's *Three Sisters*; Charles Laughton, Charles Boyer, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke in plain dress reading from *Man and Superman*; Michael Redgrave doing the whole cycle of Shakespeare's historical plays at Stratford; and, to top all, Sir Laurence Olivier and his wife Vivien Leigh playing Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra* and Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* on alternate nights.

The only blot on a nearly perfect season has been the failure of Alec Guinness's *Hamlet* after little over a month's run. Mr. Guinness jarred his first-night audience by a more austere stage setting and a more mature and less romantic Dane than London audiences have become accustomed to. It deserves to be said, however, that after the first shock, audiences grew warmer to this different *Hamlet* and the play would no doubt have come through the season successfully had not Guinness agreed to relinquish the playhouse on the basis of first-night criticisms.

It has been a factor of national pride that Broadway has now asked for the Olivier productions for later in the year, and there has even been some bargaining with Guinness to try his *Hamlet* in New York.

Bevan's strength

While factors of this nature seem to have canceled out the effects of the more important setbacks and given the Labor Government a respite in its fall from popular grace, the latter remain to be faced, else the imminent change of seasons is likely to bring a resumption of the old downwards course.

Aneurin Bevan's rebellion, for example, is not dead but only quiescent. Bevan has kept his opposition to the present rulers of the Labor Party in restraint in the House of Commons in order not to incur blame for an eventual overthrow of the party in Parliament. But when the party takes holiday from the Commons in October and holds its annual convention, his assault on the present leaders is to be resumed, and it may become formidable.

There have been two indices recently of his strength. In a House of

LAND OF ENCHANTMENT Ireland for Happy Holidays

Be sure to obtain every one of your Irish transportation requirements **BEFORE** you leave. You'll save—AND enjoy "every mile through the Emerald Isle".

RAIL OR ROAD TRANSPORTATION everywhere in Ireland . . . Reservations on express trains.

DELIGHTFUL MOTOR COACH TOURS—six, nine and eleven-day trips, all-inclusive and inexpensive, covering Ireland's famed scenic and historic treasures.

STEAMER SERVICES between Ireland and Britain . . . Cabin reservations.

HOTEL RESERVATIONS at 6 C.I.E. Hotels.

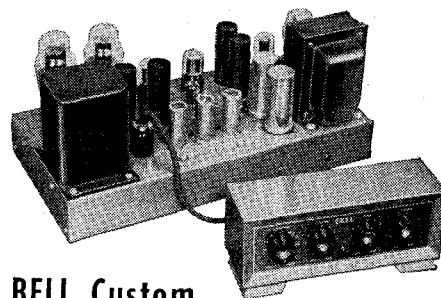
Typical of DEVALUATION SAVINGS
6-Day motor tour of the Irish Republic, including transportation, meals, hotels, tips, only \$44.80.

PLEASE CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
For illustrated literature, write Dept. J-14 at any Irish Railways office:

NEW YORK 20, N. Y.—9 Rockefeller Pl.
CHICAGO 3, ILL.—39 So. La Salle St.
LOS ANGELES 14, CAL.—510 W. 6th St.
TORONTO, ONT.—69 Yonge Street

CORAS
IOMPAIR Ireland's
EIREANN Transport Company

Satisfies demands of the most exacting music fans



BELL Custom HIGH FIDELITY AMPLIFIER with amazingly versatile Remote Control

For more enjoyable and relaxing listening, choose this Bell 2145 Amplifier. Expressly designed for music lovers. Can be used with any built-in or custom audio system. Assures finest reception at all sound levels, with naturally life-like tone and clarity from recordings, broadcasts, and telecasts. And too, the small, neat remote unit lets you switch to and from AM, FM radio (or TV); or phono, for all domestic and foreign records, 78, 45, and 33 1/3 rpm; also adjust volume, bass, and treble. It can be table or console mounted at your favorite easy chair, or other point. Amplifier can be tucked away out of sight. The cost of this master touch to your music system; phono, radio, or TV set is surprisingly low. Write for details today.



BELL Sound Systems, Inc.
558 Marion Road, Columbus 7, Ohio

Specialists in custom components for home music systems



*Your money's safe,
your mind's at ease—
Spend them anywhere
you please!*



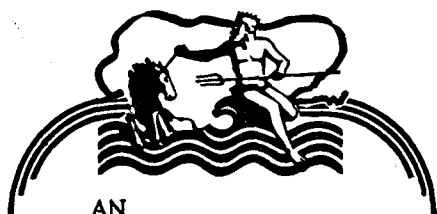
Issued by the world's largest bank, acceptable throughout the world. 75¢ per \$100 at banks and travel offices everywhere.

BANK OF AMERICA N. T. & S. A. CALIFORNIA

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

Always carry

**BANK of AMERICA
TRAVELERS CHEQUES**



AN
Atlantic Monthly Press
BOOK

H. E. Bates' THE SCARLET SWORD

A story of violence and redemption, suffering and faith that cuts across all denominations straight to the heart of human experience.

At all bookstores • \$3.00
**LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY
BOSTON**

Commons vote in which the Tories gave notice they would not take part and there was therefore no danger of the Government being overthrown, Bevan induced thirty members to abstain from supporting the cabinet and influenced many of another fifty to stay away from the chamber as a demonstration against the cabinet. In a party that depends on four or five votes to keep a majority over the Tories in the House, the virtual abstention of eighty in favor of Bevan was a considerable demonstration.

The second was a vote taken among leaders of the Trades Union Congress on the issue of Bevanism. Of 8 million organized workers in Britain, the leaders of 2 millions voted for the Bevan standpoint. It would appear from these results — before Bevan has made any campaign to attract support — that though the rebel has little early hope of winning control of the party, he can cause Attlee great trouble.

Unplanned rearmament

The essence of Bevan's case is that the world argument with Russia is going to be decided on the social rather than the military plane — that Russia's only hope of winning is to exploit Western Europe's weak economies and the poverty of Asia. By this argument, the West is undertaking rearmament on such a scale and in such a chaotic manner that we shall grow weaker rather than stronger. Communism will grow in Western Europe because of inflation and other bad effects of rearmament. It will thrive in the backward countries because of our giving priority to arms rather than to Point Four.

Bevan is thus in favor of reducing the scale of the arms program, applying strong "socialist controls" to economy to prevent undue price rises, maintaining social welfare services, and earmarking more funds for the development of the backward countries. There are many other facets to his argument — for example, he demands that Britain show greater independence of America in matters of foreign policy — but this is the essential skeleton of it.

Aside from Bevan's dynamic personality — a unique feature in Labor's notoriously unglamorous hierarchy — the Welsh leader's great asset has been a worsening economic situation,

much as he himself predicted. Chancellor of the Exchequer Hugh Gaitskell, the main target of Bevan's attack, shocked the House of Commons by revealing the second quarterly trade balance: Britain's earnings of dollars and gold from foreign trade had fallen by 306 million dollars. The main cause was that the chaotic world rush for raw materials wherewith to rearm had forced prices up close to the limit of Britain's ability to pay. An absolute shortage of some basic materials had put British industries on short time. Both these things Bevan had predicted as a result of the Government's "planless" rearmament policy.

The pinch on the householder

Aside from rearmament's effect on the national exchequer, it is pinching badly the ordinary Briton's home budget. Wages have fallen with rising prices, while profits have been permitted to rise exorbitantly (this the Government has encouraged as a means of inducing companies to reinvest and maintain the rise of general productivity).

So conservative a paper as Lord Beaverbrook's *Sunday Express* was editorially shocked at its own reports that Lever Brothers, the great soap combine, had nearly doubled its profits in this year of sacrifice; that Courtauld's, the British DuPont, had more than doubled its profits; and that Marks and Spencer, Britain's biggest department store chain, had quintupled its earnings.

The result of course is a restiveness in organized labor and a new round of wage demands that will hasten the inflationary spiral.

This is likely to be the central issue during the winter months — hard months in this country in the best of times. Labor's supporters are likely to forgive Mr. Attlee for refusing to brandish a sword at the Iranians or for not having carried out a witch-hunt among the personnel of the Foreign Office to prevent cases like those of Burgess and MacLean. They may even overlook the cabinet's apparent fatigue and its tendency to be all too frequently a few steps behind events. But they are unlikely to forgive planlessness of economy and maldistribution of incomes — the two cardinal sins in British Labor's traditional scale of values.



THE ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

For more than five years the *Atlantic* has held out a special incentive to short-story writers. In January, 1946, we began to publish in each issue what we called *Atlantic* "Firsts" — short stories by unestablished writers making their first appearance in our pages. We announced that these stories would be paid for at our top fee, and that prizes would be awarded for those which, in the opinion of the *Atlantic* editors, were of special distinction. All told the *Atlantic* has given sixteen prizes.

Over the months we have published 56 *Atlantic* "Firsts," including the work of Tom Heggen, Cord Meyer, Jr., Alan Marcus, Godfrey Blunden, John Mayo Goss, and James Jones. Ten *Atlantic* "Firsts" have been reprinted in the O. Henry Memorial collections, edited by Herschel Brickell. Seven *Atlantic* "Firsts" have appeared in *The Best American Short Stories*, edited by Martha Foley. More than a dozen novels by these same authors have been printed or are now in press.

Candidates for *Atlantic* "Firsts" may run from 2000 to 15,000 words. The words "*Atlantic First*" should appear on the first page of each manuscript submitted.



THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts

ATLANTIC

Rebate

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"What Happened at Clark Field"

SIR:

Re July, 1951, *Atlantic Monthly*, "What Happened at Clark Field," by Walter D. Edmonds, p. 23: "This message was sent to . . . General MacArthur's Headquarters . . . about 0400."

Mr. Edmonds might like to know that USAFFE had an Army communications service, the Signal Corps.

I was called by telephone at Room 208, Army and Navy Club, by the third trick radio operator-in-charge of USAFFE's Control Radio Station and informed of the Japanese aerial attack on Pearl Harbor — at 0237, 8 Dec., '41. The information was contained in an unofficial radiogram from the radio operator-in-charge at the Control Radio Station of the then Hawaiian Dept., Ft. Shafter, Oahu I. — a normal, continuous service, radio channel. I directed our operator-in-charge to telephone the message to Col. S. B. Akin, the Signal Officer, USAFFE, at once.

When I arrived at our Control Radio Station, some thirty minutes later, I checked to find the information had been telephoned the Signal Officer immediately after the instructions had been given. The staff channel was from the Signal Officer to the Chief of Staff and thence to the Commanding General.

Because of the startling information in the message, the hour, and the fact that telephone service obtained between the parties involved, it is probable that General MacArthur had the information prior to 0300, 8 Dec., '41.

COL. T. T. TEAGUE
Los Angeles, Cal.

My authority for the statement that word of the Pearl Harbor attack reached General MacArthur's Headquarters around 4.00 A.M. was General Sutherland, whom I interviewed at some length in Manila in June, 1945. This statement of Sutherland's seems to be borne out by the hours in which the various air units were alerted, by General Brereton's statement, and also by General Wainwright, who wrote in his book that at 4.35 he was informed over the phone by MacArthur's Assistant Chief of Staff for Operations that "Admiral Hart had just received a radio from Admiral Kimmel" of the attack on Pearl Harbor.

Naturally this does not in any way invalidate Colonel Teague's statement of having received the news at 2.37; but I should like very much to know how to account for the apparent discrepancy of nearly an hour's time, if Sutherland's recollection is accurate, as I assume.

The official Air Force history (*AAF in World War II*, Vol. I, page 203) states: "In the Philippines, which lie on the other side of the international date line, it was Monday, 8 December, when shortly after 0300 (0830 in Hawaii) a commercial radio station picked up a report of the Pearl Harbor attack. . . ." This checks with the Naval account given by Morison, Vol. III, *The Rising Sun in the Pacific*, page 168.

Three young officers at Clark Field (Air Force) speak of a message at 2.30, but heretofore I had ruled out their statements because they tie it up with a message to Colonel Eubank; but the interviews I had with one of Eubank's roommates and Eubank

himself indicate that he received the call referred to at about 4.00. Both these men have read my account in the manuscript for the book and have made no corrections on this timing. This seemed to me to indicate that the three young officers in question had confused the supposed flash at 2.30 with the message known to have been received over the commercial radio at Clark Field (History of the 24th Pursuit Group) at 3.30.

— WALTER D. EDMONDS

"The Suppression of News"

SIR:

As co-editor of a small-town newspaper, may I add "amen" to James S. Pope's thoughtful article, "The Suppression of News," in the July *Atlantic*.

For three years I have tried to get access to the minutes of our local school board meetings. Replies have varied but the customary freeze-out begins: "It was just a routine meeting. Nothing of any interest." My insistence that I be allowed to judge the "interest" for myself ends the matter with a definite "no."

When I check with the board regarding rumors of a new department, building addition, or other innovation, I am told that I must "wait until the matter is complete. People might not understand." Finally we are handed the school board's carefully prepared version of the project — which is usually so ambiguous that I am forced to mount the treadmill of more questions again.

In a neighboring town a merchant called attention to the local school board's attitude of secrecy through a series of newspaper ads. When a

delegation of school board partisans persuaded the editor to cancel the denunciatory advertising, the merchant acquired a post office permit and began mailing out weekly news sheets.

Armed with a series of these abusive news letters, I have been needling our local school board members with a "this could happen here" routine. Slowly I seem to be getting the point across.

And all this is taking place, not in bureaucratic Washington, but in rural northwest Iowa.

MRS. V. A. LUNDQUIST
Anthon, Iowa

SIR:

We read with some degree of shock that section of James S. Pope's article in which he seemingly advocates the publication of lists of people who receive public assistance in one form or another. Besides the jobless, who form a small part of the total, these include the aged, the needy blind, and dependent children.

Two states, Kansas and Minnesota, which previously experimented with publishing relief lists, revoked the practice when experience indicated it was an ineffective method of curbing misuse of public funds but did cause embarrassment and personal hardship.

Publication of relief rolls would, in fact, be a throwback to the Elizabethan Poor Law of the seventeenth century, which required the posting of parish lists of relief recipients and their grants. Although this was intended to act as a brake on the needy seeking help, this repressive measure failed then and the method has been proved a failure many times since. We should have learned something about social administration in 350 years, but the same approach — disciplining those in want by public stigma — is being offered again in the Congress of the United States in 1951. It should be opposed by all those who believe in sound, human social welfare laws.

FRANK J. HERTEL, General Director
Family Service Association of America
New York City

SIR:

The development that Mr. Pope pictures is as much the fault of the newspapers themselves as of ignorance and fear on the part of officials.

The attitude of newspapers has acted as pressure to officials to find a defense mechanism against the abuse of the freedom of the press. That this defense mechanism manifests itself in suppression of news and in secrecy is the wrong answer for democracy; but to get the reaction they want among officials, newspapermen of Mr. Pope's caliber will have to try to clean the newspaper house. The habit of secrecy among public officials — and this extends, I think, also to prominent so-called private organizations — was a reaction against Hearst, Gannett, McCormick papers, and the local exponents of what I call the "Give 'Em Hell" school of journalism. Very few editors have the real editorial temperament. While they are not so violent or so crude and vulgar as those of a century ago, they are still far from duplicating the best of their calling — the editors of the *Manchester Guardian*, for instance.

The coloration of "truth" by our newspapers is something that worries citizens, too, and I would suggest to Mr. Pope that until we get a brand of journalism that will not "interpret" facts according to the prejudices of publishers, or select them according to their whims, we shall continue to have suppression of news, and many other reactions that are harmful to a democracy.

Part of the answer is, of course, for the newspapers to grow up and assume the responsibilities as well as the privileges of their freedom. It would mean that newspapers stop assuming that they alone know what is good for the people to know. It would mean that reporters and publishers know a little bit more about human behavior and attempt consciously to develop in the public and in officials the cultivated, fair, democratic attitude they can see is essential, by practicing it first.

MRS. ROSE GORDON LEVAN
East Chicago, Ind.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Five weeks' notice is necessary to effect changes of address. Please give old as well as new address, preferably supplying actual address label from your copy. Send all changes to THE ATLANTIC, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass.

Harper's Magazine

Offers You

6 Issues Free-

Plus! the 48-Page
Picture Cavalcade

"America on the Move"

Your copy of "America on the Move" is wrapped and ready to mail to you.

This 48-page picture cavalcade is an extraordinary gallery of drawings and comments that conjure up the flavor and the feelings of the years 1850 to 1925. It will delight you.

Here are the Gold Rush days, fashions, the growth of industrialism, the birth of cities, transportation, communications — down to the era of skyscrapers.

Of course, America is still "on the move." And Harper's editors and authors help you understand as no one else can, just how and why it is moving — and where.

They tell you a great deal more, too.

For Harper's is not confined to commentary. It embraces every area of adult interest . . . political and economic affairs . . . scientific discoveries . . . personalities and travel . . . the latest developments in the world of the arts, literature and entertainment.

Because we feel that you, too, will enjoy reading Harper's regularly, we invite you to take advantage of this special offer . . .

. . . one full year's trial subscription for only \$3. This is just half of what you would pay for a year's 12 issues at the newsstand. *The equivalent of six issues free!*

Fill out the coupon below. Mail it today. No need to send any money. We'll be glad to bill you later.

Upon receipt of the coupon, we will send you your copy of "America on the Move" by return mail and enter your subscription immediately.

Harper's Magazine
49 East 33rd Street, New York City 16

Gentlemen: Yes! Enter my subscription to Harper's immediately for one full year for only \$3 and send my copy of "America on the Move" by return mail.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Helping your doctor
help you—
the partnership between

Meat

and

Medicine

*Out of the partnership between the meat industry and medicine
come these (and many other) medicinal preparations*

Insulin—only substance known to medical science which can control diabetes.

ACTH—treatment of arthritis, severe asthma, and many other conditions.

Epinephrine—treatment of many allergic conditions such as asthma, low blood pressure, certain heart affections.

Liver Extract—treatment of pernicious anemia.

Fibrin Foam—controls bleeding during surgical operations.

Gastric Mucin—treatment of many stomach afflictions, notably peptic ulcer.

Thyroid Extract—treatment of depressed functioning of the thyroid gland (myxedema and cretinism).

Cholesterol—starting material for the preparation of many hormones.

Posterior Pituitary Extract—increases blood pressure during certain conditions of shock.

Bile Salts—treatment of gall bladder disturbances and abnormalities in fat digestion.

Rennet—aids in milk digestion.

Sutures—widely used in surgery because they possess great strength; need not be removed since they are absorbed by the body.

Estrogenic Hormones—treatment of certain conditions arising out of the menopause.

Progesterone—treatment of threatened and habitual abortion, and in severe dysmenorrhea.

Dehydrocholic Acid—treatment of certain gall bladder disorders and abnormalities of bile flow.

Parathyroid Extract—treatment of tetany (severe involuntary muscle contraction) which follows removal of these glands.

Benzoinated Lard—widely used as a medicinal ointment base.

Diastase—aids in promoting starch digestion.

Lipase—aids in promoting fat digestion.

Trypsin—aids in promoting protein digestion.

Bone Marrow Concentrates—treatment of various blood disorders.

Suprarenal Cortex Extract—used in the treatment of Addison's Disease.

As you know, meat animals are the source of many vital medicines. Every day these help save lives, restore health, relieve pain and battle disease for millions of people—perhaps even you, or one of your family.

To help make them, the meat packing industry has elaborate facilities for saving important by-products. Great discoveries have come, already, from the research partnership between the meat industry and medicine. The search is on for even *greater* things.

But *only* well established meat packers—the companies whose products you know so well—have the facilities to *save* and make available these by-products.

Price controls, possible rationing, etc., tend to divert meat into illegal channels, where there are no means of saving essential by-products; no facilities for research.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.



ELLERY SEDGWICK, who was Editor of the *Atlantic* from 1908 to 1938, first began to receive the manuscripts of James Norman Hall in 1912. Hall, a young graduate from Grinnell College, had come to Boston to work as an investigator for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and in the evening hours devoted himself to the writing of poems and of essays not many of which found their mark. Hall was cycling in England in the summer of 1914, and when the war broke out, he volunteered as a "Canadian" in Kitchener's Mob; later he was transferred and trained as a pilot in the Lafayette Escadrille. It was in these war years that his first major contributions began to appear in the *Atlantic*. From that time on, no contributor was more beloved.

JAMES NORMAN HALL

1887-1951

by ELLERY SEDGWICK

WHEN James Norman Hall was born, the mold of Iowa clay was broken, never to be used again. Romance goes pulsing through the veins of many a farmer's son, but in Hall it had to break through gates and locks tight closed. Diffidence checked it; fastidiousness choked it; inertia, which so often paralyzes good in a bad world, might well have been the death of it. That he lived the life he did proves that all is possible. Providence may seem made of brass, but sometimes there is a streak of sympathy within, some latent trace of conscience, which cannot bear to lose an opportunity that may not come again.

Every quality of Hall's pulled hard against every other. Yet he won through, and Luck, so indifferent to young men whose ambition does not lie on the surface, turned up trumps. Just because a dozen opposing traits so warred within him that forward motion seemed impossible, she produced Charles Nordhoff, quite obviously for the purpose of transferring the drawn battle within to a manlier contest with the outer world. Civil wars are forgotten when invasion comes, and just so Nordhoff's militant spirit denied Hall the privilege of wrestling peaceably with his own angel and forced him to put up

his hands and fight. Nordhoff prodded and Hall accepted the challenge.

How well I remember the two boys — for still boys they were — when, the First World War over, they came to the *Atlantic* to take counsel concerning their lifework. One passionate desire they held in common binding them together tighter than all the rest. Their intensest, freest life, each had lived alone, flying thousands of feet above the filth and beastliness of the trenches. When they fought their final battles, the Age of Chivalry was curiously reincarnate in another element, and now that peace had come they revolted against what seemed to them the sluttishness of modern life, where men fought not for a cause but selfishly, haggling for their dollars and their bread. To live they must find new heavens and new earth. So it was they went together to the South Seas.

What a contrast, those two young men! Nordhoff slightly scornful, very ambitious, Hall modest to a fault; Nordhoff skeptical and distrusting, Hall with no formulated belief but trusting absolutely in good. Both had a compelling sense of beauty; but for Nordhoff it was the beauty of strength and the outward world, for Hall the fairness of the inner, poetry and dream. Nordhoff was strikingly handsome in

Copyright 1951, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston 16, Mass. All rights reserved.

those days, a young David straight as a javelin, with aristocratic features and a manner that showed friendliness was not to be imposed upon. Hall wore a homely pleasantness about him reminding one, in spite of his soldiering abroad, of the good earth of his father's farm. Nordhoff had his inhibitions, too, but he was full of confidence and too eager to let doubts raise their interrogating heads. As he sat smiling in his chair, you knew that Hall's ambition was some lonely, lovely haven where he could dream out his dreams.

They were young then and Life turned them topsy-turvy as Life is apt to do, but the picture of those days is what I best like to remember. My own happened to be the life I loved, but a desk chair has its prosaic aspects and their adventure was my vicarious romance. Hall and Nordhoff were my Dioscuri.

2

THE isles of the South Seas turned out to have their less idyllic aspects. Sunshine and perfume are no aids to composition; spicy breezes and opaline wavelets play hob with work. There were times when the manna of the breadfruit tree offered their only supper, and fish their single source of vitamins; times when Nordhoff's leg, injured on barnacles, would not heal, when Hall feared his subtropical ailment might be the precursor of elephantiasis. Then Providence, long asleep, woke up.

Living within a mile or two of the young men, in a heavenly Tahitian garden, was their friend and guardian, Skipper Smith, of whom Legend tells this story. Now Legend has a great advantage over History through telling what ought to have happened, as History seldom takes pains to do. Long and arduously Professor Smith had toiled at his roll-top desk in Massachusetts Institute of Technology. One morning he was surveying in disgust this symbol of weary years. Suddenly he looked down and noted lying upon it an envelope with a lawyer's name printed in the corner. The letter ran somewhat as follows, just as it would have if printed in the *Youth's Companion*: "This will notify you that your aunt, Mrs. S., has named you as her exclusive heir. Her property valued at \$500,000 can be converted into cash at your discretion." This pleasing missive Smith read three times. His unremembered affection for the dear old lady came vividly to mind. Instinctively his arms shot up, and down rolled the old top, closing with an everlasting click.

That very afternoon ex-Professor Smith called on his friend, Professor Barbour of the Peabody Museum. "Tom," he asked, "what is the most interesting thing a man like me can do?" The answer came back: "Cultivate dendrology in Borneo."

So dendrology it was, and Borneo too; but in after years Skipper Smith — for a layman's title had replaced the academic — had transported his

garden to a still more enchanting spot in Tahiti, where he soon assumed paternal relations with our heroes. More than that, he wrote to me invaluable letters concerning their health and the more delicate matter of how much lotus-eating was good for them. I acted warily. Instead of direct subsidies, I sent money to the Skipper, instructing him to dole it out as if every dollar were the last — he to bear all reproaches, I to reap the reward. Meantime I saw to it that the war insurance policies should not lapse.

Of this confidential arrangement I think neither Hall nor Nordhoff ever knew the details. Certainly it was successful. While the hibiscus exhaled its delicate scent, the young noses were held fast to the grindstone.

Original causes are hard to seek, but it chanced that in my nursery at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, was a volume bound in red, bearing the title *Pitcairn's Island*. At eight I pored over this book and often served as one of the *Bounty's* crew mutinying under the old hemlock on the lawn. On one of his American holidays, Hall and I were sitting on my piazza. My vague memories coalesced. Conviction seized me that by opportunity, taste, and skill, Hall was the natural inheritor of the *Bounty* story. I told him the tale.

Hall knew it well, and felt its power, but said he: "Nordy and I can't do the story without going to London, and that's expensive."

"No need of that," said I, "for I am going to London myself."

So it was that the following winter a huge packet of books went from London to Tahiti, and besides the records a complete set of Smollett's novels to teach an eighteenth-century lingo. Also word reached me of a *Bounty* fan, a retired Captain of the Royal Navy, who had spent untold hours shaping a model of the ship, carved according to exact specifications. Often Hall told me he came to know this so perfectly that, had he been given the chance of crawling over the deck of the original brig, he could have spotted every nail hole.

One providential service I was able to render at this time. There existed half a score of stories of the *Bounty*, but I noticed that they all covered the climacteric trial of the mutineers in very general terms. Inferring that all researches had been made in London, whereas the actual trial had been held in Plymouth, it seemed that a great advance could be made in enumerating details if the actual testimony could be secured. In the British Museum, I discovered one of those wonderfully learned ladies whose unrecorded burrowings make the reputations of the celebrated writers of history. At my direction, she went to Plymouth and copied the minutes of the trial. Now public records are not subject to copyright, but as the ensuing movie contract was important, the form of copyright was gone through with. The claim was carefully staked and the

Mutiny on the Bounty by Nordhoff and Hall became attractive to producers, even at a price, beyond all alternatives at their free disposal.

True to the nature of both writers, letters from Tahiti at that time were full of doubt, hesitation, and pain, but in Arlington Street absolute confidence reigned.

3

To a huge public the mystifying trick of the *Bounty* was how two disparate figures, in full sight of the audience, could completely coalesce. Here were two totally different examples of God's creation suddenly become one, to all appearances indissoluble. The twain had visibly become one flesh. Neither could say like the happy bridegroom: "We two are one and I am *that one*." There was neither first nor last; no clashes of style, no individual protuberances, no quirks of personal manner. David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, were like as one but not one. Nordhoff and Hall were no identical twins, no twin Dromios. They were the single author of a single book. Once in literary history, I recall a similar phenomenon. The French writers Erckmann and Chatrian wrote a series of joint novels much read during my youth, but in English-speaking literature, I recall no example.

With Nordhoff and Hall complete success was due not to the similarity but to the diversity of the component halves. Neither half lost anything of his personality, but the sum of both was ampler and richer than either alone. Nordhoff gave energy and passion, Hall meditation and understanding. Nordhoff gave action, Hall beauty. Nordhoff's humor was in a higher key. Hall gave a quieter satisfaction. I defy the liveliest critic to pick up the volume and say: "This is Hall, this Nordhoff." Footnoted in my own copy are Hall's penciled notations of authorship, so let any cocksure reviewer write and give me a chance to tell him how wrong he is.

I remember asking Nordie: "Which of you acquired the burr of Scotch dialect?" He answered: "I got that straight from Sir Walter Scott." The legitimacy of the descent pleased me.

A decade or so ago, a group of graduates of the Lafayette Escadrille fought their old battles round a dinner table. A hundred anecdotes were recalled. Then there was a pause and one old pilot broke the silence: "Damn it, Hall, but as I look back you were the only Christian in the bunch." And a Christian he was in the least literal and most veracious sense. The Church meant nothing to him, though he

doubtless approved it. Missionaries stirred him to wrath. He judged them with a perverse judgment because the sense of sin which they imported had borne unhealthy fruit in the idyllic islands he loved so well. But his whole soul was enlisted in his detestation of America's darling sin, vulgarity.

The chiefest symbol of Yankee success is advertising, and advertising he loathed. In his simplicity he believed that merit would out, that the violet would not be hidden by the mossy stone. Here was a perpetual difficulty for his publisher. The most innocent intrusion of the first personal pronoun was an affront to him. When "I" unobtrusively appeared in a script of his, he looked at it as the basilisk looks at whatever it is the basilisk likes to pounce upon. He could as readily boast of his prowess in the air as allow the telephone poles of "I's" to run through a narrative passage. It was useless to tell him that the universal practice was not only harmless, but that the circuit made to avoid it was a literary offense. He would simply remark: "I did not set out to advertise myself."

As religion shapes the souls of men, so poetry shaped Hall's. He seldom quoted it aloud, but to himself he was forever repeating stanzas and poems and cantos of it. The poets of his youth were the poets of his maturity. He had no truck with the dissonance of today or with that obscurity which on a third reading deepens to opacity. Reverence for the masters cumbered, I think, his own efforts at verse. Overtones from choirs of the past hindered more than they helped him when he sought to rhyme on paper. But if his monument is not poetry, poetry made him what he was. It was the inner poetry of his being which gave him chivalry and kindness and love.

Men's works live after them. These are what we admire, but it is a man we love. I doubt if there was anyone with whom Jimmie Hall spent a chance hour who did not feel there was a difference between him and others, or that that difference was a precious thing. He was a wanderer in the world and was happiest alone or with a very, very few. Perhaps today he walks with Joseph Conrad, the adoration of his youth, whom, when an easy and natural opportunity came, he was too shy to approach; or with that strange and harassed genius, Lafcadio Hearn; for it was after these two he named his only son. Hall yearned for lonely places. Now he is in the loneliest of all. The world seemed to him crowded almost to suffocation. He felt fettered and cramped, and longed for endless reaches of space and time.

In immensity, he is at home.



In Chicago last June the U.S. Chamber of Commerce held a conference in which a number of executives were invited to "explain" their particular business. CLARENCE B. RANDALL, who has been President of Inland Steel Company since 1949, spoke without notes but with such sharp effect that his words found immediate reverberations in the Chicago press. Mr. Randall served as Paul Hoffman's adviser on steel in the early days of the ECA. He has seen at first hand the cartels of Europe and the effects of socialism in Britain, and he believes the time has come for capitalism to go on the offensive. Here is what he said in Chicago.

A MATTER OF CONVICTION

by CLARENCE B. RANDALL

I

THE American enterprise system is on trial throughout the world. We must recognize that. It may be a rear-guard action. We may be protecting the last zone from which the counter-attack can be made. And all of our business thinking must be directed towards the conservation of the great heritage that exists in the American enterprise system. That is a very challenging thing.

I am tremendously excited about the problem of the communication of ideas, the explanation of business to every segment of the American public. The strength of the American enterprise system lies in the infinite variety which we bring to the solution of our problems, and we learn from one another in conferences of this kind by exchanging ideas.

In my judgment, there is only one group to whom we must explain American business, and that group is people. There are people among employees, people among stockholders, people among educators and clergymen, and there is also the mythical man in the street.

You will find among people some who are lazy and indifferent in their thinking, who never hold convictions deeply or the same idea for long. They may be disregarded because they don't count. But among all people, everywhere, there are thoughtful, sober-minded, good citizens, who seek the truth and who wish to adjust their conduct to the right when they understand it. That kind of person is just the same whether he is an employee or a stockholder or the man in the street, and he probably exists in about the same proportions in all groups. He is our target. We seek to explain to the man who wants to know, the truth, the merits, and the values that inhere in the American enterprise system.

In every field of human affairs, it is understanding that counts. Men quarrel and nations quarrel when

they don't understand one another. It is very seldom that two men square off and call each other names after each fully and honestly understands the other's point of view. When that occurs, they may agree to disagree; but they part without anger, and often with mutual respect.

That is also true between nations. I feel very certain that we do not understand Russia, and it would seem quite clear that Russia does not understand us. If there were only some way that mutual understanding could be brought about, peace might flow from an agreement to disagree.

At the basis of all good communication — to whatever group, and particularly to employees — lies understanding. It seems to me, therefore, that the beginning of a good explanation of business is the understanding of business, and that must go from the top man down.

There is no use in building an expensive power line if you haven't got a generating station at the beginning of it. There is no use in having a pipeline, whether for petroleum or the communication of ideas, if there is nothing in the tank against which to start the pumps. The beginning of all communication is an idea. If the boss man hasn't got an idea, if there is nothing he understands and believes with clarity and deep conviction, he can get the best public relations consultant in the world and he will get nowhere with explaining his business to his employees.

The thing we need first of all is clarity as to what it is we believe; then earnestness and depth of conviction. If we get to that point, the rest will come easy.

This room is bristling with brass today — presidents of companies, chairmen, top executives throughout the Middle West. You who bear important responsibilities are frequently asked to

address gatherings. You are asked to talk to your employees, your church, your Kiwanis Club, your trade association, or your chamber of commerce. Most of you duck it. And all of you are, most of the time, in terror of it. That I cannot understand.

Does the fact that you can't talk about business without writing it on a piece of paper mean that you don't understand business, or believe in it?

What happens when you call on your best customer? The president of a company calling upon the president of his best customer is never inarticulate. He swoops down upon him like a tiger seizing a goat. He can't be stopped because he is so convinced that his product is the best product in the world that the words take shape by themselves.

Do you feel that way about the American business system? Are you that much on fire? Do you know as much about it as you do about your product? If so, why can't you stand up and talk about it?

There seems to be abroad the impression that somewhere there is a leisure class of executives who have the time, the energy, and the freedom from responsibility to make talks like this. In these parts the impression is that the name of that leisure class is Randall.

I want you to remember these words. I want you the next time the Kiwanis calls up at quarter to twelve and says the speaker has failed them—I want you to go on over and let them have it, as I am letting you have it today. I hold some deep convictions. First, no man can explain the American business system unless he understands the present impact of world affairs on American business and holds precise ideas about it.

2

I AM convinced that the present Administration is in a sad situation with regard to its foreign policy. If you were to ask me to express in one sentence the present American foreign policy, I would say we propose to fight half of the world, feed the other half, and have business as usual at home. And that can't be done.

I have been tremendously interested in the emotional reaction of the American people to the return of General MacArthur. And I say to you that the great preponderance of the people who stood on the curb and cheered didn't know why they were cheering. They didn't know what they were in favor of, and if we were to poll all the people in this room we would get a strange mosaic of what they think should or should not be done by America in her foreign affairs.

Yet, isn't it clear that what happens in Korea, or Berlin, or Iran can have more impact on your business during the next twelve months than anything you can do about it yourself? If you are going to explain business to your employees it is very important that you have an intelligent, positive idea

of what our foreign policy should be, other than just invective against the Administration. Don't forget that your employees' boys are doing the dying; and don't try to talk to them unless you know in your own mind what you think the United States should do, other than have an election.

The same is true in the field of domestic affairs. Do we in the business world really understand the economic problems of America today, such as inflation? Have you a clear idea of what inflation is, other than the blankety-blank Washington Administration? You know that whatever the Administration does is wrong. You're committed to that. But you can't be forever formulating your understanding of the American economy by opposing a particular administration. You've got to stop being *against* something; you've got to start being *for* something. Furthermore, when you talk with your employees, remember that they voted for this Administration and you're not going to get very close to them with your profanity unless you have an understanding of America's problems.

Have you an opinion on controls?

You don't like the controls in your business; that's clear. Do you want to take them all off? You had better think that one over. If you're going to be against controls, you have to be prepared for the consequences of taking them off.

How about taxes?

You're perfectly certain that the proposed tax bill is wrong. Do you know why?

Suppose someone walked up and said to you: "All right, Wise Guy, you write the tax bill!" Could you write a tax bill for the United States? I don't mean in detail.

Have you an idea of where the revenue should come from to support our debt?

We have the debt; there's no doubt about that. You think it ought to be paid off. Have you a clear idea of where the money should come from? Well, you know you shouldn't pay it, but are you clear as to who should pay it? Is it fair to yell about controls and false economy in high places if you haven't thought through, yourself, what is the sound tax basis?

When you start talking to your employees they'll ask you some questions on that, but it's no use talking to them until you have an answer. I don't care whether you have the right answer or not, as long as it's your answer; as long as it's held with integrity; as long as you can talk about it with your voice down and be pleasant.

And what about the system of free enterprise itself? What is there in it that you believe in? And why do you believe it? Just because it makes money for you? That's what the Communists are telling your workers and that's why we're going towards socialism. Employees don't trust guys like you, who have no interest in anything except in making money. You have to get above that.

No, the reason you believe in the enterprise system is that you are honestly convinced that it brings the greatest good to the greatest number of people, and that you have the whole world for your laboratory to demonstrate that truth.

You are not ashamed of profit. You know that the incentive to make money is a worthy thing; but you also know that it's the striving that counts in terms of the good of the people.

But the free enterprise system isn't just a "hunting license." It carries with it its obligations; and one that I hear talked about less and would like to hear talked about more — and frankly and openly — is that the free enterprise system must be policed by a free market.

Free enterprise has a tendency to make each of us selfish. We are held on the beam toward the protection of the public welfare by honest, direct, vital, real competition; and any man who directly or indirectly, by private agreement or private understanding, attempts to limit the free market for his goods is asking for nationalization.

I have many friends in the British steel industry. They asked for nationalization. They were afraid of the free market, and they turned to government for a controlled market. They asked for price agreements because they feared the impact of honest competition, and they ended up by being nationalized.

If you want to bring on the end of free enterprise, just continue to take part in the limitation of free markets. We can't have the benefits and not accept the responsibilities. We have to play the game honestly with regard to the free market.

On the other side of the coin is the social responsibility of the free enterprise system.

The world has demonstrated that there will be no more social vacuums. People crave the good things of life, and they believe that American business doesn't want them to have those good things. If you want to give us a long shove down the road towards socialism, ignore the social problems of your community. But if you want to preserve the heritage of free enterprise, get in there and pitch, and make everybody in your organization pitch. Make your town the best town to live in, and you'll get the best workmen. Forget your town, let it decay, and you'll be strangled for good workmen, because today the working man is discriminating. He wants to bring up his children in a community where there are good schools, good churches, good recreational facilities, and a fine moral tone.

The same applies to education. Industry has come to the point where it is willing to support institutions for higher learning in the technical studies, but it has been very hesitant about lending its support to the liberal arts studies. Yet today the problems that are plaguing industry are not those caused by inadequate technology. Possibly we have too much technology. The problems that are

plaguing us today are not in the realm of facts, but of ideas and ideals, and those are tackled in the liberal arts institutions.

Now we have fine state universities throughout the country. Do you want every university to be state-controlled and state-financed? Isn't there a grave danger that eventually government will direct the policy of teaching if every institution becomes publicly owned and publicly operated?

The state institutions are kept on the beam by the standards set by the privately endowed institutions; and those institutions cannot survive and maintain those high standards of free inquiry without help from the American business groups.

3

HOWEVER, there are several road blocks before us. In educating the employee we encounter road blocks in the persons of the senior supervisor and the foreman. You cannot go around them in communicating ideas to your workers. You must go through them. And by tradition they are not men who have ever thought it their business to communicate ideas to anyone. They keep the machines running, and go home at night, wash their hands, and watch television. That is true even at the senior level. And when the president of a company writes a letter to an employee to explain his business, it isn't going to help much if the next morning the worker asks his foreman a question about that letter and the foreman can't answer.

I don't know just how to correct this situation. I think it is partly the function of technical education, and I say that not critically because, heaven knows, the man on the production line must have technical competence. But he has been so busy in these competitive days getting the necessary technical knowledge that he has sometimes lost interest in social and economic problems and certainly has become inarticulate.

We have to find a way to bring to the senior supervisor and the foreman the boss man's enthusiasm about the communication of ideas. They should know the opinions of the boss man and believe in them, not as directives, but for the content of the ideas themselves. They should think and believe as though it were a part of their job to spread education about American business.

I am aware of one very serious road block in the stockholder relationship, and this is close to the employee subject. It seems to me that it is very important that a stockholder of my company living in Los Angeles know what goes on in our plant and understand the problem of the relationship with the employee. We ought to tell that stockholder our opinions on social and economic questions that affect the business. But we are blocked off from a very important segment of our stockholders by an accident.

I don't know how many of you have thought of this point, but in our company, over twenty per cent of the stockholders do not appear on our records. Their stock is held in the name of nominees — a trust company or some other institution — and we never have direct access to the stockholder. A major portion of these people are women. We hear it said that the women of America own American industry, and I guess they do. They outlive us by about ten to fifteen years per man, per ton.

Joe, you see, was busy when he was living; he didn't have time to explain to Jane anything about business; and he thought, anyhow, that she was too sweet to explain anything about it to her. But off he went with a coronary, and she wrote to her bank and said, "I know nothing about these. Here are some papers that I found in the box."

The banker replied, "We'll relieve you of all of that matter. It will be very simple."

So once a month he sends her a remittance for ten dividends, including that of our company. The fellow that sends it is a trained analyst. He's a statistician, and he knows all about depreciation and taxes and so on, and he tells her: "They're solvent; the dividend seems secure, period."

He hasn't the slightest interest in the social problems we're struggling with. We send him our material and he heaves it into the wastebasket. We

got back from one institution over six hundred copies of our annual report, which they had refused to send out to stockholders because they said they didn't have the funds to cover the mailing expense. That is a road block to communications that must be broken down.

It's the women of this country who own American industry; it's the women who vote; and the women are voting us into socialization because they don't understand the American industry from which they draw their income.

I must add one more point.

Speaking of stockholders, the ultimate education of the worker, the payoff, is for him to know so much about your business that he wants to become a stockholder. We have been teaching him not to take a chance. In our War Bond campaigns we told him there was only one good security — namely, Uncle Sam and his bond. We have told him never to risk anything. We have to teach the working man profit and loss. We have to teach him to risk for gain. And the place to do it is in our own business. We can't dragoon him into it. He must come in because he wants to, and he will come in if we have been successful in explaining our business to him. He will come in with pride and enthusiasm, and open, then, the best possible avenue of communication.



BROKEN IDOL

by R. P. LISTER

ACROSS a limitless and antic plain
Rolled a fat dog, with dry and lolling tongue,
Panting for shelter or a drop of rain.
And in some temple, where he roamed among

The shards of columns, lay a trunkless head
Of godling long forgotten. This he sniffed,
Whereon it oped its carven mouth, and said,
"Who nuzzles me? Brings he some precious gift,

Tongue of young calf, fresh sizzled on a fire,
Or gem for my adorning? Let him know
None nears me now to pray for his desire;
Old god am I, grown powerless long ago;

These are sad acres, thankless and accurst."
The dog heard none of this, for he had found
A freshet near; and there he quenched his thirst,
And waddled off, across the holy ground.



American travelers who have recently been shopping in Paris will read with sympathy this forthright, documented article by SALLY ISELIN. Mrs. Iselin could have been a Proper Bostonian. Instead she married and went to New York, where she has scored a swift success as columnist, feature writer, and editor. Today she is working for the Columbia Broadcasting System and keeping her pen busy in off hours.

I BOUGHT A DRESS IN PARIS

by SALLY ISELIN

1

ANY woman who has journeyed to Paris since the end of World War II knows the frustrations of buying clothes there. At the outset the problem would seem to be simply one of price, but once on the spot, the lone American who is neither a "name" nor a member of the fashion trade runs into a hard but undefinable wall, made up of Old World snobbism plus declining interest on the part of the French in an individual wardrobe. Her friends say, "You must see Dior. I've known him for years," in a vague sort of way. Then, they remember that he is in the south of France, or will be, during her Paris stay. Others give her the names of *vendeuses* (some of whom act as liaison officers between dress designer and purchaser, collecting their prescribed cut on sales) with the warning that most *vendeuses* have their eye on such prospects as Egyptian and Iranian princesses who buy as many as twenty or thirty models a trip. With dresses costing around \$500 apiece, the lone American woman will be outshone by Farouk's sister, not to mention Neiman-Marcus, both of whose currencies are as "hard" as hers.

I was just such an American. I had made several pre-war visits, and now with \$2000 in my pocket (enough, I hoped, for three or four dresses), I was a willing victim for the cloak and suit industry in Paris. It was midseason, the trade term for the in-between collections, and I knew the air would be comparatively free of American buyers and Egyptian princesses, most of whom come in the summer. My best "string" was Pierre Balmain, whom I had met at cocktail parties in the States; and better still, I knew his publicity girl. She remembered me when I telephoned, and finally allowed that it would be possible to reserve a seat in the *premier rang* the next day. Instructions were given to be prompt, the implication being that the seat would be given to someone else if I arrived late.

When the day came, I felt as if I were about to

be received at the Court of St. James, and I dressed accordingly in my best \$49.50 New York model, camouflaged with a newly purchased Hermes belt and scarf (this famous leather store, by the way, operates with a minimum of hocus-pocus: its salesmen seem to be paid to serve you quickly). Thrown off by the French use of the word *maison*, I made the mistake of going to M. Balmain's house rather than to his store. A very polite concierge explained that M. Balmain was not in. I was puzzled, finally gathered that he was at work, and with the correct address, some twenty taxi minutes away, made my second start. I was definitely late and it seemed likely that those almost improcurable *premier rang* seats would be gone. But I need not have worried. The whole *premier rang* was waiting, occupied only by big *cartes* marked *réserve*, and so it remained empty during the whole show. A doorman, who might have doubled as Philip Morris's Johnny, ushered me into the perfumed *boutique*; the publicity girl was waiting at the first landing. She sparred a bit as to my purpose, and mentioned the names of distinguished customers in good press-agent style. I wondered briefly whether it would aid my cause if I said I knew any of them, and decided not.

The store itself resembled the Frick Museum in New York in that it had the same carefully preserved atmosphere of a large private house which has changed its function. The actual show took place in a long French drawing room which had as much of a Louis Quinze atmosphere as one could get out of two or three cans of paint. It was quite shabby with cracks and peels. The stage was at one end with a long boardwalk down the center. I sat alone in the *premier rang*, but the second and third were filled with middle-aged, nondescript women, some accompanied by gigolos who tittered occasionally. I had missed only the *boutique* collection. The real show started about 3.30.

Conversation was confined to whispers as the models, roughly about thirty-five years old, did their stunts up and down the boardwalk. It was a pity that some of the seams of the dresses were split, but a trained eye could see beyond these faults. I had read all the fashion magazines before leaving home — hence was familiar with the Balmain which were currently being pushed. What I did not realize was that those four or five were the only ones which would interest me; in other words, the fashion editors had picked the best, and the remains were a dreary sequence designed for another market — some for *les provinces*, others for Argentina. Perhaps the late Queen Marie of Rumania would have liked the flowing silk afternoon tea-gown trimmed with old mink, of a very pale color which looked very Old World. An over-formal *thé dansant* suit made of satin encrusted with hanging beads and jet looked just the thing for Eva Perón or Farouk's sister to wear to Maxim's.

By five o'clock I was bored, and might have relaxed into a sleepy stupor if it had not been for the needling of my *vendeuse*, who wished to have some kind of contract signed as swiftly as possible. Fuller Brush salesmen, incidentally, have nothing on the French *haute couture vendeuses* as far as aggressiveness goes. It is wise to have an exit phrase up one's sleeve because the *haute couture* make it as difficult to leave as they do to come into their establishments. I promised them all that I would be back in the spring.

I went home feeling I had wasted a day in Paris, and since there were five other "collections" on my list, I faced the prospect of wasting a whole working week. Instead I decided to devote my time to museums and art galleries, which welcome looking around as well as buying. Dior and Schiaparelli were the only other *couturiers* I visited. They were both better shows, and the setting was in better repair, if equally grandiose. Dior's models were young and pretty, and the clothes good as to line and style (a few of them were spotty, but it was explained that "his things had traveled a great deal"). It was bad luck that I did not happen to go the same day that "Monty," accompanied by his hostess, la Générale de Lattre de Tassigny, brought down the house by modeling his famous beret. Schiaparelli was the best of all with fresh new materials, well assembled as to color, and presented in *grand luxe* from start to finish. Also, unlike the other two, there seemed to be a lot of actual purchasers. Both shows, however, were long and formal and replete with models for some market other than the U.S.A., and consequently dull.

2

THE *haute couture*, whether they admit it or not, have their sights trained on the world-wide wholesale trade from the day the dress is drawn on paper

to its final unveiling in the salon, and the lone purchaser has long since been lost in the shuffle. Gone are the days I remember well when Mme. Schiaparelli would go over the dress needs of American schoolgirls in Paris as carefully as she did some more obvious prospect. (She still continues to use a personal touch in her Paris showroom, but it is generally conceded that she is wasting her time.)

It does seem a pity that the screening process to which the lone American must submit if she persists in buying a "label dress" has to be so crude and tactless. A French prototype of Celebrity Service or Dun & Bradstreet could make a fortune. For instance, it is common practice to ask customers who come in "off the street" — minus letters, credentials, fashion background — what hotel they are staying in. If it is not the Ritz or the George V, the head *vendeuse* visibly loses interest, but she is sophisticated enough to realize that there are three or four other hotels on the Right Bank which are favorites with rich Americans. Anyone who stays at the top ten or twelve will get an invitation to a showing if she is in Paris long enough for the concierge to get her name in the *Paris Herald*. The rich eccentric who stays in a hotel on the Left Bank has little chance. Schiaparelli is the most tactful and polite to the unknowns; Molyneux second; Balmain tries; Fath and Dior make no effort at all. I was told of one poor woman, quite as rich as Farouk's sister, who tried with no success to see Fath's collection and finally had to return empty-handed to Hattie Carnegie, who is said to have ribbed M. Fath quite a bit on what he had missed. The next year the lady returned with a letter of introduction and her credit rating.

The reasons for this lack of hospitality are manifold — terror of *copyistes* and the need to guard against spies from rival industries are the most important — but they are of small consequence to most Americans who come to Paris with visions of *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue* dancing through their heads, and with plans to put those dreams on their backs. I later tried in vain to explain to one top designer that that particular type of American is a representative, perhaps in a small way, of wholesale trade's buying market. It might be cheap at the price to make her happy. She might even be so pleased that she would persuade Neiman-Marcus and Hattie Carnegie to double their orders at a certain house. It is also conceivable that she might be an important figure in the wholesale world either through her husband or brother. All this was said to a blank wall. The French have lived too long and are now doing too well to change their traditional methods of letters of introduction and publicity. They may be killing the goose that laid the golden egg, but the egg will have to shrink before they change their ways.

I would have stopped my wardrobe spree then

and there and continued through Europe in my \$49.50s and the Hermes scarves if it had not been for a Swiss cousin who gave me some information on how Europeans face the problem. Most of them accept the *haute couture* as they operate today. If your husband is president of France, envoy to UN, or some such dignitary, Fath and the boys deck you out for free on special occasions in one of their "loanable" models which are designed to be let out and taken in, according to size and type. The American envoy's wife, the French say, gets a 50 per cent cut (this, by the way, irritates them); so, presumably, do many others. During my stay in Paris, the King and Queen of Denmark were being officially entertained, and the *Paris-Match* photographed them and their official hosts from start to finish. Accompanying each picture of a *générale* or wife of an official was a fashion credit, the only commercial part of the transaction. The Frenchwoman has great trouble getting an "in" to the big houses if she is not a regular buyer, because the houses know she will pass on information to her *copyiste*. The very wealthy Frenchwomen — Marie Laure de Noailles, for instance — refuse to stand for Fath's airs and graces, simply walking over him to the model they want, but they are in the enviable position of having known him and the other designers for years.

3

As for the *copyistes*, their names are well-kept secrets. My cousin explained the reason as follows: "You cannot be sure that even a general's wife will pay her bills"; and the *copyiste's* hands are tied when it comes to collecting, for fear of getting in legal trouble. Most Frenchwomen prefer them not only because of price, but because of the *haute couture's* high-handed methods. The purpose of seemingly endless fittings is to make you look as much like a Dior or a Fath as possible, not a bit vice versa. Three weeks' delivery time is standard. The *copyiste* makes becoming changes, and also delivers a finished product within a week.

Copyistes have existed for years in Paris. In fact, I had used one myself at the time when I made the boarding-school excursions to the big dress houses. Even in those easygoing days, they operated in much the same way as bootleggers did here. However, today's laws in Paris seem stricter. An American friend wrote me the name of a contemporary *copyiste*, giving address and phone and the name of a third person who had used her. From the moment the letter arrived until the day the clothes were given me "in the hand" to carry home to the hotel, I felt a bit like a member of the Mafia. When I gave the hotel operator the number to call, she cross-questioned for no good reason. First came "Qui est-ce?" Then, "Une couturière?" Then a snort, and "Je peux vous dire, madame, qu'elle n'est

pas du tout connue." I breathed more easily when I remembered that all I had revealed to the operator was the number, with no name and address. I finally "got through" and made an appointment for that afternoon.

The *copyiste* lived in a shabby private house in a dreary section beyond the Étoile, peopled with secondhand auto supply stores, garages, and the like. From the outside, the building looked like a very down-at-the-heel boardinghouse with none of the usual Paris charm. The door was opened slowly in answer to a bell which somehow gave the impression that it might not work, and a tiny girl, about fourteen years old, who later proved to be the chief *midinette*, said timidly, "*De la part de qui?*" through a space of about six inches. When told, she ushered me up a narrow, winding staircase and into a small fitting room covered with pins. After fifteen minutes or so — which I spent gazing into a giant-sized wardrobe mirror — the *propriétaire* appeared. She was as gay and chic as her *maison* was not. We chatted for several minutes on everything but clothes, and in the course of the conversation the *copyiste* mentioned a cousin who had bought things there last summer. Somehow this broke the ice, and gained me admittance into the club.

I was escorted up another flight into a much bigger, more professional-looking fitting room, pursued by two *midinettes* carrying my fur coat and package. *Toiles* (unbleached muslin models) were hung about the mirrors, which were explained by Madame in much too fast French. You are supposed to recognize the model by the *toiles*, not a very easy process for the amateur used to American ready-to-wears, and you pick the one you want. Then comes the choosing of the material *tissue*, perhaps the most important process. With true French sense of color, Madame held a purple close to my face and hair before she let me decide. (I reflected that the French would probably dye both to match, if necessary.) Fortunately, I did know the ropes, and my halting French slowed down Madame so that we could meet on common ground.

My selection was a big coachman's coat — a cross between Dior and Balmain — to be made of fuzzy purple Rodier wool with lining to match. Then Madame summoned M. Henri, a very harassed *tailleur*, who took measurements (in centimeters) with the help of the *midinette* who had opened the door. There was much discussion about padding, a "must" last season to get the proper effect over the hips, also some talk of putting some on the *poitrine*. Final decision was that that was unnecessary. They all were very able, so much so that I would have taken their word for anything. All this, plus a skirt to match, cost about \$150, and required only three fittings — a far cry from what it would have cost where it was created. Madame, for some reason of her own, was adamant

on being paid in American Express checks, about a third of which went into her hands then and there. Perhaps checks can be used with more variety than straight dollars? All in all, I was pleased. However, I wondered how a compatriot who did not speak French and was not used to *copyiste* methods with the *toiles* would manage. Perhaps overcautiously secretive, I did not mention the *copyiste* to anyone, because there was no way of knowing whether my European friends would use the proper discretion. The first thing you know, Madame might be treated to a visit from Dior and company, and the police.

4

IN Rome, where high fashion is as much (if not more) *de rigueur* as in Paris, I discovered the simple answer to the problem of buying clothes. *Palazzo* life is still conducted in the grand manner: the grandsons of Edith Wharton's circle carry on as they always have, despite a changing world and drafty corridors. One ball dress will hardly get you through a season; most women buy two or three. Hence, before contacting a *palazzo* friend, it would be wise to visit La Boutique on the Via Piemonte, close to the Excelsior Hotel. Run by a not-so-young, not-so-old member of Roman society called Princess Lola Giovanelli, it is one of several such shops catering to the carriage trade. The Princess is almost too chic, smokes cigarettes from a tortoise-shell holder, wears jingling gold jewelry and jersey tricots which match what Americans might think were overtight skirts. She herself does not speak English, but she governs a tiny staff who not only do, but are beautiful models to boot. One was a displaced Esterhazy, another a half-English Italian countess. All are active members of the chic world both in and out of Italy, and they know what you want, seemingly by intuition, probably from long personal experience.

There is no special hour for showings, which can be put on any time (except during the long lunch hour, which is almost a religious rite in this city) just for you; and best of all, there is no *vendeuse* of the Paris variety. I debated — at some leisure — a dream of a ball dress by Balenciaga with enough satin and velvet to satisfy Velázquez, finally decided that it was a bit too much for New York's rather prosaic evening routine. It could have been mine for as little as \$150 — or rather its exact copy, which would have been made right there in La Boutique in a week. I finally chose a Fath day dress which was produced with much bustle and speed in three days. The head fitter (who in turn supervised two *midinettes*) proved to be a very, very pregnant young woman who was indeed racing against time to finish it. It is to be hoped the baby wasn't born sputtering pins.

I went to Vienna with the day dress, plus a Dior jacket which was sold to me off the rack because of the lack of time to copy it. Each cost less than \$150. All during the fittings the Princess, using the Esterhazy as interpreter, watched closely, occasionally producing very apt suggestions, illustrating her points with pictures of the model as it was supposed to look. The materials were the real McCoy, per Fath's and Dior's ideas, a far cry from the rayon ersatz of my \$49.50s. The shop itself was most unshoplike, very glamorous with mosaic tables for showcases, and baroque *décor*. Not a bit grandiose, it was cosy and, at the same time, very *de luxe*. It turned out that it had been a restaurant-night club in pre-World War II days, and the decoration had been done by artist Leonor Fini. Not only did I find the clothes I wanted, but I had a good time doing it. It wasn't just the low prices, but the warm welcome and the attention.

The Princess is one of several members of Roman society who have gone into the business of dressing others as well as she does herself. She visits Paris twice a year for the two midseason collections (November and May), which include both the big-collection models and the newer ones. These last are often precursors of the next big show; hence, she has a chance to keep ahead of the game. Her purchases are based for the most part on the tastes and needs of her Roman clients, but she also chooses models which will appeal to foreigners. She buys in exactly the same way, highly legal, as do the American buyers, in that she pays for reproduction rights. However, she does not have to face the limits of a mass production market and can pick the hard-to-copy models. Her own employees are skilled enough to copy them exactly. Since labor is cheap, the price is held down to a fraction of what the same dress would cost in its original house or in the U.S.A., where a Bergdorf Goodman copy, for example, would cost about \$400.

On my return to Paris a month later, I heard lively tales of the Princess's jaunts. While staying at the discreet Right Bank Hotel Lotti, she entertained two beaux. One of these, on hearing of the presence of the other, became so distraught that he knocked out the night concierge. Everything was hushed up when one of the beaux bowed to the request that he leave the hotel.

The Roman *boutique* is but one of many such places in Europe where Frenchwomen go to buy their wardrobes. In Madrid, the native city of Balenciaga, the same dress which costs \$800 in Paris costs only \$80. The difference is principally owing to the low price of labor. Switzerland is another good hunting ground for those with hard currency.

Vienna, too, still maintains standards, in suits from Knize (who began his career here) and fashionable clothes. The group that buys them may be small, but its social schedule demands the

best in clothes, what with some forty balls each winter and biweekly concerts, plus occasional trips to the opera, not to mention cocktail parties and night-club rendezvous at the Splendide, Peterie, and Renaissance Bars.

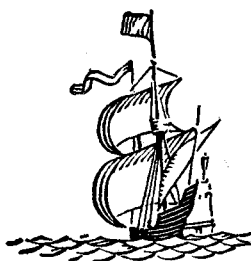
As in Rome, it is considered very country-cousiny to be seen in the same dress more than twice. For \$100 you can have one of the season's coats, a ball dress, or a concert dress. This concert dress might be described as indigenous to Vienna, because of the amount of time spent in the Concert Hall, a baroque Gay Nineties building furnished with gold nudes of heroic proportions, listening to music conducted by Karajan — who, incidentally, is given Frank Sinatra treatment by both his lady audience and chorus. Adulation to an almost asphyxiating degree permeates the hall, and for such occasions it is mandatory to wear the concert dress. It must be chic, black, of silk or taffeta, "not too décolleté," as one old countess explained. For the balls, you can go as far as you like, or as the magnificence of your family jewels, always worn for big occasions, requires. There is some difficulty about procuring materials, but it can be arranged one way and another. (I got an exaggerated impression that most of the diplomatic pouches being carried over the Enns Bridge bore more bolts of cloth than they did important papers.) In any event, there are ways and ways for the Austrian; the visiting American who brings in material — both for Knize and dressmakers — will have a field day, because a finished product, suit or dress, costs well under \$50. Again, the tailoring and *couture* is of top quality, comparable to any in the world.

The two top dressmaking establishments in Vienna are the Fasching Bauer, which has been popular for years with both Austrians and Americans, and a new one run by the newly married Countess Arnold Keyserling, a member herself of one of Austria's oldest families, the Auerpergs, and daughter-in-law of the late famous philosopher.

The Fasching Bauer is perhaps the best for the visitor with limited time, because it offers more variety. The wife of America's former envoy, Mrs. John G. Erhardt, was so pleased with their work that she still orders her clothes there, which are made on a Singer Sewing Machine type model of herself.

Example of this year's models: a big, flowing overcoat made of the teddy-bear type of pastel-colored wool; price, between \$60 and \$80. The lining is fancily quilted with matching stitching in true Hapsburg manner. Countess Keyserling, who spent apprentice years with Dior in Paris, operates more like the French *copyiste*, and perhaps would ask for more time in which to deliver. Her shop consists of two rooms on the second floor of an old office building in the First District of Vienna. A subscriber for all the important fashion magazines — which she studies as carefully as her philosopher-husband conducts *conférences* — she also keeps in touch with Paris fashions as they appear, through French friends and Swiss contacts. She wants to keep her shop small so that she can give individual attention, as she put it.

These places outside Paris are but scratches on the whole surface — there are many others which offer the same services. In other words, don't buy your clothes in Paris. Save your money for the other capitals, where you'll be welcomed and fitted and pinned to a queen's taste. I returned to Paris, stayed a month or so, during which I checked on my out-of-Paris purchases, only to find them identical in quality, if minus label. Needless to say, this is not written for the label-bound woman, or for those who like chi-chi and procuring seemingly hard-to-get tickets to showings. The word "seemingly" is used because any persevering, healthy, insensitive woman, who does not mind being "snobbed," can walk through the smoke screen put out by the *haute couture*, pay her money, and get a dress; but I found the process not worth the effort.





IN THE WHITE GIANT'S THIGH

by DYLAN THOMAS

THROUGH throats where many rivers meet, the curlews cry,
Under the conceiving moon, on the high chalk hill,
And there this night I walk in the white giant's thigh
Where barren as boulders women lie longing still

To labor and love though they lay down long ago.

Through throats where many rivers meet, the women pray,
Pleading in the waded bay for the seed to flow
Though the names on their weed grown stones are rained away,

And alone in the night's eternal, curving act
They yearn with tongues of curlews for the unconceived
And immemorial sons of the cudgeling, hacked

Hill. Who once in gooseskin winter loved all ice leaved
In the courtiers' lanes, or twined in the ox roasting sun
In the wains tanned so high that the wisps of the hay
Clung to the pitching clouds, or gay with anyone
Young as they in the after milking moonlight lay

Under the lighted shapes of faith and their moonshade
Petticoats galed high, or shy with the rough riding boys,

Now clasp me to their groins in the gigantic glade,

Who once, green countries since, were a hedgerow of joys.

Time by, their dust was flesh the swineherd rooted sly,
Flared in the reek of the wiving sty with the rush
Light of his thighs, spreadeagle to the dunghill sky,
Or with their orchard man in the core of the sun's bush
Rough as cows' tongues and thrashed with brambles their buttermilk
Manes, under his quenchless summer barbed gold to the bone,

Or rippling soft in the spinney moon as the silk
And ducked and draked white lake that harps to a hail stone.

Who once were a bloom of wayside brides in the hawed house
And heard the lewd, wooed field flow to the coming frost,
The scurrying, furred small friars squeal, in the dowse
Of day, in the thistle aisles, till the white owl crossed

Their breast, the vaulting does roister, the horned bucks climb
Quick in the wood at love, where a torch of foxes foams,
All birds and beasts of the linked night uproar and chime

And the mole snout blunt under his pilgrimage of domes,

Or, butter fat goosegirls, bounced in a gambo bed,
Their breasts full of honey, under their gander king
Trounced by his wings in the hissing shippen, long dead
And gone that barley dark where their clogs danced in the spring,
And their firefly hairpins flew, and the ricks ran round —

(But nothing bore, no mouthing babe to the veined hives
Hugged, and barren and bare on Mother Goose's ground
They with the simple Jacks were a boulder of wives) —

Now curlew cry me down to kiss the mouths of their dust.

The dust of their kettles and clocks sings to and fro
Where the hay rides now or the bracken kitchens rust
As the arc of the billhooks that flashed the hedges low
And cut the birds' boughs that the minstrel sap ran red.

They from houses where the harvest kneels, hold me hard,
Who heard the tall bell sail down the Sundays of the dead
And the rain wring out its tongues on the faded yard,
Teach me the love that is evergreen after the fall leaved
Grave, after Belovèd on the grass gulfed cross is scrubbed
Off by the sun and Daughters no longer grieved
Save by their long desirers in the fox cubbed
Streets or hungering in the crumbled wood: to these

Hale dead and deathless do the women of the hill
Love forever meridian through the courtiers' trees

And the daughters of darkness flame like Fawkes fires still.

NOTE. — The preceding lines compose the first part of a poem, "In the White Giant's Thigh," which is intended to be a part of a long poem, "In Country Heaven," which is in preparation. I mean, by "in preparation," that some of the long poem is written down on paper, some of it is a rough draft in the head, and the rest of it is radiantly unworded in ambitious conjecture.

The plan of this long poem-to-be is grand and simple, though the grandeur will seem, to many, to be grandiose, and the simplicity crude and sentimental.

The godhead, the author, the first cause, architect, lamp-lighter, the beginning word, the anthropomorphic bawler-out and blackballer, the quintessence, scapegoat, martyr, maker — He, on top of a hill in Heaven, weeps whenever, outside that state of being called His country, one of His worlds drops dead, vanishes screaming, shrivels, explodes, murders itself. And, when He weeps, Light and His tears glide down together, hand in hand. So, at the beginning of the poem-to-be, He weeps, and Country Heaven is suddenly dark. Bushes and owls blow out like candles. And the countrymen of Heaven crouch all together under the hedges, and, among themselves, in the tear-salt darkness, surmise which world, which star, which of their late, turning homes in the skies has gone forever. And

this time, spreads the heavenly hedgerow rumor, it is the Earth. The Earth has killed itself. It is black, petrified, wizened, poisoned, burst; insanity has blown it rotten; and no creatures at all, joyful, despairing, cruel, kind, dumb, afire, loving, dull, shortly and brutishly hunt their days down like enemies on that corrupted face. And, one by one, these heavenly hedgerow men who once were of the Earth, tell one another, through the long night, Light and His tears falling, what they remember, what they sense in the submerged wilderness and on the exposed hairbreadth of the mind, of that self-killed place. They remember places, fears, loves, exultation, misery, animal joy, ignorance and mysteries, all you and I know and do not know. The poem-to-be is made of these tellings.

And the poem becomes, at last, an affirmation of the beautiful and terrible worth of the Earth.

It grows into a praise of what is and what could be on this lump in the skies.

It is a poem about happiness.

I do not, of course, know how this first part of the poem called "In the White Giant's Thigh," will, eventually, take its place in that lofty, pretentious, down-to-earth-and-into-the-secrets, optimistic, ludicrous, moony scheme. I do not yet know myself its relevance to the whole, hypothetical structure. But I do know it belongs to it.

D. T.



*Authors who have enjoyed enormous popularity in their day are very likely to be neglected for some time after their death. Then comes reassessment, which in the exceptional case is accompanied by a revival of interest. This has happened recently in the case of F. Scott Fitzgerald; and if J. C. FURNAS is right, an even greater retribution is due to Robert Louis Stevenson. For ten years Mr. Furnas, who was graduated from Harvard in 1927, has been following Stevenson's trail in Oceania, in the United States, and in Scotland, and from his glowing appreciative biography, *Voyage to Windward*, which will be published in October by William Sloane Associates, the Atlantic has been privileged to draw two sections.*

THE ROAD OF THE LOVING HEART

Robert Louis Stevenson in Samoa

by J. C. FURNAS

I

IN 1890 Henry Adams, seeking distraction from the recent death of his wife, traveled into the Pacific with his friend John La Farge. In October they reached Samoa, where their appropriately august letters of introduction secured them great deference from Sewall, the U.S. consul. Adams found that it also made him all sorts of a great chief in Samoan eyes merely to state that the USS *John Adams* — a man-of-war closely and indiscreetly involved in recent Samoan squabbles — was named after his great-grandfather. Sewall soon took them up the mountain to call on the only resident lion. Adams wrote home about it voluminously: —

. . . a clearing dotted with burned stumps. . . a two-story Irish shanty with steps outside to the upper floor and a galvanized iron roof . . . squalor like a railroad navvy's board hut . . . a man so thin and emaciated that he looked like a bundle of sticks in a bag, with a head and eyes morbidly intelligent and restless . . . dirty striped pajamas, the baggy legs tucked into coarse woollen stockings, one of which was bright brown in color, the other a purplish dark tone. . . a woman . . . the usual missionary nightgown which was no cleaner than her husband's shirt and drawers, but she omitted the stockings . . . complexion and eyes were dark and strong, like a half-breed Mexican. . . though I could not forget the dirt and discomfort, I found Stevenson extremely entertaining . . . he cannot be quiet, but sits down, jumps up, darts off and flies back, at every sentence he utters, and his eyes and features gleam with a hectic glow. . . looking like an insane stork . . .

When asking them to breakfast later, the Stevensons encouraged La Farge and Adams to bring their

own provisions. After Louis had cordially supplied him with invaluable introductions to the cream of Tahitian "royalty," Adams had the grace to feel slightly embarrassed over how he had enlarged on their "squalor." But he was doomed to proceed with invidious and inaccurate solemnity: —

Their mode of existence here is far less human than that of the natives and compared with their shanty a native house is a palace; but the squalor must be somehow due to his education. All through him, the education shows. His early associates were all second-rate; he never seems by any chance to have come in contact with first-rate people, either men, women, or artists. He does not know the difference between people and mixes them up as if they were characters in his *New Arabian Nights*. Of course he must have found me out at once, for my Bostonianism, and finikin clinging to what I think the best, must rub him raw all over, all the more because I try not to express it; but I suspect he does not know quite enough to hate me for it; and I am sure he would never have the finesse to penetrate La Farge, though compared with La Farge, I am a sort of Stevenson for coarseness. . . . The two characters in contact are rather amusing as contrasts; the oriental delicacy of La Farge seems to be doubled by the Scotch eccentricities of Stevenson who is as one-sided as a crab, and flies off at angles no matter what rocks stand in his way.

It is late in the day to feel the old urge to kick Henry Adams for a snob. Forgiveness is easier because this is a valuable picture of the Stevensons newly installed in their kingdom. The "board shack" was the temporary dwelling to be camped in while a comfortable house was building. The

"burned stumps" were presage of a huge lawn before the house. The pair were alone because Lloyd Osbourne, Stevenson's stepson, was in England arranging shipment of civilized necessities from Skerryvore; Aunt Maggie, Louis's mother, was to return with Lloyd from Scotland; and Louis's stepdaughter Belle and her husband Joe Strong were waiting in Sydney until matters had somewhat shaken down. Louis and Fanny were so dirty and sloppy because both were hard at weeding, planting, cleaning — Louis worked in singlet and trousers, with bare feet. Provisions were so short because all men-of-war had left port and it was no longer profitable for local suppliers to bring produce to Apia — which immensely complicated the problem of getting provisions up the rough track from town. One day Louis and Fanny lunched on a single avocado; another lunch was a can of sardines, supper the same day a single breadfruit. Apparently it never occurred to Louis's low breeding to explain their privations or to excuse their grubbiness by the exigencies of settling down in a tropical wilderness. People should be more careful when entertaining Brahmins unawares.

Within weeks improvements were going ahead rapidly — and expensively. The track was widened, though in Louis's time it was never practicable for wheels in all weathers; in the meantime riding down to Apia amounted to a sort of steeplechase in slow motion. The immediate clearing was freed of stumps, and extensive cutting of brush discouraged the mosquitoes. Saddle horses for personal transport, pack horses for supplies, and ducks, hogs, chickens, and a cow had variously to be stabled, fenced, or penned. During a roaring rain the horses ate the palm thatch off their temporary stable and were found with their heads protruding into the weather like the giraffe out of a Noah's Ark. An overgrown banana patch and an abandoned *taro* patch were found and cleared into usefulness, and Fanny's truck garden was already hoping for onions, green peppers, parsley, tomatoes, and asparagus; she was startled to find that, in this climate, string beans grew a foot long. What time Louis could spare from *The Wrecker* and *South Seas* and, as family man of business, riding on his brown pony, Jack, to Apia, he spent with a bush knife cutting paths in exploration of his new domain or doggedly uprooting the poetic sensitive plant that is so nasty an imported nuisance in Samoa. Wryly he noted deriving a great glow of virtuous feeling out of doing a shilling's worth of manual labor and a feeling of an afternoon wasted if he earned ten pounds by assiduous writing.

Perhaps only a chronic invalid can appreciate his exultation in his new privilege of physical activity. He discreetly left ax and mattock alone; but even so he could spend hours sweating wet and breathing deep without imminent risk of hemorrhage or weeks of exhaustion to follow. It had been eleven

years since he had done anything as strenuous as his rugged rides to the port. For that matter, it had been seventeen years since he had chosen a prolonged place of residence for any reason other than established renown among the consumptive. This was no Menton, Davos, or Hyères, thick with invalids, soft to the enforced idle, artificial as a prison or a school, but a highly complicated community, raw, petty, turbulent, and peevishly stimulating in its own right. Small wonder that he felt as if readmitted to the human race after years of exile, or that here in Samoa Louis matured so broadly.

The improvement could nevertheless be exaggerated. In 1893, a temporary fit of discouragedly considering himself "an ancient, lean, grim, exiled Scot" set him to writing to Meredith: —

For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health; I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed, and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; . . . I am better now, have been rightly speaking since first I came to the Pacific; and still, few are the days when I am not in some physical distress. And the battle goes on — ill or well, is a trifle; so as it goes. I was made for a contest, and the Powers have willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle. . . . I would have preferred a place of trumpeting and the open air over my head.

Fanny — that "haunting, indefatigable and diminutive presence in a blue gown . . . she comes in heated and bemired up to the eyebrows, late for every meal" — was the terror of hired labor and the admiration of her vastly amused husband, sure and direct, whether right or not, about chickens or cocoa, pineapple or pigs or people. For her, too, Samoa was a consummation. Louis never quite shook off the dream of going home, or at least of meeting his friend Sidney Colvin in Cairo . . . or Ceylon . . . or Honolulu. . . . The day he died he was speculating about a trip to the States. But, while he lived, Fanny left Samoa only once for reasons other than her own or Louis's health. I have an impression that, as years came and went, Vailima, the Stevenson estate, became an obsession with her, enabling her to sink ever farther within herself while still feeling that to do so was to continue as a function of Louis the all-important.

2

IN January, 1891, Louis went to Sydney to fetch Aunt Maggie and, of course, fell ill there, with a high fever this time. On their return to Samoa, the "squalid" phase that Adams saw proved too much for her; she went visiting relatives in New Zealand until the projected big house should afford better quarters.

Louis and Fanny drew, redrew, and reredrew plans for the house. From a Sydney architect Louis got some ideas that proved far too costly to begin; then local talent was called in and plans were settled on in the cubage-wasting, airy style of timbers and planking that characterizes white men's houses in the British tropics, using corrugated iron roofs and many verandas. Over the years, as money came available, Vailima grew *en échelon* of two contiguous units, each of two stories. Its fireplaces — for warming Louis's sheets, it appears — are still, I believe, the only such things in Samoa. Aunt Maggie paid for the bathhouse and the concrete work and pipes to bring a copious water supply down from the mountain. Verandas lined the northern face toward the monochromatic and vastly extensive wall of ocean.

Apia itself was invisible, but ships approaching were easily made out — the San Francisco mails, the little German packet, the New Zealand packet, war vessels taking post on this troubled station, trading schooners, big square-riggers fetching supplies to the German Firm, which had hoped to mean to the South Pacific what the East India Company had meant to India, and taking away copra.

Louis's room, built like a swallow's nest in the northwest corner of the upper veranda, where he lived like a sergeant in barracks with little but a cot and a work table, had the best of this view. The red iron roof contrasted handsomely with the dull blue siding. In the rear were cook shed and staff quarters, to south and west rose a heaped-up, dark, lofty forest. The original shack was rebuilt to the east as overflow quarters, sometimes for guests, sometimes for Belle and Joe, sometimes a bachelor hall for Lloyd. Down the slope and to the left the principal stream plunged over a rocky shelf into a much patronized bathing pool.

These premises, rather like the nucleus of a large children's camp, often puzzled visitors who had heard London or Sydneyside gossip about Louis's barbaric palace of immense cost and splendor. In the South Pacific, of course, Vailima was a palace. In Fiji in late 1891 Fanny found Polynesians already agog with tales of this miraculous edifice. And local whites were necessarily much stirred by the great expense of importing so much lumber and hardware, for sawmills are scarce and rolling mills nonexistent in the Islands; every nail, sheet of iron, pane of glass, and sliver of wood in Vailima came from the Colonies or the States. "We call these our marble halls," Lloyd told some visitors who had evidently expected something more imposing than a capacious wooden barrack, "because they cost so much."

Both browns and whites were even more deeply impressed at the arrival of the contents of Skerryvore plus bits from Heriot Row: mahogany and rosewood furniture, family portraits, hundreds of books, chests of silver and linen, wineglasses, de-

canters, and mirrors, a cottage piano that came up from Apia on poles slung over the shoulders of a whole troupe of Samoans, a plaster cast of Rodin's *Le Printemps*, gift of the sculptor, from which missionary-shy Samoans averted their shocked eyes. . . . Not even the manager of the Firm or the chief missionary at Malua had so many costly things that shone and broke easily. So dinner at Vailima was soon the great show of the island — massive silver, glowing red wine, shaded lights reflected in the varnished redwood of the "great hall," Samoans with flowers in their hair serving with the serene hauteur appropriate to duty for a great chief, fuming braziers under the table to keep mosquitoes away from chiefly ankles. On great occasions the staff wore striped blazers and special *lavalavas* of the Royal Stewart tartan, which Louis chose for colorful blending with their skins — a Samoan, Belle wrote with an artist's accuracy, is the same hue as a light bay horse.

Though committed to bare feet and *holoku* by day, Fanny was tinily majestic on occasion in gray silk or a black velvet-and-lace that Louis bought her in Sydney. Louis too rigged out elaborately for evening — a starched white mess jacket, pleated white silk shirt made in Sydney, black dress trousers, pumps on his narrow feet: "Slovenly youth, all right — not slovenly age. So really now I am pretty spruce . . . fresh shave, silk socks, O a great sight!" Trips to Apia saw him in battered white yachting cap, white shirt, white trousers tucked into lace-up high boots — an effect as of an irregular military man in tropic kit. Though during the day at home he might dress about as sketchily as ever, his prejudice against complicated living and elaborate possessions had unceremoniously vanished. For some while it had not been much of an issue; after all, his favorite passage from Walt Whitman was: "Do I contradict myself? . . . Very well, then, I contradict myself." He liked this life and he loved "My beautiful forest, O my beautiful, shining windy house!" When riding back from Apia at night, he ordered lights kept burning, no matter how long he delayed, so that he could see the glow of his own windows through the trees.

The track to and from Apia was soon worn deep as much by social visits as by delivery of goods — dinings back and forth, occasional public balls (for Louis was now an earnest if never a brilliant dancer), evenings sponsored by Louis and Fanny for the growing and dislocated population of half-Samoans. Louis averred that the whites of Apia, however heterogeneous, averaged higher in ability and intelligence than an equally random lot of the same size in Europe or the States. Most were somehow interesting, many made sound friends: Sewall, the U.S. consul; Ide, the U.S. Land Commissioner, later Chief Justice of Samoa (it was to his lovely daughter Annie that Louis gave the famous deed to his birthday to console her for having been born on Christ-

mas); Haggard (brother of the romancer), the gaily indiscreet British Land Commissioner; Harry J. Moors, a Michigan-born trader with a Samoan wife; Stuebel, the German consul, with whom Louis remained friends in spite of formal frictions; affectionately respected missionaries like Clarke and Newell. At Clarke's Louis met George Brown, the fighting Wesleyan, whom he liked immensely, and James Chalmers, the martyr-hero of New Guinea missions, whom he thought one of the greatest personalities he had ever known.

Vailima saw a great variety of occasional guests, including traveling journalists picking up a salable interview while the mail steamer was in port, and people in hard luck. A consumptive musician who had tried to teach Louis the flute in Sydney appeared with his wife to try Samoa for his lungs; Louis found him the start of a livelihood and put the couple up until they secured quarters. Again, a tuberculous little Pennsylvania Quaker had to be given a hand just because he seemed badly in need of it; as also a derelict Scot with an honest story of misfortune. At Louis's death the acting U.S. consul wrote to Washington that the late Mr. Stevenson had been "the first citizen of Samoa and the center of its social life."

Not that the Stevensons were universally popular. Ramrod-stiff Colonel de Coetlogon, who was British consul when Louis came, found this eccentric most dismaying. Louis retaliated by warmly praising in print the Colonel's record as honorable official and merciful organizer of and chief worker in an amateur hospital for Samoans wounded in the fighting that occasionally racked the islands. So unsparing a Good Samaritan could be as diffidently rude to Louis as he liked. Louis's politicking also strained the patience of the genial Swede and the gentlemanly German who, as President and as Chief Justice, made a botch of governing Samoa for the Powers; but he could not avoid liking them personally. In a square dance at a public ball Louis and the Chief Justice — whom the squire of Vailima was just then moving heaven and earth to get recalled — found themselves dancing opposite. Each caught the other's eye and saw a flash of amusement there, and thenceforward, Louis wrote, "... we pranced for each other."

Healthier, closer to generalized people than ever before, he rejoiced in wide cordialities. Of all Vailima's guests he best liked the officers and ratings of British men-of-war on the station. The complement of HMS *Curaçoa* made such eager use of their standing invitation to Vailima that the road thither was dubbed "the Curaçoa track."

3

THE skirted and beflowered Samoan servants at Vailima are the key to the Stevensons' life there. At first, hearing from local whites of the natives'

unreliability — confirmed by early experience of their own — they tried white supervisors outdoors and white servants indoors. Available talent, however, consisted largely of stranded ne'er-do-wells. In 1891 Fanny imported a Mohammedan cook from Fiji, from whom she learned a famous curry. Finding that, in her absence, Lloyd and Belle had made a pliable and promising cook out of a handsome young Samoan named Taalolo, she passed the confused Moslem on to Haggard and embarked on a consistent program of employing Polynesians for everything.

In those first few months, thinking Samoan men untrustworthy and Samoan women sluttish, she had doubted that she would ever come to like them. Louis too thought Samoans less self-respecting than Polynesians elsewhere, though pleasantly courteous; and, during his early visit to Tutuila, had been daunted by their leering pleasure in obscene references and lewd dances: —

No sense of shame in this race is the word of the superficial, but the point of the indecent dance is to trifle with the sense of shame; and that . . . the chief actor should be a maid further discloses the corrupt element which has created and so much loves this diversion; for it is useless to speak, the Samoan loves the business like pie.

But two experimental native servants began soon to prove fitfully reliable: Lafaele (Raphael) and Henry Simele, a young chief from Savaii who attached himself to Louis to learn English, which he called "long explessions." Presently there appeared Sosisimo, an ostensibly turgid and slow young fellow whose rapidly developing loyalty to Louis turned him into a devoted and flexible right-hand. By Christmas, 1891, Vailima had five Samoans indoors and out; within a year the household numbered nineteen, including wives of some of the men, but not all Samoans: there was also a Tongan, from the colony that Shirley Baker's dictatorial regime had exiled, a Wallis Islander, a Fijian — and an ugly and ingratiating little Solomon Islander who turned up at Vailima pitifully half-starved and with the scars of long welts across his back, after running away from a German plantation. Louis hired his time from the Germans, fed him up and — in spite of the Samoans' strong prejudice against darker outsiders — installed him in the household, where he became a popular pet.

A group of his tribal enemies among the Germans' laborers waylaid and wounded this Arrick. Next day he spent hours in Fanny's room expressing appropriate emotions in a half-hypnotized war dance while playing a homemade one-string harp; he once asked Louis to lend him a gun with which to shoot his enemies among other runaways in the bush. Queer emergencies were frequent among such servants: inexplicable magic threw one man into convulsions that only certain mystic herbs could re-

lieve; another's wife caused social feuds and a sort of slowdown strike because she proved to be of disgracefully low social rank; another appropriated a pig to contribute to a feast in his nearby village.

What held the staff together was the complete glory of Vailima. At least this is my reading of the situation, based on some acquaintance with the Islands: The more packing-cases were lightered ashore, the more "the beach" heard of barrels of red wine, acres of roofing, and trunks of fine raiment, the more the Samoans respected this thin but tallish *papalagi*. In writing "The Bottle Imp" Louis accidentally strengthened this impression. A missionary heard the plot from Louis and, thinking it cognate with certain Samoan notions (which it was) and perhaps a sermon against the things of this world (which it was not), translated the finished draft into Samoan for serialization in a missionary paper for natives. It ran from May to December, roughly the same period as the blossoming of Vailima.

Now Islanders have small notion of deliberately concocted fiction. However misty or fantastic, their own tales are supposed to be at least constructions of actual events; they can hardly conceive of a novel as acknowledgedly untrue. Hence as "The Bottle Imp" infiltrated the Samoans via those who practiced the literacy taught by the missions, Louis's wealth was readily assumed to come from his actual command of just such a magic bottle as that in the tale. Native inability to understand that Louis's writing was highly profitable encouraged the mistake. Even Teriitera had been startled and baffled to hear what sums *Kidnapped* had earned: "As they scarcely ever read themselves," Aunt Maggie wrote, "it must be . . . almost incredible to them that book-making should be a paying occupation." Samoans on social-political visits, all eyes for the Burmese idols at the foot of the stairs, the piano, the shining great hall that was the glory of Vailima, sometimes broke down toward the end of the tour and asked if they might see the bottle.

Such occult powers added the prestige of the wizard to that of the chief. In the islands a great chief's *mana* (roughly prestige-power-luck) can readily manifest itself in sorcery as well as in great possessions, for both are aspects of supernally attained powers. Fanny reinforced the notion: her piercing and broody glance, masterful ways, skill with foreign plants (doubtless magical themselves), readiness with nasty-tasting and alien doses for ailing retainers — medicine being a branch of sorcery, of course — made her uncanny in her own right. By a schoolgirl trick involving the victim's feeling an inexplicable tap on his back while his eyes are closed, she persuaded a Samoan servant that she commanded a familiar spirit. "I am glad to say," she wrote Aunt Maggie's sister, "that the gossip among the natives is that I have eyes all

round my head and am in fifty places at once, and that I am a person to be feared and obeyed."

It all fitted handily well with the local reputation for *aitu*. The extreme Samoan view of Louis probably was: He lived untroubled in a land of ghosts and spirits, drew untold wealth from a demon in a bottle, and was deferred to by a woman who was a considerable witch in her own right. I have unavoidably made all this sound logical and definite, which it was not, but I cannot doubt some such element in Louis's local prestige. Whites believing equally firmly in such things would have fled the premises. But Louis obviously exuded good will, sorcery does lend prestige in Polynesia, prestige is attractive in itself, and it was taken to be in Louis's own interest not to harm his own retainers. Fanny, in fact, was able to work cures on the servants by assuring them that no evil spirit could harm a man belonging to her as Louis's deputy.

4

LOUIS's prestige enabled him to utilize a suggestion of Clarke's that Samoan servants handled best on a basis of "family." (Missionaries on local stations were accustomed to gather round them and educate natives in the same relation as that of the villager to his local clan and chief — a matter of the ethnologist's "extended family" including various social grades all related by blood or equivalent adoption, all owing services to the head of the family as expression of the family.) Samoans whom Louis might "adopt" would retain certain rights in their home villages, but their boast and social *raison d'être* would soon specially become their status in the "Tama Ona" — which Louis neatly translated for Colvin as "The MacRichies."

This half-implicit, half-formal relation recruited the Vailima staff and held them to what must often have seemed to them strange requirements imposed by Louis as their white chief and quasi parent. In November, 1893, when, attending a festival in a body, the Vailima servants appeared in their blazers and tartan *lavalavas*, they were hailed by all others present as a genuine Samoan clan.

Not as employer demanding due performance, rather as elder invoking clan loyalties, Louis held councils to punish malingerers and fine offenders. "We don't have servants," Fanny told an interviewer after Louis's death. "We have families. . . . If you called the money you give your family for spending money 'wages,' they'd all leave you in a body." Once this institution was well knit together, cooking, cleaning, care of animals — in which, like most Polynesians, Samoans are cruelly lax — even sweaty drudgery in bush or garden, went in reasonably acceptable fashion; whereas other *papalagi*, committed to the wage relation, got little but smiling inefficiency. It was remarked with wonder: "You never see a Samoan run except at Vailima."

Notions as to men's and women's work differed, sometimes conveniently. A muscular male Samoan did Aunt Maggie's laundry, starching and fluting her crisp widow's caps with the right Parisian skill. Taking these caps as tokens of rank, in fact, he preserved discards and appeared abroad proudly wearing the same headgear as Queen Victoria in her later portraits. But training often presented troubles. Instructed to take a bucket of water to the second floor, a new man unfamiliar with stairs took the bail in his teeth and shinned up a veranda post. Another planted Fanny's costly imported vanilla vines upside-down; trying to spare his pride in the job, she secretly replanted them properly; finding them reversed next morning, he hurriedly replanted them the wrong way again — an ordeal that they failed to survive. Reproached with not watering a horse, a third tried to persuade her that, though watering some horses might be necessary, this one came of a breed that never needed it.

But patience, incisive sympathy, jokes varied with dignified anger in season worked wonders. It is all clearest in the case of Elina, a dogged, somber Vailima underling who — deformity being shameful in Samoa — had disgraced his family by developing a wen on his neck. The local German doctor called it safely operable, but for long neither bribery up to five dollars nor calling him a coward would move Elina to permit surgery. When he finally gave in, Louis took him to his relatives in Apia for the job and personally administered the chloroform; the poor, terrified devil went under repeating, like a safeguarding charm: "I belong Tusitala . . . I belong Tusitala. . . ." The site healed well and, when wenless Elina next visited his clan village on Savaii, he came back with prestige completely restored and glorying in having been given a minor chief—"name." That is the handsomest and most loyalty-building way to be a patriarch.

The Stevensons all had Samoan names used partly in fun, partly to divert retainers from off-handedly addressing them as "Louis" or "Belle." Fanny was "Aolele" — Flying Cloud — for her perpetual skirmishing bustle; also "Tamaitai" — a rough equivalent of Madame; also "O le Fafine Mamana o i le Mauga" — the Witch Woman of the Mountain. Belle was "Teuila" — Adorner of the Ugly — for her pleasant habit of impulsively making the staff little gifts of trinkets and scraps of cloth. Louis, of course, was "Tusitala" — usually translated as "Teller of Tales"; he rendered it literally as "Chief White Information." In all native ceremonies the Stevensons wisely took care to observe the elaborate behavior expected of high chiefs. All studied Samoan, informally or with mission teachers. Lloyd became reasonably adept, Louis learned enough to make set speeches in form and to admire highly the beauties of a tongue so full of liquid, connotation-packed adjectives and verbs.

Growing sympathy with his own and other Samoans did not move Louis to idealize them: ". . . like other folk," he said of them, "false enough, lazy enough, not heroes, not saints — ordinary men, damnably misused." But grasp grew with sympathy and he began to reap the rewards of Polynesians' transmutation of apparently crass respect into valid love and loyalty. A common self-respect, a common trust in Tusitala's dignity and fairness, drew brown and white steadily closer.

Louis's firm belief in the inheritance of personality traits never tempted him to race prejudice. "Of all stupid ill-feelings," he wrote of his first trip to California, "the sentiment of our fellow Caucasians toward our companions in the Chinese car was the most stupid and the worst. They seemed never to have looked at them, listened to them, or thought of them, but hated them *a priori*." Handling Samoans, he ripened sympathy with a device that he had used in the Marquesas and Tahiti, telling himself that these social bonds were much like those among the Highlanders, whose "barbarian" virtues he had long admired. Analogies between, say, *aitu* and kelpie, Mataafa and Cluny Macpherson, leave much to seek in ethnological accuracy. But they greatly forwarded Louis's task of comprehending his own clan-family-household-encomienda.

These values soon became a principal part of his life, along with the theatrical kettledrumming of rain on the iron roof and the sweetness of waking in the presunrise tropical dawn to think out and note the work of the day. Many a morning's writing was ruined by the unexpected visit of a Samoan chief and retainers, necessitating *kava* and speeches on the veranda. But as one got the feel of these things, they acquired inner meaning. Once Sosimo, who was not usually on that duty, fetched Louis's early coffee along with an unexpected and prettily turned omelet. Louis asked who had made it. "I did," said Sosimo. "Great is your wisdom," said Louis in the proper form of approval. "Great is my love," said Sosimo. And that too was ceremony; only — this is difficult for both sentimentalist and cynic — it was also heartfelt.

5

LOUIS usually cut a queer figure but seldom more so than when presiding cross-legged over Samoan ceremonies with the gravity due Tusitala's *mana* — or when acting paterfamilias of the Vailima family. Though its components continued somewhat to change, the itinerant entourage now struck roots. Belle was permanent. (Joe Strong, whose instability and conviviality distressed everybody, himself included, was divorced and went Stateside, eventually remarrying happily, I am told.) Lloyd was permanent, having declined to go to Cambridge because Louis's expenses on account of others were too heavy. In midsummer, 1892, came Graham

Balfour, Louis's scholarly cousin and later his biographer, to stay for months before going schooner in Micronesia. Noting his hosts' bare feet, Balfour turned up on the second day barefoot himself. Said Louis: "Why, he's the same kind of fool we are!" and his status was assured.

The rest of the establishment included Belle's cockatoo, which frequently bit Louis; Louis's brown pony; a sedate, broad-backed horse from the circus for Aunt Maggie; mares for Fanny, Lloyd, and Belle, who loathed horses but had no other way to visit Apia; two pack horses, two cows, a bull. "Is not this Babylon the Great which I have builded? Call it Subpriorsford."

By Christmas, 1892, it all felt consolidated enough for a Christmas tree — the pinelike, feathery ironwood made a plausible *Tannenbaum* — to the delight of the Samoan retainers. Louis was fond of special occasions with formal presentations, songs written to match, special things to drink, ceremonious fooling. This relish for ceremony was a great asset in Samoa, never more so than when Louis led prayers in the great hall at Vailima. All the brown-skinned family would troop in to sing a hymn led by one of the women, then hear a chapter from the Samoan Bible, with Louis presiding. Only thus could the Vailima clan qualify as respectable. However short on Western-style moral niceties, the Samoan is long on formal religious observance. In native eye it was a great feather in Louis's cap that his was the only nonmissionary white household in Samoa to bother with this rigid spiritual toothbrushing.

This is the provenance of the *Vailima Prayers*, which, posthumously published, made so many wonder what touch of Salvation Army had come over the man in the tropics. Being himself, Louis naturally wrote these prayers for household use as well as he could and filled them with ethical values that he took seriously himself and considered Samoans to need — such as truthfulness, charity, industry. As Aunt Maggie sat serenely, her handsome head bowed, while grown-up Lou read prayers of his own composing to marginally converted heathen — he deferring to their borrowed theological plumage, they revering him as chieftain-priest-big brother — she must have recalled the times when, long before he was sent to school, the solemn mite had talked to her about growing up to be a missionary to the savages.

She may have had even further hopes when Louis joined the three ravishingly beautiful Ide sisters to teach classes in an Apia Sunday School for native and half-caste children. But the children merely wriggled dumbly at Louis as he talked, apparently not even understanding why he was there. Despairingly talked out, he offered sixpence to any child who would ask a question — no response. He raised it to a shilling — still no response. It took half a crown to get his question: "Who made God?"

— and this routed him, never to return. In no case would he have kept up this holy project. For he had not gone pious in any conventional sense — he had merely abandoned dogmatism about his "Calvinisto-Agnosticism." Incurably interested in people, skeptic to the bone, Louis could not be drawn to recognizable religion even by the personal magnetism of the great missionaries whom he so admired.

6

NOBODY could live near Apia a week without entanglement in local politics. "I never saw so good a place," an Apia Irishman told Louis. "You can be in a new conspiracy every day!" What traders one dealt with, who bought one a drink, the relative warmth of this or that "good morning" — all were assumed, and usually correctly, to carry partisan significance. Louis was a landowner with a major stake in Samoa's future; took native interests much to heart; was a Briton with an American household; already mistrusted the dominant Germans; and was, besides, daily more inclined to help "spin the great wheel of earth about."

Part of the day Tusitala sat in his little clapboarded box dictating to pay for 1500 cocoa trees, a new tennis net, and red Bordeaux from Noumea. Another part of the day often saw him riding down to Apia to attend a public meeting or consult Clarke, his missionary friend, about the tactical significance of some native ceremony or seek Moors's aid in some new device to goad Chief Justice Cedercrantz into resigning. His letters contain railings against the "cursed idiots . . . I cannot bear idiots" whose misgovernings drove him into political meddling. But Colvin's protest against such activity also produced a magnificent sweep of the pen: —

Why, you madman, I wouldn't change my present installation for any post, dignity, honour, or advantage conceivable to me. . . . as for wars and rumours of wars, you surely know enough of me to be aware that I like that also a thousand times better than decrepit peace in Middlesex. I do not quite like politics; I am too aristocratic, I fear, for that. God knows I don't care who I chum with, perhaps like sailors best; but to go round and sue and sneak to keep a crowd together — never. My imagination, which is not the least damped by the idea of having my head cut off in the bush, recoils aghast from the idea of a life like Gladstone's, and the shadow of the newspaper chills me to the bone. Hence my late eruption was interesting, but not what I like. All else suits me in this (killed a mosquito) A 1 abode.

Mail-service and climate had been his first reasons for choosing Samoa. Within a couple of years he told an interviewer that he chose it because it was "awful fun."

This is more understandable when one has some idea of what was going on in this "distracted

archipelago of children, sat upon by a clique of fools."

Samoa's troubles came of alien pressures aggravated by an indigenous political system — or social system, since it pervaded Samoan life — so ill adapted to centralization that outside efforts to use it always frustrated all parties.

The Powers — newly imperialistic Germany, sluggishly imperialistic Britain, sporadically imperialistic America — had intruded for reasons both strategic and economic. The States had long maintained shadowy rights on Tutuila and were further involved by past antics of American land sharks and quasi-official carpetbaggers. Mistrusting German ambitions in Micronesia and the big, potentially rich islands of Melanesia, Britain looked askance at German efforts to swallow up strategically located Samoa. For a generation Germany, seeking power in the Pacific partly for nuisance value, partly to bolster her stake in China, partly to forward exploitation of Melanesia, had had the major interest and called the tune, the other two merely braking her growing aggressiveness. Hence outbreaks of war among native Samoan factions in false situations due to alien intrigue. Hence the assiduous presence of the Powers' men-of-war in Apia harbor. The hurricane of March, 1889, would never have had the opportunity to wreck all those ships if their commanders, each jealous lest another steal a march on him, had not too long delayed seeking sea room. It was truly said at the time that the value of the lost ships and lives would have bought all Samoa.

In the Treaty of Berlin of 1889, the dismayed Powers agreed to regularize extraterritorial, international government of the municipality of Apia and to stabilize a recognizable native "king"-ship. Under direction of the Powers' consuls a "President of the Council" would supervise the municipality. A "Chief Justice" would reduce chaos by doing justice between municipality and "king"-dom. A tripartite land commission would determine the thorny question of what sales of natives' land to aliens had been fraudulent. Tripartite responsibility seldom works well. Besides, this arrangement was doomed from the outset. It failed to recognize preponderance of German interests and ambitions. It gave the Powers no general government through which to control and manipulate a centralized native authority. It assumed a native understanding of the idea of "king"-ship workably close to that of whites. Further, the Treaty officials appointed to the new posts were, however well-meaning, astonishingly devious and inept.

In order to understand the complications that Louis encountered and the ingrained instability of the polity to which he was entrusting several thousand pounds of investment, one must struggle with the tangle of Samoan native institutions. The local "extended-family" system heads up in "names"

— honorary titles each expressing the prestige of the village granting it to the ablest eligible high chief in behalf of a much larger group of villages. (Suppose certain district clubs of Tammany Hall carried high nominating powers denied most of the others — only, God help us, it is not so simple as that either.) Sometimes several crucial names were awarded to the same chief. If, by juggling and threatening, one such name-bearer could acquire a striking preponderance of the highest names, he became "king" of Samoa. In the prewhite past this had actually happened once, but it was never clear that the king notion as such was not a white importation. The validity of the name-monopolist's honors had been little more than acknowledgment of power. Certainly such a "king"-ship, with its hint of centralization, was purely personal in fact and sure to collapse at the death or the discrediting of the name-laden "king." I know all this is confusing. So was Samoa, all the more so because the system was based on mere oral tradition, leaving ample room for informal treacheries, desertions, resentment, grudging loyalties, ambitions, and suspicions based on religious feuds — for the London Missionary Society (Congregationalist), English Wesleyan, and French Catholic missions were all strong in Samoa.

When Louis first landed, the Germans had recently brought back from punitive exile and installed as puppet-"king" the chief Malietoa (highest "name") Laupepa, whom, some years before, they had torn down as a tool of Britain and the States. Germany was now alone in holding him up. In his absence, greater physical power and personal (as opposed to hereditary) prestige had come to his two long-standing rivals: Tamasese, whom the Germans had sometimes used to keep Malietoa in line; and Mataafa, proud kinsman of Malietoa's, ablest and personally most impressive of the three. The consequent bewilderment and frustration among natives had recently culminated in Mataafa's men, using arms sold them by British and American traders, repulsing with loss a landing party from the German corvette *Adler*. A vague local notion of a "vice-king," first suggested by an American carpetbagger in the 1870s, enabled Mataafa to insist that Malietoa's power, whatever it was, was invalid unless he were associated with it. This tended to concentrate anti-German feeling behind Mataafa, particularly since, the new President of the Council being a German, the new Treaty government was not implausibly suspect of being a front for the German Firm.

Outright alliance between Britain and the States might have simplified matters. But Mataafa was a "Popee" (Catholic), thus looked at askance by British missions, which had powerful friends in London; the Foreign Office, disliking diversions from more crucial frictions with Germany in Africa, was trying to let Samoa cool off; and local whites

were not yet solidly hostile to the Treaty government since, in the unlikely but possible event that it worked, it might be a permanent and welcome check on Germany. Government's flounderings ruined what hope there was. What revenues were collected went for official salaries and government buildings, while the municipality was starved for funds for bridges and court expenses, and "king" Malietoa lived in a second-grade native hut over the way from the President's new house. When annoyed by the local newspaper, the government exhausted the treasury by clandestinely buying it — a fact that leaked out only when the gold paid down was found to be still in government wrappings. After the Powers' men-of-war arrested chiefs supporting Mataafa in arms and jailed them in Apia, rumors of a projected rescue moved the government to mine the jail with dynamite *in terrorem*. Then, startled by local disapproval of this singular confession of weakness, the government exiled the prisoners without color of legal justification — and, to a Polynesian, exile is worse than death.

Such highhanded shufflings were well calculated to offend Louis's nose for official indecency. While the house was yet building, he was wading deep in investigation of his new community. His findings were first intended to supply a final section of *South Seas* on Samoa; but, as that scheme lurched to a halt, they became a small book, *A Footnote to History*, published in 1892, which is still a considerable document on South Sea politics. At last Louis was doing able and exhaustive, if sometimes dry, reporting, shrewdly and skillfully weaving official records and firsthand recollections together. His opening diagnosis of Samoa is invaluable, and his necessarily secondhand description of the hurricane is a great document of the sea, a piece of writing that should have — but never has — silenced those doubting his ability in anything but verbal embroidery. His conclusion — that Samoa would know no peace until Mataafa had a sizable place in the sun — was borne out by history when, in 1899, the Germans' first act after taking Western Samoa over was to make Mataafa unrivaled "king." But the content was tactless, intentionally so. Louis's purpose was to rouse opinion "at home" to some healthy interest in English-speaking commitment in these remote islands, and to discredit the Treaty government — which meant defiance of the German influence in Samoa.

While the *Footnote* was preparing and printing, Louis further identified himself with anti-German forces by eloquent protest against the dynamite episode, the purchase of the newspaper, the sequestration of taxes needed by the municipality — all duly gone into at length in his letters to the London *Times*. (Taking the chair at a public meeting of irate citizens, he conducted it so well that the customary vote of thanks to the chairman was moved by a previously inimical German.) He also

showed a talent for drafting documents of rigid protocol and exquisite incisiveness that unquestionably rankled in the formal bosoms of officialdom as they were meant to. And he clearly recognized the possibility that, once the *Footnote* saw print, officialdom would nail his hide to the wall for being a turbulent nuisance. It was unwise thus to comment publicly on a German Jack-in-office: "Such an official I never remember to have heard of, though I have seen the like, from across the footlights and the orchestra, evolving in similar figures to the strains of Offenbach."

Repercussions from the *Footnote* were lively, if not altogether as expected. The firm of Tauchnitz was prosecuted and fined for reprinting it in Germany, Louis gamely offering to pay half the fine and costs. Its account of a treacherous scheme against Mataafa offhandedly suggested to the American consul by an L.M.S. missionary with political ambitions caused an uproar in the Society's London offices. On returning from a trip "home," the missionary tried to bring suit for libel against Louis. The affair ended when Louis agreed publicly to apologize if a board of his enemy's colleagues should require it after a formal hearing — which they did not. The editor and nominal lessee of the government-purchased newspaper loudly protested Louis's *Times* letters and did secure an apology, studded with skillful reservations, from Louis in the matter of the purchase itself.

But the Germans in Samoa were intelligent enough to approve the general honesty and accuracy of the book, though confessing irritation with some of its lashings. The German Firm actually asked Louis to dinner to bury the hatchet. When, early in 1893, the President and the Chief Justice left Samoa in self-engendered defeat, Louis had some reason to congratulate himself and Samoa. But he was not vindictive about

... the two dwindling stars. Poor devils! I like the one, and the other has a little wife, now lying in! ... When I heard that the C.J. was in low spirits and never left his house, I could scarce refrain from going to him.

7

IN the meantime Stevenson had kept his personal situation boiling. During most of 1892 and 1893 Mataafa lay behind armed sentries in a politically significant village west of Apia, where, every month or so, Louis defied official frowns by visiting the "beautiful, sweet old fellow," as he found him to be. (Aunt Maggie once went along on such a visit, unhesitatingly jumping her horse over pig-fences en route.) Louis's role was that of one high chief countenancing and advising another, sometimes in efforts to mediate the rebellion, sometimes taking the long view and seeking Mataafa's backing for a coconut-fiber mill to give Samoa another cash crop

— which last gave rise to rumors that Louis was arranging to buy arms for the rebels. Impressed with these visits, Mataafa soon accorded Louis “royal” *kava* — the highest honor in Samoan etiquette and of grave political import.

In August, 1892, Louis showed real genius for embarrassing officialdom: Lady Jersey, utterly aristocratic wife of the Governor of New South Wales, came visiting Haggard with her daughter and old-school-tie brother, Captain Rupert Leigh. Vivacious, clever, she liked the Stevensons as much as Louis liked her; and though Fanny did not care for the Countess, she did not show it openly. Haggard was rather a bull in a china shop in relations with his government. Louis was full of the considerable wrongs and marked virtues of Mataafa, then likely to start shooting any day. Somebody suggested that Leigh might visit the rebel “king,” strictly incognito, since anybody close to the representative of the sovereign person of Queen Victoria in a major colony could hardly appear to countenance rebels. Lady Jersey determined to go along — which was sheer lunacy. The same reasons that made the visit inappropriate for Leigh meant that she had no business even to think of it.

Louis invented for Lady Jersey an incognito as his cousin, “Amelia Balfour,” writing her mysterious notes of instruction in the idiom of Jacobite doings in the Forty-Five with Mataafa cast as “The King over the Water,” and commencing a burlesque epic somewhat in the manner of William Morris to commemorate the occasion. Mataafa received the party with special honors for Louis’s cousin that gave every indication that he knew very well indeed who the *Tamaitai Sili* (great lady) was. They spent the night and returned next day mischievously certain that

it is all nonsense that it can be concealed; Miss Amelia Balfour will be at once identified as the Queen of Sydney, as they call her; and I would not in the least wonder if the visit proved the signal of war. . . . The thing wholly suits my book and fits my predilections for Samoa.

The German consul reported home that local gossip said Lady Jersey had given Mataafa much money. She and Haggard added insult to injury by paying a visit to Tamasese, the third “king,” and being received by him in uniform; for a wonder, Louis does not seem to have been involved in this second prank.

Cusack-Smith wrote home in a sort of agony that, as Louis thought, these antics made war very likely. Moors was reasonably certain — and so was all Samoa — that, if Mataafa had struck at this time, he would have extinguished Malietoa and given the Powers a *fait accompli* to reconcile themselves to. It is not at all unlikely that Louis rather hoped that just this would happen. People remembered it the next year when Mataafa did start shooting and received a resounding defeat from the Malietoas, who

had used the interval to strengthen themselves and their prestige.

I do not know what explaining Lady Jersey and Leigh had to do on returning to Sydney. But Haggard was in much trouble with his superiors. And, by October, when HMS *Ringarooma* came into Apia to pick up sealed orders, “the beach” was certain that they principally concerned arresting and deporting Louis. Forehandedly Louis called on her commander and made friends with the ward-room to secure a comfortable trip if rumor was correct. It was not — not yet.

In late December, however, the High Commissioner of the Western Pacific, Sir John Thurston, whose duties included the policing of British subjects outside formal European politics, issued a *Regulation for the Maintenance of Peace and Good Order in Samoa*, prescribing fine and imprisonment for any British subject guilty of sedition toward the Samoan government and defining sedition as

all practices, whether by word, deed, or writing, having for their object to bring about in Samoa discontent or dissatisfaction, public disturbance, civil war, hatred or contempt toward the King or Government of Samoa or the laws or constitution of the country, and generally to promote public disorder in Samoa.

The impression that this Russian-sounding document was aimed at Louis was soon so strong that he wrote to ask Colvin for help in the right quarters. Colvin’s strings in London pulled most effectively. By March, Lord Rosebery (for the Foreign Office) was most cordially writing Louis that Cusack-Smith’s dispatches gave Whitehall no uneasiness about Tusitala’s activity; by April the Colonial Office had soundly spanked Thurston — told him to take no steps about the inconvenient Mr. Stevenson without first consulting his superiors in London, and coldly instructed him to amend his *Regulation* into something faintly resembling British notions of law. This was being in politics with a vengeance, when government departments intervened in one’s behalf against their own high-echelon officers. But Louis was not tempted to make it a career. In early 1893, during a stopover at Auckland, Louis met Sir George Grey, great elder statesman of the Pacific. The old gentleman warmly commended the general tenor of what the amateur had been doing in Samoa, but also cautioned him to refrain from further letters to the British papers. Only once thereafter was that caution disregarded.

When Mataafa’s disastrous armed rebellion broke out in July, 1893, Louis arranged use of the Apia public hall as hospital and assisted at bloody operations on wounded Mataafa partisans. This was the other side of the drama of war that, when he had passed a Mataafa picket a few days before, had made his spirit “nicker like a stallion.” He told Mark Twain: —

I wish you could see my "simple and sunny heaven" now; war has broken out, "they" have long been making it, "they" have worked hard, and here it is — with its concomitants of blackened faces, severed heads and men dying in hospital. . . . The government troops have started a horrid novelty: taking women's heads. If this lead to reprisals, we shall be a fine part of the world. Perhaps the best that could happen would be a complete and immediate suppression of the rebels; but alas! all my friends (bar but a few) are in the rebellion.

Mataafa and his higher chiefs were exiled to the German-controlled Marshall Islands, his minor chiefs were jailed in Apia. Loyally solicitous, aware how deadly a disease homesickness can be to Polynesians, Louis sent a supply of prestige-restoring *kava* and trade cloth, for shirts and *lavalavas*, via Graham Balfour, who visited the Marshalls later that year.

8

IN October, 1893, Louis went to Hawaii for a few weeks of change, taking with him as servant Taalolo, the Vailima cook and minor chief in his own right, to see the sights of Honolulu, which was to the South Seas what Paris is to Europe. The boy developed measles before landing, but was out of quarantine in time to look after Louis, who fell ill in his quarters in the Sans Souci boardinghouse at Waikiki; the next boat brought Fanny to help him home again. In discussing Samoan affairs with the Honolulu press, Louis showed a sort of oversimplified despair about white encroachment on and shattering of native ways, perhaps heightened by the recent deposition of Queen Liliuokalani by the "missionaries": —

I can see but one way out — to follow the demand of the Samoan people that the Berlin Act be rescinded, while the three Powers withdraw absolutely, and the natives be let alone, and allowed to govern the islands as they choose . . . there would be internal dissensions covering a certain period . . . it might affect commerce, and certainly the present standing of all foreigners . . . but . . . it is the patient and not the doctor who is in danger. . . . If left alone, the Samoans would continue fighting, just as they do under the tripartite treaty . . . but at least they would fight it out by themselves, without their wars being turned to the advantage of meddling foreigners.

The suggestion has small realism, but much grasp of the problem and considerable objectivity from a man who stood to lose so much if, by a miracle of disinterestedness, the Powers should turn Samoa back to the Samoans. The rack of Colt rifles at Vailima was not there just for ornament. Several times, as rumors of war blew stronger, they had been cleaned and assigned to various members of the household.

This, though Louis could not have known it, was

his last glimpse of the outside world. He spent much time ill in bed, some with old friends or sitting on the veranda at Sans Souci chatting with anybody who came along or playing solitaire or just looking at the sea breaking on the distant reef. For all his illness he made a major point of securing for Taalolo the feature of the trip that he most yearned for — a ride on the narrow-gauge railroad from Honolulu to Pearl Harbor. A local sculptor named Hutchinson did a bad bust of him. The Thistle Club of Honolulu made him an honorary chieftain — he wore the club's tiny silver thistle on his jacket thenceforth — and his speech of acceptance was gracefully ironical and sentimental. The doctor and Fanny persuaded him to abandon the idea of another and more serious speech for a public meeting of the club.

At home in November — a Samoan festival season coinciding with Louis's birthday — he made gestures showing how well he had learned Samoan values. Those minor Mataafa chiefs in the Apia jail were not suffering actual privation, but their quarters, in thatched lean-tos in the courtyard, were not suited to their rank. Rations were sufficient; they collaborated with their genial Austrian jailer, Count Wurmbrand, in policing and discipline; but they stood much in need of countenance and, in defiance of tact, Louis determined to supply that. On November 15, Fanny, Belle, Lloyd, and he drove openly to the jail in a hired carriage to make the prisoners gifts of tobacco and *kava*, thus openly confirming his friendship for and support of the defeated.

Next month the prisoners gave a tremendous return feast for Louis and family — in the jail. (This sounds bizarre only to those unacquainted with Polynesia.) The courtyard was heaped with handicrafts, pigs, chickens, fish, *kava*, all brought by the prisoners' families. The highest chief of the lot honored Fanny by calling her name first at *kava*. Then, in token of his high prestige and honorable behavior, the whole mass of things was presented to Louis item by item. Speakers described Louis as their "only friend," saying that they had no money to buy worthy luxuries, such as salt beef and ship's biscuit from traders, but all these things were the work of the chiefs' families' grateful hands — beautiful pieces of *siapo* (bark-cloth), dozens of decorated fans and baskets. . . .

"This," said the high-talking chief, in a typically ironic Samoan idiom of self-depreciation, "is a present from the poor prisoners to the Rich Man."

Louis knew that it was all pregnant with politics. His hosts insisted that he summon help and take all the presents home at once, so that they would make the greatest possible show passing Malietoa's house. There were rumors that this confusing affair — during which the jail gates stood wide, guarded only by a couple of distracted sentries — was a cloak for an armed rising of the Tamasese

faction, who wanted the Stevensons for hostages. But Louis trusted Mataafa's men, and was moved by it all, as he well might have been: —

. . . one thing sure: no such feast was ever made for a single family, and no such present was ever given to a single white man. It is something to have been the hero of it. And whatever ingredients there were, undoubtedly gratitude was present.

Gratitude soon had a wider basis still: Taalolo's father-in-law, a stout Mataafa man of rank enough to be imprisoned, fell ill in jail. Louis fetched a doctor — probably Dr. Funk, the local general practitioner — to look after him. On the doctor's advice to get the patient into better quarters, Fanny persuaded Wurmbrand to look the other way while she effected a jail-delivery of one. When Wurmbrand lost his job over it, Louis took him up to live at free charges at Vailima and quieted the rest of the hullabaloo by posting bond for the sick man's return, which was duly effected after his recovery. During 1894 the prisoners were gradually released on a sort of sliding-scale amnesty, Taalolo's father-in-law among the last. In September, 1894, to thank Louis for upholding their hands, he and a number of former prisoners served notice that they personally — in Samoa chiefs do not willingly do such work — would make him a new road from the cross-island track to the main Vailima stream. The offer was freer than most native promises: Louis was to furnish no food for the workers and make no presents, merely lend necessary tools. And they not only promised it: they performed it.

By early October the road was finished. Louis made a great feast of acceptance for the participants in this drudgery, wrote himself a great speech, with the pious references and elaborate courtesies necessary in Samoan speaking, had a missionary translate it, and read it impressively. The gist of it was the politically neutral point that Samoa's only future lay in working harder and quarreling less; that, if Samoans did not make optimum use of their land, thronging outsiders would take it away. But, in view of the strictly Mataafa character of the guests and of Louis's previous calculated indiscretions, most of Apia was too nervous to accept his invitation to come and grace the occasion.

This has often been stickily misinterpreted as a matter of all Samoa thanking nice, kind Tusitala for his help. It was nothing of the sort: Louis's championing of the Mataafas was not likely to rouse gratitude among Malietoas or Tamaseses, so

the Road of the Loving Heart was the work of a single faction in temporary eclipse. But — neither must this be lost sight of — the extraordinary nature of the gesture points to extraordinary emotions affecting the chiefs concerned. Faction they might be; certainly the terms in which they may have stated their motives would sound strange to us; but this was a thing that they would not have done spontaneously, or even voluntarily, for any other white man conceivable. Let them speak for themselves. The signboard that they erected at the highway entrance of the road said: —

We bear in mind the surpassing kindness of Mr. R. L. Stevenson and his loving care during our tribulations while in prison. We have therefore prepared a type of gift that will endure without decay forever — the road we have constructed. We are: —

LELEI	PALAUULI	TUPUOLA	LOTOFAGA
MATAAFA	PALAUULI	TUPUOLA	AMAILE
SAIEVAO	SI'UMU	MUNIAIGA	AMAILE
POE	SI'UMU	IFOPO	MANONO
TELESE	SI'UMU	FATIALOFA	LEPA
	LEMUSU	SOLOSULO	

Six weeks later some of the same men helped to carry Tusitala up Mt. Vaea for burial.

It would be gratifying to tell how the road did endure forever. But Samoans' memories are short and, since Louis died, they have seen several changes of authority and much distracting confusion. In 1946 the new Administrator for the New Zealand Mandate found the road, long superseded by a macadamized affair installed by the Germans, almost lost in new growth. Under the illusion that Tusitala's name still meant much in Samoa, he organized a road-clearing festival, reopened the track with a feast at which Samoan schoolteachers planted rare native trees along its margin — and read them Louis's speech about more work and less bickering. Whatever spark he hoped to arouse failed to glow. Only prison labor now keeps the Road of the Loving Heart open, the plantings are dying of neglect, and few bother to think how appropriate it is that the narrow cut through the trees is closed by a fine view of the summit of Vaea.

Five years ago the present holder of the Malietoa "name" told me that only very, very old Samoans would normally even remember Louis's name. Now and again alien influence may revive the tradition locally. But, except for his house and tomb, the only striking relic of Louis is the current issue of Samoan postage stamps, which shows Vailima on the one-shilling and the tomb on the sixpenny.

(To be continued)

Ethics

The government employee is already set apart from other citizens by many drastic procedures concerning his loyalty, occupational expenses, and habit of life. Now comes a bill which would put his "ethics" under the permanent scrutiny of a commission with subpoena power and a staff of investigators. Some of the unsuspected aspects of this kind of regulation are pointed out by THURMAN ARNOLD, Professor of Law at Yale from 1931 to 1938; Assistant Attorney General of the United States from 1938 to 1943; and former Judge of the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia.

BULLYING THE CIVIL SERVICE

by THURMAN ARNOLD

MY only claim to expert knowledge on the problem of how to improve the ethics of government employees is the fact that I myself am an escaped government employee. For five long years I was interned with the group whose ethics are now alleged to have reached such a stage of deterioration as to create a national moral crisis. To meet that crisis a resolution has been introduced in the Senate proposing that all United States civil servants be fitted out with an ethical code to guide their erring steps and be supervised by a commission with subpoena power, a staff, and an allowance of \$50 a day (which incidentally is a much larger remuneration than *most* preachers are able to command).

Much as I dislike to appear in opposition to any sort of moral reform, I must dissent. I concede that the Congressional investigation of some particular agency whose conduct has become notorious is a salutary thing. To a long series of such investigations since the day of the political bosses we owe our steady rise of government morality and ethics in the last fifty years. But it is a mistaken idea to think that because it is possible to reform a particular agency that has gone to seed, it is therefore possible or desirable to reform everybody all at once. Ethics in any group arise out of a sense of tradition and pride in their particular calling. Humiliate that group; subject them to constant restriction and supervision; refuse to trust them in any of their activities in or out of government — and you destroy any possibility of an effective ethical code.

A code of ethics will work for the National Association of Boy Scouts. It will not work for the National Association of Reformed Juvenile Delinquents. This is because you must first develop a sense of pride before you can create a sense of personal integrity. Though the analogy is extreme I will nevertheless attempt to demonstrate that the present attitude toward government employees in

the press, in Congress, and among the public generally, makes it very difficult to maintain the sense of pride necessary for a code of ethics.

There are approximately 2.5 million civilian employees in the service of the United States, engaged in every form of activity known to civilized man. As a group they have no interests in common and no traditions. Except for headline jobs the prestige value of government employment is low. Government employees are not patriots like soldiers. Instead, at taxpayers' expense they are engaged in a continuous campaign to harass honest citizens. Even those not actively malevolent are wasting the taxpayers' money. Every time one is cut off the payroll the press cheers. Such is their tendency to err and stray like lost sheep that more than any other group of citizens they must be constantly watched. Their expense vouchers are scrutinized by the General Accounting Office on the theory that no government employee's word can be trusted. He is too apt to cheat. When they travel they are not allowed to live at the same hotels with their opposite numbers in industry. I have been trying cases against able and competent government lawyers. When the hearing is over we part because they have to find the cheapest hotel. Even then they do not break even. If this be a test of efficiency then no private business in America is efficient. It was recently discovered that government employees were using automobiles on government business, instead of standing up in buses. The supply of automobiles was immediately cut. Give these fellows an inch and they will take a mile. Let the rascals walk in the interests of economy.

Nor does the agency itself as distinguished from the individual have the protection to its good will that the law gives a private business. If anyone published that a steel company was a hotbed of incompetence and special privilege he would have to prove the truth or respond in damages. The most reckless charges can be made about a govern-

ment agency with practical immunity and public applause.

The methods by which the loyalty of civil servants is tested are a further illustration of their status as second-class citizens. No official in industry, regardless of his connection with the war effort, can be found guilty by any tribunal of probable disloyalty without evidence. No officer in the Army or Navy, even though he has access to military secrets, can be deprived of his commission and dishonorably discharged unless actual evidence is produced against him at a court-martial. But the civil servant, even though he be engaged in a job with access to no secrets whatever and in a nonsensitive agency, is considered inherently so untrustworthy that the tribunal which tries him may use reports of secret police and give credence to the unsworn statements of unidentified informers whom the tribunal itself has never seen. This has been sustained four to four by the Supreme Court of the United States on the theory that neither the ruin of a civil servant's career by branding him as a probable traitor nor the loss of his job is a punishment of sufficient severity to require his protection by due process.

In 1894 Dreyfus was convicted by a French Military Tribunal on a report of the secret police, received as evidence but never disclosed to the accused. Five years after that decision the French courts, compelled by the indignation of the civilized world, reversed the decision and reopened the case on the ground that French law would not treat such a secret report as evidence. After the end of the last war German judges were tried by a Presidential Tribunal. They had received reports of secret police as evidence. This, said the President's Tribunal, represented "the final degradation of the judiciary." These German judges are now in jail.

The President's loyalty order proclaims on its face that in order to obtain "maximum protection" to the government, and "equal protection" to the employee, findings impugning his loyalty must be on "all the evidence." But both the loyalty boards and the courts have interpreted the term "evidence" to include secret police reports undisclosed to the accused. Newspapers in commenting on the case said it was a harsh rule, but necessary to protect the government from disloyal civil servants. This means that government employees are to be treated as a class apart. Their loyalty is to be judged by the Gestapo procedures denounced at Nuremberg. They are as prone to evil as the sparks are to fly upward. It is not safe to accord them any rights that a white man (*cf.* the Dred Scott decision) is bound to respect.

What are the compensating rewards for government service? Certainly they do not lie in the area of prestige and income. The daydream of every government employee is that some day he may get an equivalent job in the industry in the affairs of which he becomes a specialist. This specialized

training, leading as it does to industry contacts, is the only reason I can think of why a brilliant college graduate with an opportunity elsewhere should enter civil service. But when it was observed that men in government were constantly leaving for more remunerative jobs in industry, the moral watchdogs were unleashed. It was assumed that it could not have been their ability that got them these jobs. It must have been their influence with their former colleagues. And so to an increasing extent civil servants who leave an agency are prohibited from appearing before it for two years.

Fortunately the Congressman is thought to have greater moral stamina. A defeated Senator may appear before a committee of Congress without fear that its power of independent judgment will collapse under the impact of a former associate. As a resigned federal judge I may appear before my old court, which is assumed to have sufficient integrity not to decide everything my way as a reward for my leaving them. This is not true, however, of the relationship of a civil servant with his former administrative body. When he drives up in a Cadillac on a private job, and with an expense account, his former associates bow before him as grass in a high wind. Better keep him away for two years until members of his commission have time to gather strength to resist his blandishments. In the meantime he can get a job digging ditches.

The absurdity of this current folklore of the civil service can be illustrated by applying it to industry. Suppose a salesman for a steel company accepted an offer with a customer at a higher salary. Suppose the president, after congratulating him, said, "I must insist on one thing after you leave. You must not conduct any negotiations with this company for two years. You have so much influence here that I just can't trust my staff. Stay away until we are able to regain our power of independent judgment."

Influence, in my judgment, is a vastly oversold commodity in Washington, but in the instances where it appears, it will not be curbed by a humiliating restriction placed on government employees as a whole. If the government service has been deteriorating, I would assign as an important cause, that it is becoming so harassed, restricted, preached against, distrusted, and generally kicked around that brilliant young men with other opportunities pass it by. It may be that a Commission on Ethics would be only another snowflake in the Washington storm. After all, what is one commission more or less in the blizzard of bureaus that swirls around our nation's capital? And, of course, after its staff was once organized and had moved their families to Washington, it could be cut 10 per cent, thus substantially adding to the money which Congress could save on the next annual budget. But, in spite of this advantage, some instinct impels me to advise against it.



An Atlantic Story



Novelist and master of the short story, H. E. BATES was attached to the Royal Air Force during the Second World War; and the short stories which he wrote at that time under the signature of Flying Officer X had an enormous reading in England. His new collection, Colonel Julian and Other Stories, from which we have drawn the poignant narrative which follows, will appear as an Atlantic-Little, Brown book in early October.

A GIRL CALLED PETER

by H. E. BATES

EVERY morning she rode the horse up through the park, by the crumbling empty mansion, through the long avenue of flowering limes. She was a big ungainly girl, tawny and flat-colored, and somehow she looked too tall, too heavy, and too uneasy even for the big sand-maned nervous horse.

"Give him a good working, Pete," her father would say. "He needs a good working. Don't let him dictate. Get hold of him. Be a man. Match him. You've got to match him, Pete, you've got to match him."

Every morning she rode in the same way: tensely and rigidly, keyed up, until out of her father's sight, and the horse hammered with brittle high-strung strokes at the metal road. It was only when she got him through the scrolled iron gates and onto soft grass beneath the double mile of limes that she let him slacken into the easier, sloppier walk her father would have despised. Even then it was still she, rather than the horse, who was taut and uneasy. Her broad long legs were ungraceful in the cord breeches and brown high boots she wore instead of jodhpurs. Her heavy riding jacket was lumpish across her square solid shoulders. If she was hatless her tawny hair was screwed sharply backwards in a short close cut that coarsened and hardened the shape of her head.

They had called her Peter from the day she was born; and now, at twenty-three, she looked as if the final moments of girlhood had been beaten out of her. She had grown up in a house where even the windows, iron-framed and curtainless, seemed masculine things. Big oak doors stood propped open all day by lumps of fossil dug up from surrounding clay lands, and wind blew healthily through a house of

bare wood floors. Spurs rang with military harshness on broad carpetless stairs, and riding crops were hooked everywhere on picture frames. The chairs were upholstered in heavy leather, like those of a club, and large sheep-dogs lay like gaunt rugs before the fires and rose with heavy promptitude at her father's words of command.

"Up!" her father would bellow. "Heel! Up!"

Gradually it had begun to grow on her that her father really thought she was a man: that the pretense of treating her as a male, as a person to be called Peter, was not a pretense any longer. She had qualified at last for the loud, hairy, stentorian masculine world.

"Pete!" he would sometimes yell at her across the yards. "Where the hell is Johnson? Tell him if that damned mare isn't here on the dot of ten you'll wring his neck. Pulverize him."

At first, when he had called her Peter, it was quite charming and there was a softness about it; and then it had become Pete, curt and slung-out and metallic, and as the name hardened she herself hardened. Her father believed in exercise, a great deal of it, by horse, by foot, by work in stable yards, and exercise had hardened her too; so that now, at twenty-three, something wooden and inflexible seemed to exist in the tall bony body under the shiny boots, the crisp shirts, the thick riding jacket: something bloodless and unawoken and dry.

It was soon after the beginning of summer, when the limes had just flowered, that she began to be really nervous about herself. She had begun to discover that she could not face people. She had got into the habit of riding as far as the mansion and then giving the horse a breather on what had once

been the lawn behind the house. Huge black cedar trees rose from tall grasses, and below the garden, beyond a maze of broken hothouses, was a stream. It had been fifteen years at least since the lawn had last been mown, the hothouses exotically heated, the white window-shutters thrown back. Dry rot had begun to eat at the floors, and bright green crustings of moss covered most of the roof tiles. It was dead and quiet and there was now no chance, everyone said, of anyone ever coming to live there again.

2

ONE morning a young man was walking across the lawn. Behind him he trailed a long steel tape measure that flashed like a tinsel snake, rattling and quivering.

She did not know what to do about this and stood holding the horse where she had dismounted. For three or four minutes he did not notice her. In between pauses when he wrote down, in a notebook, the measurements he was taking, the long nervous snake of tape measure leapt about after him, glittering and alive.

Finally he stopped, and then, as he began to wind up the tape, he saw her there. She was not really conscious of watching him; what she felt was not a question of surprise or unreality. She did not even resent him as an intruder. It simply made her more nervous and uncertain of herself.

Winding up the tape at last, he came across to speak to her. Afterwards she sometimes felt it was that snakelike jumping length of steel, slithering and sliding through the high grasses, that made her so nervous and unsure of herself that she did not know how to speak to him.

"Hullo," he said. He had cheerful pale blue eyes set under light golden brows that were always crinkling against the sun.

"Good morning," she said.

At the sound of the steel tape crackling through grasses the horse darted nervously in the air, head up, in high-strung stabs. It was one of those moments when she ought to have jabbed at him clearly and firmly, to let him see authority; but the rein slipped up through her hands.

"Tape measure," the young man said. "He doesn't like it. I'm sorry."

"Oh! no, it isn't that. He's young. He has to learn. He has to get used to new experiences and —"

"Not really broken in yet?"

"Oh! yes. But he's young. He just isn't quite used to some things."

"Like tape measures."

He laughed and next moment dropped the round leather tape drum in the grass. Behind him ten or fifteen yards of steel dropped with snakelike clinking.

"Oh! you mustn't stop working," she said, "just because of that —"

"I was knocking off for a sandwich, anyway," he said. "It's terribly hot up here. Would you have a sandwich?"

"Well, I —"

"Quite good. My mother puts them up."

He had slung a khaki haversack on a low branch of a cedar tree. She heard him say as he went over to get it: "I rather fancy they're roast duck. Awfully lucky if they are."

She ran her hand down the horse's nose in smooth, calming sweeps, and let him walk away.

"I'm going to sit under the tree. It's too hot out there." She watched him under the tentlike canopy of cedar branches, fair head glowing as he peered into the haversack. A sandwich flapped open and shut again like a trap. "Good; they're roast duck. You'll have one, won't you?"

"I'm sure they're your lunch sandwiches and if you eat them now —"

"If I eat them now I don't eat them later, and if I eat them later I don't eat them now. It's like everything else. You can't have it both ways."

"I suppose not."

"Why don't you come and sit down?"

Sitting under the cedar, munching sandwiches of roast duck, he stared at the horse.

"I don't know a thing about horses. Is he good?"

"He's quite good. Don't you ride?"

"Good God, no."

He resented the suggestion quite cheerfully, with small amiable flickerings of fair-haired brows and a graceful and slightly ironic upward gesture of both hands. In doing so he parted the sandwich and a piece of duck fell out. "That comes of showing off," he said.

It was because of this small pantomime of the breaking sandwich that she noticed the flexibility and grace of his hands. They were long-fingered and narrow, more like the hands of a girl.

He offered another sandwich. "Go on. I've got plenty. We had two ducks yesterday. It was my mother's birthday."

"What are you doing with the mansion?" She took the second sandwich while he stared up at the shuttered windows.

"I have to do a rough survey for a plan."

"Is someone moving in?"

"Doubtful," he said. "It's much more likely they'll pull it down. Bang goes another bit of England."

He abruptly ceased bothering about the house. Instead he began to take deep inquisitive breaths of air. "All morning there's been that marvelous scent — I simply can't think what it is —"

"Limes," she said. "They're beginning to flower."

"It's a most exquisite scent," he said. "Don't you think so?"

She did not know what to say; she had not thought of it. In the masculine world of which she

was part, no one troubled to discuss the exquisite nature of limes.

He took another long breath of lime-scented air, filling his lungs slowly, eyes half-closed; and it then occurred to her, for the first of several times, that he had taken infinitely more notice of the horse, the mansion, the sandwiches, and the scent of limes than of anything about her. And suddenly her nervousness expanded. It became a full self-conscious anxiety about the clumsiness of her body. She was aware of being too large and too awkward in the heavy riding jacket, the big boots, the breeches that gave her legs the grossness of huge fawn hams. Beside her, dressed only in a white shirt and light gray trousers, he had a terse and quite delicate lightness.

"How long will the survey take?"

"Oh! depends. Two or three days. Depends on how lazy I am."

"I can't think you're lazy."

"Terribly. I'll probably go to sleep this afternoon."

She thought of her father: "Give him a good working, Pete. Watch him, Pete. Be a man, Pete. Tell that bastard Johnson you'll wring his neck. Pulverize him." She had been brought up under the incontestable notion that the male was not lazy. It did not sleep in the afternoons. It behaved like a physical steam-roller, flattening and crushing all.

"I ought to go," she said. "My horse is restless."

"Have another sandwich."

"No, really, thank you." She stood up and she saw him then, for the first time, look full at her. He looked away immediately. It was as if he had looked through a telescope and been surprised, perhaps bored, if not horrified, by what he saw.

"Good-bye," he said. "If you come up again don't be surprised to find me having a siesta under the tree. This is a hot spell we're having."

"Yes. Good-bye."

3

WHEN she came up through the park on the following morning she rode past the house, through the chestnut copse, as far as the deserted gate-lodge, before she could bring herself to ride across, as she always did, to the overgrown lawn behind the mansion. For some time she had been bored by that same ride, taken in the same way, past the deserted mansion to the deserted gate-lodge, and had not known it. She had been driven by the dull notion that it was the thing to do. "Ride him hard, Pete. Give him a good working. Don't let him dictate! Match him, Pete, match him." An urgent, stentorian masculine world of habit, breezy with open air and harsh-odored with horse and dog, had pressed her forward with commands she had not thought of refusing. Now because of the steel snake of a tape measure flicking through summer grass she was

aware of being unbearably lonely, more and more unsure.

The young man had worked his way down across the overgrown lawns to where, in the direction of the river, there was an abandoned swimming pool. She found him only because, even from the mansion, she could hear the tinkling of his steel tape on the glazed waterless tiles.

"Hullo," he called.

The pool was empty and he was standing down in it, peering at the feed pipe in the deep end. All along the rectangular basin dry white tiles glittered hotly in the sun.

"Just thinking of filling it," he said. "Nothing comes, though. It's probably turned off at the main."

"They used to have parties. They say it used to be lovely," she said.

"Do you swim?"

"Yes."

He climbed out of the pool by a half-rotten wooden ladder. Frost had lifted many of the tiles on the bottom and he said: "Probably never hold water, anyway." He made the little tossing gesture of abandon that had fascinated her the previous day: the hands graceful as they surrendered into air the notion of filling the pool.

"Pity," he said. "It's hotter than ever. It would have been nice to swim."

"There's a swimming-place in the stream," she said. "They used to swim a lot there."

"Stream?"

"Down there." She pointed down the field that lay, bright yellow with late buttercups and white with islands of rising clover, beyond the pool. A long line of alders, spreading away tawny purple along the stream, sheltered a few brown and white cattle that lay panting in the shade. On the low hill beyond them a glassy line of heat pulsated like a transparent flame under the deep blue line of sky.

"I've half a mind to bring my things." He stood looking down at the alders that concealed, from so far up, the deep black-shaded pools of the stream. "Would you swim?" he said suddenly. "Would you bring your things if I did?"

"Oh! I don't know —"

"It would be awful fun," he said.

She did not know what to do or say. Another recollection of her father urging her to work the horse hard, to give Johnson hell, to be a man, destroyed all the self-confidence she had. She felt an extraordinary downward stab of alarmed uneasiness, in the form of a hot and solid wave, go clean through her body; and then she began to walk away up the hill.

He came striding after her. "I'm awfully sorry if I said something I ought not to have said."

"Oh! you didn't." She felt even more all the hideous flapping ugliness of her muscular body, its impossible hamlike legs, its bolsterlike bust under

the hot jacket. "I simply didn't think you meant it —"

"Of course I meant it. I think it would be awful fun." He smiled in the free, amiable, languid way, with trembling fair eyebrows, making once again the friendly gesture of his graceful hands. "Why not?"

"I'll see," she said. "It's not very likely —"

"Well, I shall go in," he said. "You can come and watch me."

In the morning she rode the horse another way, outside the park; she could not bring herself to face the hot deserted garden, the amiable careless young man, the unbearable sweetness of limes. It was not until afternoon that she rode up to the house; and then she did not take her costume.

It was some time before she heard the steel tape measure clinking in the hot afternoon. She heard it at last trailing in its tinny snakelike way over gravel paths down by the empty hothouses. Soon, too, she saw the young man, bare to the waist now, jotting down measurements in his notebook beside the scalding white roofs of glass.

"Hullo," he said, "how about the swim? I had one already at lunchtime."

"I couldn't find my costume. I spent all morning trying —"

"Bad luck," he said. "It's terrific down there."

Today it was so much hotter that she had ridden up without her jacket, in a white silk shirt, mannish but soft, with black necktie, and she hoped he would notice it. He did not notice it, and she said: "How does the survey go?"

"Almost finished. About five minutes and I'm taking another swim."

Old peach trees, reverting to suckers, had here and there pushed their way up through broken hothouse roofs. Nettles grew in the vast derelict waste of vine-houses. She could smell an arid blistering of old paint, a hot breath of baked air from under glass. The tin snake of the steel measure did its last clicking squirm along the path and the young man said: "Survey finished. Thank God. Coming down?"

Some minutes later she sat under the alders, watching him making a series of dives that ended in joyous duck-paddling about the pool. His flesh was smooth, startlingly white in the alder-shadow. She sat simply without thought, watching. He had something of the delicacy of a stork, whitely poised on the pool edge, before the flashing spring of each dive. From the back there was nothing by which to tell that he was not a girl, compact and slim-hipped, and it was only when he stood beyond the dark water, grinning, ready to dive again, that the masculine shape of him was startlingly, beautifully revealed. He came out at last to lie in the sun.

"Marvelous. Absolutely wonderful." Panting softly, face and body beaded with glittering iridescent drops of water, he lay for some time staring at the sky. "Pity you couldn't make it. Simply mar-

velous." He was struck by a sudden, idle thought. "By the way, what's your name?"

"Peter."

"Suits you. Who thought that one up?"

If there was any pain in her face he did not see it; she in turn did not answer, and he remained held in languid fascination by the sky.

"Wonderful sky. It seemed terribly hot before, but after you've been in it's cool. Just right." He spoke to her without troubling to look at her. "Why don't you go in?"

She shut her eyes, impelled by a stupid notion that if she did nothing, did not even look at anything or speak, he would come to her out of pure curiosity. She heard a kingfisher whistle like a bullet upstream and the voice of the young man, like the bird's, seemed now to be drawn thinly away into the spaces of the hot afternoon.

"Go in while I pack my things," he said. "I've got to go up to the house again. Swim while I've gone."

She did not speak.

"You're quite safe with a name like Peter."

Her tears of anger and frustration seemed, in the moment of breaking, to turn back into her body, flooding her. She heard the kingfisher repeat its thin sharp whistle upstream, thread-drawn, fading instantly. She felt the impenetrable alder-shadow unexpectedly cold on her body. For a few moments the longing to move into sun, combined with the longing to be touched, to be spoken to and to be comforted, was almost too much for her. Her only movement was to let the palm of one hand lie in the sun, and for some time it burned there while the rest of her body, cold in the alder-shade, waited.

"Absolutely wonderful to do nothing," the young man said. "Just nothing. Lie here and do nothing, nothing at all."

She felt her inarticulate and clumsy body drown again in an ebb of tears. Another thought of her father brought the recollection that he hated tears. "Got to learn not to cry. I can't bear it. Be a man. I won't have sniveling." Now that she wanted to cry it was not possible, and once again, far off in the hot silence, she heard the kingfisher, briefly and shrilly, almost plaintively, calling along the water.

When she opened her eyes at last it was to be struck with the brutal sharpness of black leaves against blue hot sky. Her eyes seemed to be shocked into fresh alertness.

"Where will you go after this?" she said.

"Thought you were asleep."

"No, awake," she said. "I'm awake."

"Oh! here, there, and everywhere," he said. "Up, down, and round. I take it as it comes. I go where they send me."

"Don't you mind where?"

"Couldn't care less."

She lay for a little longer, waiting. This time she did not hear any sound of the kingfisher and there

was no sound from the young man except a long sigh, and then presently: "All I ask for is this. Lying here with nothing on my mind. Nothing to bother about. Nothing at all. I'm a lazy hound."

Some time later she stood up to say good-bye. She saw that he was lying on his face. For one moment the slim spare body was lithe and graceful, and then he turned over. He heaved his chest against the sun and she saw the muscles of his thighs cramp and ripple as the legs thrust themselves outward, white and shadowless, in the long meadow grass.

"I'll have to be going," she said. "Good-bye."

"Swim made me terribly drowsy. I think I'll have to sleep," he said. "Good-bye."

She walked away up the field. She walked by the empty hothouses, through the empty deserted gardens, and past the empty house. She walked slowly, with long mannish strides, her head up. She was too far away now to hear the kingfisher, so like a small shrill echo of the tape measure in the grass; and although her eyes were clear and quite awake, she did not seem to notice the emptiness and the silence everywhere. She was aware only of her heavy limbs; and all along the avenue, unbearably sweet, the great scent of full summer in the limes.



IT'S THE RAIN

by DANIEL SARGENT

"It falls down like dull silver. Yes, it falls
In ribbons, chains, and miniature crystal-balls.
It makes a sound like pieces of broken glass
Fragile enough to splinter itself on grass.
And it comes from, up above us, a blank gray
Sky that seems to have nothing to give away.
It's lucid like a tear the eye sees through.
You haven't an explanation of what it is, have you?"

"My friend, it's the rain."

"To my mind, yes, to my thinking, it may be
An experiment they are trying with mercury.
I've noticed some significant globules that glide
On the leaf of the Dutchman's-pipe at the house-side.
Animal life has suffered a grim change:
A cat lopes back, as lank as an eel, from the range.
The river is not the river a man knows:
It's scribbled over with figure eights and O's."

"My friend, it's the rain."

"I know what it is. It must be a miracle.
I'm back at the starting of time. — It's fantastical.
Here do I stand in the air at the front door
Just as I have for a hundred times before,
And out of the earth, without a doubt, is rising
The very first day of all days with its first surprising.
And I ought to add: a fragrance is through me spread
So sweet that my heart has — practically — stopped dead."

"My friend, it's the rain."



A Californian, born and bred, of a family long interested in oil, CLARK C. VAN FLEET began fishing when he was a small boy. Over the past four decades, he has devoted most of his recreation hours to fishing for — and studying — the steelhead trout, the greatest game fish of the West Coast. From his letters and diaries he has drawn an exciting, edifying, humbling account of his favorite streams and his great warrior. This is the second of three articles, the first of which appeared in the Atlantic for August.

THE SUMMER STEELHEAD

by CLARK C. VAN FLEET

1

THE beginnings of the average Western river are pretty inconsequential — a trickle through a mountain meadow; a brook purling through a canyon strewn with boulders, with an occasional cascade over some precipitous dike; finally a full-blown stream, the home of quick fishes whose vigor is the delight of the summer angler.

The North Umpqua in Oregon has no such childhood. It springs from the living rock as did Minerva from the head of Jove. Presumed to be the outlet by underground cleavage for a part of the overflow of Diamond Lake, it is a full-grown river at its very source. It gathers some volume on its brawling way through the mountains to join the South Umpqua below Winchester, yet it would still be a tremendous stream without the additions brought by its few insignificant tributaries. The roar of its mighty voice fills the canyon of its passage from source to junction as it tumbles down the rough, boulder-strewn cleft carved by its journey. A mile of fishing along its banks is a very real test of endurance.

The steelhead to be found there are as wild and untamed as the river they ascend. In the cold clear depths are fish as fat, sassy, and full of fight as will be found in any stream in the United States. When you have beached a steelhead of over 10 pounds from the waters of this torrent, your quivering pride will be fully justified.

Roseburg is the jumping-off-place for the upper river, with Glide the start of the canyon proper. Of this you are scarcely aware until you reach Idleyld — unless you stop your car along the way and walk over to the bank where the stream is deeply cut below the level that the road traverses. From Idleyld the route mounts rapidly through the gorge itself in a series of climbs over intervening spurs of the main Cascades.

If it is early in July you had better head for

Steamboat, some 30 miles away and nearly 1000 feet higher in the mountains. This is a tortuous passage, sometimes 500 feet above the bed of the river, sometimes down to its very edge. You are now in the domain of the Forest Service, which has provided a group of fairly commodious campgrounds in the vicinity of Steamboat for those who prefer to rough it.

For the more de luxe fisherman, North Umpqua Lodge, directly across the river from the guard station, is equipped to serve meals and provides well-furnished cabins. The Gordons, who operate the lodge, are perfect hosts; the meals are delicious and are served to accommodate the best fishing periods. Make your reservations early, as it is very popular and likely to be filled from the start of the season until the rains. You will find Clarence to be an expert on the ways of the fish in these waters. He casts a beautiful fly himself and is fully acquainted with all the best fishing spots.

The first summer steelhead arrive in the Steamboat area sometime during the month of May. What brings them up the river 100 to 125 miles from the sea, so hard on the heels of late winter spawners, is another of those unanswered mysteries regarding this West Coast salmonoid. At any rate they remain sullen and uncoöperative for a month to six weeks after their arrival. About the first week in July they start taking an active interest in stream food, after which time they continue to be a mark for both fly and spinner until high water drives the fishermen from the banks.

The interesting thing about this feeding habit is that, beginning at Steamboat, the activity of the fish works progressively down the river. It appears to me that the upper reaches first fill with a quota of fish; then as the holes below receive the later comers a period of quiescence is passed through before they begin to feed well. This supports my

theory that the mature steelhead spend some time adjusting themselves to the difference between stream food and forage in the sea. At any rate, the fishing usually commences in the Steamboat region around the early part of July, yet the fish do not become active in the Winchester stretches much before the middle of September.

The North Umpqua summer runs are almost entirely mature steelhead. The early runs in the Rogue or Klamath are mainly grilse ranging in size from a half pound to a little better than 3 pounds. It is very rare to take a sea-run fish this size on the North Umpqua River. The average for the early part of the summer is around 7 pounds, growing progressively larger as the fall months come.

The steelhead apparently come into the Umpqua from the sea in unusually good condition. When taken during the early season they are fat, broad, and short-coupled. As a consequence, I am given to underestimating their weight on first sight, whether surfacing or jumping. This superb fitness develops spirited fighters, and a fish over 8 pounds is an odds-on favorite to escape. My records show some three out of five steelhead landed where the weight was under 8 pounds, two out of five between 8 and 10, one out of five above 10.

The usual attack is launched with unbelievable speed and ferocity, followed by a long run and powerful jump. No fish on the West Coast takes as boldly or with such abandon as these rising steelhead. In smooth or quiet water there may be an instant's hesitation before the start of the initial run, but if the current is sluicing along at a good rate, the take and that first sprint are almost simultaneous. Broken tackle will nearly always result if the fisherman is inattentive or is surprised into an offer of resistance, either by depressing the butt or freezing onto his line. You must be ready for the strike and prepared to give way when the steelhead first seizes the lure.

2

ON your first trip to Steamboat note the names as you come to them. All of the creeks have signs at their bridges and all the main trails have markers. These will be referred to time out of mind by your companions, as the river is passed in review, either at meals or around the campfire. For the sake of orientation it is well to learn the creek names in order — Rock, Susan, Burnt, Swamp, Bogus, and so on up to Steamboat, where, at North Umpqua Lodge, you are fronting the best piece of fly water in the United States for large summer steelhead.

From Steamboat to Idleyld the greater part of the river bed is hewn through solid rock. At intervals there will be a gravel bar or sluice through a plate of flat stone where the wading will be fairly

easy. In the main, you scramble or pick your way through the roughest kind of going and from dry footing to waist-deep wading.

The spots where the fish are found are as irregular and unpredictable as the shoreline; here they hug a reef's craggy sides, there they lie on a boulder-strewn bottom, farther on you work the lip of the overrun into the next chute. The angling requires versatility and patience, spot shooting, downstream dead fly drift, crosscurrent dead fly drag, cross-stream and downstream manipulation, upstream pull along the edges of the reefs. You have to learn for yourself the most effective technique at any given spot, since it varies with each lie fished.

The reward more than compensates for your care and effort. The take is always bold even to the point of savagery, the fight dashing, spectacular, and heart-stopping. The footing calls for heroic measures if the fish must be followed any distance, with the chances balanced in favor of the quarry for the most part. Clarence lost the first five or six fish hooked at the beginning of last season; I parted with three of the first five. These odds are what make the North Umpqua the delight it is, the supreme summer steelhead battleground in the country.

You will be up pretty early the first morning in camp. The chill in the air even in July serves notice of the altitude; so you shiver as you don waders and boots. The sun is just tipping the high flank of the bare western ridge opposite with a touch of gold, though it is still dusk under the fir and pine canopy that encloses the lodge. The trail from the dining room leads down the sharp bank to the Kitchen Pool. The quiet water mirrors swift reflections of the shining heights as you step out on the shingle. Approach the head of the reef through the deepening water where the trough of the channel shows green before you. The grip of the current will be surprisingly strong for such apparent placidity.

Your fly drops lightly at the edge of the further reef head and makes a slight ruffle crossing the slick barely submerged. A thorough search of the now widening trough brings no response. Lengthen line and try a dead fly drift along the edge of the opposite rampart of rock, then work the crossing well below you with careful pull and slack. The slab under you shallows until a more abrupt rise gives you dry footing. The far stone ridge breaks into two parts with a deep pocket between the sunken portion and the exposed bulge beyond. This is the first good fishing spot, so you cover the water well from the reef to the shallow ledges on your own side. Gradually you extend your line until you are flicking the dry projection on the far side. Still no response. A few steps and you repeat the exhaustive search.

The channel widens to a bay as the opposing shoal breaks off abruptly and the flow speeds up

for the long chute to the lower riffle. At the very tail the noses of three bedrock bumps somewhat divide the flow. In front of these is the final sure lie in the Kitchen.

As your fly crosses above the bulge of the first reef, there is a deep swirl, a shock on your line, a whirl of your reel to announce the take of a steelhead. The thrill warms you like wine, the tingle of delight vibrates your rod as the rush ends in a powerful leap that sends a circling wave across the pool. Win or lose, you have hooked the first steelhead of the summer season.

The breakfast gong sounds in your ears as you splash through the shallows towards shore. Triumphant or disappointed in that engagement, no matter: the fish are there and the thrill of the search will fill the ensuing days.

At the table the real business of the day begins. Polite questioning brings out the plans of the camp for the morning; one will try the camp water, another Maple Ridge to Takahashi, the third elects the Ledges, others will tackle Williams or Archie Creek; dispersed the group is assured of noninterference and good water coverage.

Our lot falls to Williams Creek. From the foot of the trail where it expires on the smooth surface of the bedrock, one can cover the stretch from the Divide Pool back to this point, a distance of around 2000 yards, or take a trek to the Log and Discovery Pools less than a third of a mile downriver. If your companion decides on the upper water, leave him off on the road above the Divide. A steep drop faces him to reach the shore, but it will save a tedious scramble up the bankside from the end of the trail.

3

BELOW Williams Creek there is around 600 yards of barren water until you reach the Log Pool. Don't be too eager in your going — you may surprise a deer along the bank, and beaver cuttings are all about you. Last year I startled a cub in a shallow bay; his clumsy efforts to dive were ludicrous in the extreme until he found the outlet and disappeared. There is often an ouzel's nest on one or another of the huge rocks breasting the mid-stream current; watch closely and you will see it cunningly concealed on some rock platform. The nest looks like a mossy igloo, side entrance and all.

The Log Pool is long and deep with a quickly rising bottom at the tail. The south shore is an undercut ledge extending from the head almost to the lip. A favorite lie for steelhead is just above the lip and in the shelter of the overhang for nearly 100 feet above the tail. A sunken gravel bar butted against a reef at the top of the next riffle offers a vantage point from which to cover the best part of the run. This shoal can only be reached from the lower end of the pool, whence it is a breast-deep wade to reach the projecting knobs of bedrock.

Keep on the side of the slope away from the fishing water as deep as you comfortably can. If you walk on top of the bar, the steelhead will surely see you and stay down.

As you make your way through the reef points, start your fishing close and work from just above the lip upstream. Don't cast wholly to the bank every time. Shorten line and cross the run again; there are submerged boulders in the middle of the channel that warrant attention. This is a beautiful run because, worked right, you can see the first shadow of a fish as he moves in for the take. The resultant thrill of the whole action is right before your eyes. Let me warn you that this facility can be a disadvantage if you are inclined to strike prematurely, since, at least on the dead fly drift, this is one pool where the butt must be depressed to set the hook properly. Be sure, then, that the steelhead has turned away from you before the strike is made.

The Discovery Pool, just below, is interesting because of its three distinct hot spots. A third of the way down its length, the entering current shelves off the gravel steeply as the near edge is turned by a ridge of boulders. The flow skirts this group of rocks for 40 or 50 feet before the main pool is reached. Some of the rocks are above water, some below. The fly should work around each, permitting the lure to take a course downwards at times, again to be manipulated against the current. If there are fish in the lie, they are most likely to be found from above the first to about the fifth rock. The fishing is almost directly downstream, but the majority of your casts angle inwards to the swirls above the boulders.

When you have reached a point nearly waist-deep in the wade, pretty well past the last prospect along the dike, you will find a rock showing about 70 feet away on the opposite side of the fast water. Fish the area above and below this very heedfully. Mostly dead fly fishing, you will have to make an upstream borrow and even feed line to angle the lure at proper depth and speed. You should nail one right where the smooth joins the main flow in little eddies and whirls. You may have to clamber up on one of the flat rocks to cover that lie properly, but do it, even if it entails a jump into deeper water should you hook a big one.

The last hot corner is on your side and below the end boulder. Generally I dislike to dredge a fly, but this is a deep slow eddy as the channel swings around and starts for the tail of the pool. Cast just below the last rock, let the fly sink well, then twitch it gently but not too often. Strike strongly should one take, as a deep fish picks up the lure tamely. From this point to the lip of the overrun is all a good prospect.

When the noon meal is over, if the day is bright, just take a short run down the road in your car to locate what fish can be seen in some of the holes

below camp. Your first stop might well be the turnout just over the Kitchen Pool. From there you can see the bottom clearly, provided there is not too much breeze stirring the surface. A few moments of unblinking scrutiny and you note an undulating shadow just above the middle reef at the tail. Raising your glance, you finally make out a steelhead lying well above the cast shadow; then another crosses the light-colored ledge above. Before many minutes you have located three fish in the vicinity of the lower end of the pool.

The next view is from above the Ledges. You can see the whole run distinctly in the smooth glide of the main channel. In a few moments a steelhead shows from under the ledge on the far side. There is another just at the nose of the reef bordering the fairway. Alongside the ledge a flash of silver side is turned to the light and gone — not a steelhead this time, but a large sucker feeding among the stones.

You return to camp with a full heart; the fish are in and only awaiting your deceptive lure. If you then go fishless two or more days, as often happens, you can at least be comforted by the fact that there are plenty in the river. Keep your fly in the water and your mind on your work. One will probably come when you least expect it. If you assume every cast will yield a raise, you are less likely to do the wrong thing when one unexpectedly smashes your fly.

I once went three days without a sign of a raise. On the fourth morning, my first cast over the Ledges resulted in a vicious take after the fly had traveled less than 2 feet. My freeze of surprise was just enough to cost me a broken leader. In an hour and a half I hooked four fish from that point down to Williams Creek, landing two of about 7 pounds.

As the summer advances, more and more water opens up on the lower river. Bogus Creek, the water above and below McDonald Bridge, which is swung many feet above a deep gorge and is just two 6-inch planks for footing. Burnt Creek, with the pulpit at the lower end of the wade, where a down-running fish is a lost one since rock walls enclose the canyon for a good quarter of a mile before reaching the next shallows.

The Circle "H" smooths; Susan Creek, where the slab rock is flat as a table for 150 feet and you fish the channel deep cut into this sheet, with close attention to the pockets on both sides. If you are among the very knowing, you will go above the big "V" of the gut and fish the wide glassy shallow. You can know it by a huge rock in the middle of the slick. Around that boulder is the hottest spot of all. I should add that the cast to reach it is atrocious on account of the fringe of brush and towering alders behind.

Don't neglect the fine series of pools facing camp. From the vicinity of Mott Bridge to the falls a quarter of a mile beyond the lodge there is a good four or five hours of fishing for an active man. The Station Pool opposite the Forest Guard Quarters is one of the most productive in the whole reach since it is the main resting spot for fish ascending Steamboat Creek. Properly worked, this gut of fast water charging through a trough in the bed-rock will produce a raise almost any day. It can be worked from either side but I am inclined to favor the drift obtained from the south shore. Just above it is the Sawtooth, also fine holding water for fish making the run up the creek.

On an off day, it is worth the trip to take the trail to Steamboat Falls and mark the congregation of shadowy monsters below this obstruction. If they are running the falls, it is fascinating to watch their slim silver shapes flash up the barrier to disappear in the comb at the top.

Once you are well acquainted with the stream and become familiar with the lies that hold the steelhead, take an extra reel along with a well-greased line attached. Put a box of flies in your pocket tied dry. I have three patterns for this fishing: Pink Lady, a dark caddis (not palmer tied), and a spent wing Royal Coachman, all on No. 6 hooks.

As the afternoon draws on to dusk, there are four or five glides that will sometimes yield a fish to a dry fly. Then you will have the unsurpassed thrill of a vicious surface rise. No gentle sucking in of the floating fly here, but a hard smashing attack that will quicken your pulse and send your heart to your throat.

One of the really top smooths for a dry fly is just above the trail's end from Williams Creek. Pass the two fast chutes until you reach a slow-moving pool where a rock juts out at the lip of the overrun which makes an excellent stand. Don't hurry to extend your line, but fish both sides and the center alertly. When you have lengthened to 50 feet or so be extra cautious. On the near bank a rock has its top barely awash: here is a lie that almost always contains a fish. Cast 5 or 6 feet above and let the floater drift well past the boulder, since you will often have a long follow before the rise. In the center of the channel directly out from this rock is a deeply submerged one, unseen, but a sure haunt. The fly should move at least 20 feet through the center before it is picked up. In the south bank of the reef at this point is a small quiet bay — this is the hottest spot of all.

Ox or Ix gut is fine enough for all reasonable purposes. Only one word of caution: be sure your line is kept clear on the retrieve; the fish are away like lightning.

(To be continued)

Teamwork

Dean of the Graduate School of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, JOHN W. M. BUNKER has been a rallying force for Civil Defense in Cambridge and is acting in an advisory capacity throughout the Commonwealth. "My thesis is," he says, "teach the individual, teach lots of individuals, make up teams in communities, each after a similar pattern so that each can go to work elsewhere, because the team under the bomb will not function as a team but as individuals needing aid. The teams that go to work are from the fringes. Every team must be prepared to work elsewhere. The trained can perhaps save themselves and their families and others."

AFTER AN A-BOMB FALLS

by JOHN W. M. BUNKER

I

YOU can't effectively double your fists or lash out with your feet at the A-bomb; and it doesn't give you time enough to run away. For every weapon there has been a counterweapon or a defense; but these countermeasures lag behind the attack, and this latest weapon is of too recent origin. Until there is assurance of adequate military protection against atomic attack the civilian must supplement the military with civil defense.

In atomic attack the unseen and undetectable threat is likely to evoke in the uninformed the instinctive biological response of headlong flight. American men and women have shown in other situations that they can rise above this animal-like response to run. What strikes terror to the savage, civilized men meet with reasoned evasive or defensive action instead of with flight. If fear is accompanied by understanding, if we know what to expect, then in spite of fear we by and large act creditably and usefully when the test comes.

Because we have learned what fire does when out of control, we hold fire drills in our schools. Fire drills are devised not to prevent fire, but to reduce the casualties which it is capable of causing if panic replaces discipline. The house owner, realizing from the experience of others that a fire in his dwelling can result in great financial loss, takes out insurance for at least partial reduction of this potential loss. The soldier going into combat is supplied with a steel helmet to reduce the extent and probability of injury. None of these measures is designed to prevent fulfillment of threat; they are calculated to reduce the damage. This is the philosophy of civil defense.

Insurance is ordinarily based upon a record of past experience. In respect to civil defense against atomic attack, the experience table is brief. We in the United States of America have never been bombed in our own land, and while the veterans of recent wars are more experienced in this regard,

not even they have been exposed to the atomic bomb. For experience we must substitute reasoned conclusions and predictions based on such records as are available to us. Moreover, we need assurance that the records are reliable.

In the first five years the tale of the A-bomb and its effects was told in different ways not mutually consistent. Few among us knew what to believe. There was a temptation to shrug off the whole matter as reportorial confusion or exaggeration. In 1946, a year after the bombing of Japan, despite efforts to enlighten the public about the potentialities of this weapon, a poll revealed that apparently 2 per cent of the American people had never even heard of the bomb. Among the other 98 per cent, complacency, because we were the only nation to possess the secret, favored relegation of the whole matter to oblivion. These states of mind have not been completely dispelled in 1951.

In October, 1950, *The Effects of Atomic Weapons*, published by the Government Printing Office, made available for the first time the authoritative detailed account of the bomb effects in three experimental tests and in the two explosions in Japan. On this factual account, supplemented by such official releases as may be forthcoming on later experimental tests, our Civil Defense must be based. He who reads that story must be a strange being if he does not then feel apprehensive, but for him who reads and understands, informed fear should replace unreasoning terror. This may conceivably contribute to the saving of life, his own or that of another.

Theoretically, civil defense planning in the United States could make it unprofitable for an enemy to attack us with bombs, atomic or otherwise. Such extreme measures as extensive dispersal of housing and of industrial buildings are said to be able to create an unprofitable target, but the economic cost of that sort of thing seems at the present

time to constitute a premium too high to pay. Civil Defense as it is presently conceived is designed to reduce the losses and not to prevent their cause.

Lacking experience, faced with a threat that is in some respects new, knowing that this threat lies in the use of weapons which are possessed by a power of whose friendship we have grave doubts, what can we do?

The first thing which seems sensible for everyone to do is find out the facts about the effects of atomic weapons. A brief, completely reliable account is available in a small booklet issued by the Federal Civilian Defense Agency in 1951, entitled "Survival Under Atomic Attack." The story is also pictorially presented in a short moving picture released under the same auspices and carrying the same title. Various state civil defense agencies have issued similar booklets — as, for instance, that published and distributed by the Massachusetts Civil Defense Agency to the number of more than two million, captioned "Protection from the Atomic Bomb." These are carefully edited, concise résumés of the principal elementary facts. These facts should be studied and discussed by every citizen until they become firmly fixed in his understanding.

In 1945, and for some time thereafter, there were those who believed that we could be scared by tall tales of A-bomb horrors into taking some sort of action, unspecified, that would abolish this threat. Their avowed purpose was to play up the horrors to the limit, to paint word pictures of the worst that in imagination could happen to an uninformed and therefore unprepared civilian population. We have not been entirely freed from such tactics even today, although we know better. It just does not work, this scaring people into behaving. It merely accentuates terror and encourages a fatalistic attitude of "What's the use?" and it is human nature to think of death or injury by violence as something to deplore, which is hard on others but which is not likely to happen to "me."

Others have taken the stand that we should not scare our fellow citizens, lest they do nothing in the way of prudent preparation, so let's play it down and emphasize the assurance that after all a bomb is a bomb, that it rarely does so much damage as is hoped for by those who use it, and ordinary precautions are good enough, and anyway, this country never was bombed and probably never will be.

A middle group, which constitutes the majority of our people, takes neither extreme false position. This group believes that everyone is entitled to the candid truth without exaggeration and without undervaluation. For most persons, the unvarnished truth is on the whole somewhat assuring because it is a fact that atomic warfare is a type of attack about which something definitely can be done; it is a threat against which shelter and protection are

possible. In spite of the terrible forces which may be let loose, there is — or there can be — a place to hide. And then, too, the energy liberated is dissipated so rapidly that in most cases we don't have to hide very long.

What we would have to take in case of atomic bombing is largely what other communities have taken in the form of saturation bombing in the last war — namely, wreckage and fire, and temporary disruption of transport, housing, communication, and supplies. In atomic bombing this destruction will be delivered in fewer packages of greater power in a shorter time. The new hazard which has been added — nuclear radiation — is temporary, decays rapidly, and can be guarded against by those prepared and warned.

2

THERE are three essential characteristics of atomic bombing. First, the blast effect as from every explosion, which lasts in this case for only a second at any one point but packs a terrific punch at close range. It causes serious structural damage for two or three miles. If new bombs are more powerful than those used in Japan — and it would be rather naïve to suppose that technical advances have not been developed since Nagasaki — the range of destruction will be greater. But it is an inescapable fact that if the energy released by a new bomb is twice as great as that of the old ones, the destructive effect is increased by only about one quarter. The degree of destruction at one-half mile in 1945 would be felt at five-eighths of a mile from a bomb twice as powerful. And even a bomb one thousand times as powerful, to take an extreme hypothetical example, would increase destruction by only the cube root of one thousand, which is ten.

The most extensive destruction from the old bombs was attained when they were exploded at about 2000 feet above the target. More powerful bombs would cause equivalent destruction immediately below from a still greater height.

A second immediate effect of the A-bomb, also common to other types of explosions, is a flash of heat. This travels in straight lines with the speed of light and wears off with distance. It is readily stopped by almost anything solid. It lasts significantly from the atomic bomb for three seconds only. It is hottest in the first second. The type of bomb we know can cause skin burns within a radius of two and one-half miles. Flash burns are as bad as any other burns — such as from fire or excessive sun tan on the beach. Too much has been made of the observation that in Japan wooden structures facing the bomb were scorched by this heat flash, and the assumption is readily made that such heat can set fires. We should not forget that at distances within which tinder can be ignited in this fashion, a blast of wind at several hundred miles an hour

comes along after the flash and should put out any such incipient fires, or most of them, anyway. This is not science, it is just common sense.

In writing of this aspect of heat-flash ignition of inflammables, Horatio Bond, expert of the National Fire Underwriters Association, has this to say: "There is some chance of fire primarily from heat flash within a two-mile radius. Ignition of thin paper, light cotton cloth, excelsior, shavings and similar materials is possible, but it should be kept in mind that the mere burning of such objects will not cause a continuing fire unless they happen to be located so that the fire can spread to other objects in the vicinity. The arrangement of combustibles in the buildings of the target city is more important than the heat flash itself. Removal of cotton drapes from windows, the clearing of rubbish (or covering rubbish piles) would be more important measures to reduce the number of possible primary fires.

"Outside the areas of complete destruction of wood buildings by blast, the heat flash could not be expected to ignite the outside walls of wood buildings in many cases. Also, fabrics hanging in folds would be more susceptible to ignition than flat fabrics. Their shape is more important than their color. White cotton in folds would probably ignite more readily than black cotton cloth flat, although there is an observed tendency for dark fabrics to ignite more readily than light-colored ones."

The fact that white looks white because it reflects light, and black is black because it absorbs light, explains why at a critical distance (too close to the source to matter significantly on account of other greater risks) black cloth charred—or transmitted heat—whereas white reflected it. This matter of the color of clothing is too trivial in the over-all picture to merit serious attention in civil defense against atomic attack. Objects or persons near enough to catch fire from the heat flash are likely to be damaged from flying wreckage. At greater distances, almost anything will adequately protect the skin against flash burns. And, at the worst, the danger is for only three seconds following the burst.

3

THE third danger from the atomic bomb is nuclear radiation. Invisible, like X rays, it has great penetration without causing any sensation in the person receiving it. Like X rays, a small amount does no harm, more will make one ill, and too much can cause death. The great danger from this source is the first ten seconds. Shelter is offered behind substantial concrete even near the point of ground zero. Earth also is a good absorber of nuclear radiation. In the basement behind the foundation wall, near the floor to gain as much as possible of Mother

Earth's protection, is the best place for the first minute. After that one must watch out lest he be trapped in wreckage or by growing fires above, or by gas leaking from broken pipes aboveground, or by water from a similar source. The cellar is the place for the householder to stay for a minute after an atomic bomb burst within a few miles; after that he had better be prepared to move. The cellar is obviously one "place to hide."

From the bombs over Japan, no lingering nuclear radiation remained after ninety seconds: and half of this dosage was delivered in the first second; 80 per cent of it was gone in ten seconds. Those who were a mile or more away, if uninjured by flying wreckage as the blast swept past, or by the conflagrations, were able to engage in rescue work.

Had the bombs by accident or intent been exploded within a few hundred feet of the earth or adjacent waters, there would have been a cloud of dust or spray containing radioactive particles, subject to distribution by wind and weather, which could conceivably settle on whoever or whatever was out of doors for some minutes after the burst. Such particles would contribute lingering radioactive contamination. Even after the atmosphere is cleared of radioactive particles, those that have fallen to the ground can be picked up by pedestrians and by traveling vehicles, but fortunately the radioactivity of fission products decays rapidly after any atomic explosion.

The atomic weapons exploded at Eniwetok in May, 1951, were on steel towers, and were, therefore, low-level bursts. In a press conference on June 13, Brigadier General James Cooney, in reporting on these tests, stated: "In a low air burst just above the ground's surface, the significant residual radiation would be confined to an area 300 to 400 yards in radius. No rescue work would be required in this area, because it would be devastated. Rescuers outside of this area would not be subjected to injurious ionizing radiation in reaching survivors." This statement is not supplemented by any data on weather conditions, but one may assume that persons approaching ground zero in these tests did not do so from down wind.

General Cooney further stated: "Radiation safety surveys made after the tests in the immediate area of Eniwetok Atoll and neighboring inhabited atolls failed to reveal any contamination of a serious nature. Food and drinking water outside the destroyed area continued to be fit for human consumption."

The trouble with such statements as those quoted above is that they appear to cover more contingencies than they actually do, as is the case of all generalizations based on only a few observations. Explosions of any sort are unpredictable in all their ramifications, even as the lightning stroke is unpredictable in all its effects. Concerning atomic attack, the more we learn the better we can plan,

but at best we can hope for only a little knowledge. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing if its extent be overestimated: a little is better than none.

It is important not to overlook the caution uttered by the Chief of the Weapons Test Division of the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory of the Atomic Energy Commission in his statement on June 13: "Both military and civil defense leaders, noting that there has been improvement in weapons design, must necessarily plan on the basis of weapons several times more powerful than the Hiroshima-Nagasaki, or nominal weapon."

The unit of radiation is the roentgen: a whole body exposure to 50 roentgens will bring about nausea and some blood changes in most persons. This radiation sickness from such a dose is of a type from which complete recovery can be expected, for most persons, according to the data presented in *The Effects of Atomic Weapons*.

If as a result of low-level bomb burst, there is a region in which the radiation intensity at one hour after the explosion is read by meters at 10 roentgens per hour, that does not mean that firefighters and rescue workers may work for only 5 hours before getting the sickness dose of 50r. As a matter of fact, it would take 150 hours of continuous exposure to get this dose. Even then, we have no data to show how much less effective 50r may be over 150 hours than 50r in a few minutes, which is the basis of data given us.

However, it is only fair to point out that successive doses of radiation add up, not directly, but to some degree. The body cells have a power of recovery from radiation damage which has not been measured for man, but it is certainly substantial.

In Hiroshima after the air burst of the bomb, there developed a fire storm in the center of things. I have recently read a gruesome account of what this would mean to a city of the United States. But the fact is it might not develop. To feed fuel to a fire storm there must be a definite degree of concentration of roof area of buildings to total ground area. To have a fire storm there must be scores or hundreds of fires at once that can coalesce. But even a vulnerable area could be saved from this wholesale destruction if fire guard squads are available to cope with the fires at the start.

The principal hazards from atomic bombing are therefore not unknown: destructive blast as from any explosion, but in this case more powerful; a flash of heat that can be dodged if we are prepared and know where to go and have time to go there — and do so; nuclear radiation for a short time and a limited distance, against which substantial protection must be sought for a matter of seconds.

The lingering radiation associated with clouds of dust or mist from a bomb burst near the earth's surface is the principal hazard of atomic bombing which requires new measures of protection. The

thing to do in such a case is stay indoors until assured on good authority that it is safe to venture out; or if driven out, to seek shelter again as soon as possible, shedding outer clothing and shoes when entering another shelter, and following up with a prompt wash if possible. Decontamination is a long word which means removal of dirt from surfaces where the dirt has become radioactive or consists in part of radioactive fragments caused by an A-bomb explosion. Whether decontamination is cleansing of the skin and hair or the outside of food containers, it is a matter that can be accomplished to an astonishingly effective degree with soap and water and scrubbing.

Uncovered food that may have received falling dust or fog or rain shortly after a burst had best not be eaten until and unless it is declared safe by radiation monitoring services, which are needed for every community to some degree. Anything covered in cans or bottles or paper packages cannot have been harmed. It is safe to use if the outside of the container is first washed clean.

What happened to the unprepared inhabitants of the two bombed Japanese cities should never happen here. It could, however, if like the ostrich we bury our heads and take no effective measures. Men are not readily touched by disaster to others at a distance in time or space. I read frequently of homes that are burned out with perhaps loss of life. It is too bad, but what did the Sox do today in baseball? I don't really feel that my own house will ever catch fire, or if it should, that the fire department will not take care of it promptly. Nevertheless for nearly a half-century I have paid fire insurance premiums and I do not regret that I have never had occasion to cash in on this insurance.

The insurance of Civil Defense I will buy because I am convinced that the loss to settle without it is far too great to contemplate. I do not expect to be bombed or to be hurt by a bomb. But I am convinced that it could happen. I now am sure that if I am in a target area I shall in all probability need help if I am to survive. That help must come from someone else who is in the less damaged fringes of the area. It is only fair then that if I should be in the fringes of such an area, I be ready to go to the aid of the other fellow nearer in, for no amount of preparation will guarantee that no one will be hurt.

Many are sure to be hurt if this thing happens, and it can happen. Some of those hurt can be saved from resulting fire or other cause of loss of life if prompt action is available. Others will be without housing or food for a time. They may be my friends or strangers, or I may be one of them.

Preparation for mutual assistance and on an extensive scale is the premium we are asked to pay for this mutual insurance. It is a very small price for a very great gain if there ever comes a day of reckoning.



An Atlantic Story



A native New Yorker in his twenty-fifth year, PETER MATTHIESSEN was educated at Yale and the Sorbonne, and is now living and working in France. Last year he taught creative writing at Yale but gave up teaching in order to devote full time to his first novel. "Sadie," an Atlantic "First," appeared in the January issue. This is Mr. Matthiessen's second short story.

THE FIFTH DAY

by PETER MATTHIESSEN

FOUR days face to face with another man is a long time, especially four hot days of waiting in a Coast Guard dinghy on Peconic Bay. The morning of the fifth day, Dave Winton stiffened once more as he eased the dragging hook over the side for the last time, winced a moment later at the "thunk" of the twin hook tossed heavily into the water on the other side of the dinghy and the vicious hum of the outgoing line sawing back and forth over the gunwales. Joe put his out that way because it was handier, but to Dave the method made an uneasy difference: Joe's hook, if only because of the haste with which it plunged each morning into the bay, was the one which would find the body.

Dave secured his line around the middle seat and turned to Joe for instructions. Joe Robitelli was already settled comfortably in the stern, just as he'd been for four days: he hadn't even changed his shirt. The oars were untouched on the floor of the dinghy.

"You want me to start, Joe?"

"Start? Start what?"

"The oars. We have to keep moving around today, don't we?"

"The picket boat's gone, ain't it?" Joe shrugged his shoulders and lay back.

"Sure, but you said the body always shows up on the fifth day."

"That's right. Today or tomorrow, or for sure the day after."

Dave stared at him. Joe dragged a small canvas bag from beneath his head. "Look," he said, "Good Old Joe finally got wise to himself."

He hauled two hand lines and a wet bait package out of the bag and spread them triumphantly on the

stern seats. "How about that, Dave? And I got six cans of beer to go with it. A regular fishing party."

"I don't get it, Joe. I thought we were sure to find the guy today."

Joe stared back at him. Their faces were uncomfortably close in the drifting boat, and Dave watched him speaking: "Look, for Christ's sake, I've been tellin' you to relax for four days now, and today I get you all fixed up here with fish lines and beer, and you're still yappin'!"

With their faces so close together, the voice seemed to come from somewhere behind him.

"Okay," Dave said, "that was fine the first four days, but sooner or later, we're supposed to find this guy. Maybe we're right on top of him now."

"Look, we ain't supposed to do nothing but sit out here, so we might as well have a good time for ourselves. If the guy comes up, the guy comes up, but while we're waitin' for him, I robbed some bacon from the galley for bait and got us six beers as a present from the lighthouse boys."

Dave glanced restlessly at Joe's present, then watched him rig some bacon rind onto the hooks. Joe, glancing at him, winked and sang mournfully, "We three — are all a-lone —" with pointed emphasis on the "three," and winked again. Dave bent over for the oars to hide the irritation in his expression; they were pressed against the side of the boat by Joe's ankle. "What's up, Joe?"

"What's up, Dave?" Joe studied the baited hooks, his brows wrinkled in concentration.

"Look, I'll do the rowing if you don't want to."

"Take it easy, kid. Relax. Have a Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer."

"What about those people waiting on shore? What do you want to do, Joe, keep them waiting all week?"

"Take it easy, will ya? They're gonna wait anyway. Just take it easy." There was a taint of irritation in Joe's voice which denied his smile.

Dave stared at the water eddying silently around the dragging line. Those gloomy people on the pier in their new vacation clothes, and this guy bragging about beer and bacon. To hell with him. Right now the hooks were fumbling along the belly of the bay like two clubfeet, scraping and turning and raking the seaweed off the rocks in search of the drowned man. This very moment they could be pulling through the rotten clothes like fingernails through soggy paper. Or maybe he was caught in the lines, on his way to the surface.

Dave grimaced and looked at Joe. The latter was leaning back, arms spread and a fish line in each hand, his white cap over his eyes and a cigarette loose in his mouth.

"I guess I'll row awhile, just for the hell of it, Joe."

Joe shrugged his shoulders and took his foot away from the oars. His silence irritated Dave. He said:—

"You don't have to worry about my getting you in trouble," realizing the idea was ridiculous even before Joe hitched one of the fish lines around a cleat and pushed the cap back with the free hand, unveiling a stare of disbelief.

"What in hell do you mean by that, Davey Boy?"

"Nothing." Dave licked his lips. "I just don't feel right about those people ashore, I guess."

"I don't give a good goddam *how* you feel about them people ashore. Didn't the Old Man tell em go home and wait, but no, they gotta camp out here and raise a stink till we find him. They'd be yellin at us to get out here if there was a hurricane goin on, especially the ones like you, with a lot of dough and no sense. All we're out here for is to make em happy thinkin we're doing somethin, understand? We ain't even got a outboard motor."

Joe sucked violently on his cigarette.

"So don't give me this crap about gettin me in trouble, Sonny Boy. The Old Man himself wouldn't act no different than what I'm doin. I been at this game a long time, and you ain't nothin but a kid, I don't care how much dough you got, just remember that."

There was nothing to offer in defense of a wealthy family: Dave pulled the oars quietly. Joe was still glaring at him as the tension evaporated between their faces.

Then Joe laughed shortly, pulling his cap back over his eyes. "Look, Dave, all I'm sayin is, this bay's six miles across, and all we got is two lousy draggin hooks and a ten-foot dinghy. There ain't a prayer of findin the guy."

"Okay. Maybe I feel like getting a little exercise."

Joe flicked his cigarette over the side. It stuck on the flat bay water like a leaf on the mud. "Yeah," he said. "That's what you wanna do, Davey, get a little exercise."

And grinning sagely, Joe settled back and closed his eyes. Dave pulled steadily on the oars, prodding his blunder through his mind. Dave, the Rich Kid, making trouble for Joe Robitelli, the best-liked man on the station — Dave the Rich Kid . . .

2

DAVE cut viciously at the bland-faced water, and the oar, skating over the surface, arched a leaf of spray onto Joe's shirt. Joe's thick brown hand came up slowly, pushed its fingers over the drops, then drifted upwards to his cap, which was pushed back over the forehead. His eyes opened slightly, bright with a momentary suspicion, but widened abruptly at the spectacle of Dave's reddening face. One hazel eye winked in a sleepily patronizing manner before the thick hand rose again, methodic as a derrick, adjusted the cap over the eyes, and fell back over the stern.

Any day but today he might have been a stumpy Italian fisherman sleeping in the sun, his short legs sprawled in the bottom of any small boat in the world, but today he was a tough Brooklyn guinea with his cap over his eyes and a smelly shirt on his back, who didn't give a damn for the water, the sun, the morning, but especially not for the drowned man softening somewhere beneath them, nor the frightened family in their new vacation clothes who waited for the fifth day on the pier.

Dave spat noisily into the water. It was bad enough rowing around in the sun with two hooks dragging without having to watch a guy like this take it easy three feet away. And worst of all, Joe was right. There was no sense in rowing, no sense at all.

Dave rowed furiously, then rested the oars again. He watched the water fall in pointless drops from the blades. The body was sure to be off in the other direction.

Amusement deepened on the face of Joe; Dave waited for the brown hand to rise to the cap, then dipped the oars again in the teeth of the smile. But the smile judged him with confidence:—

"How you doin, Dave?"

"All right. It's getting kind of hot."

"Yeah, it must be. That's okay, though, as long as you're gettin your exercise, ain't it, Dave?"

The smile broadened. Joe pulled a pack of cigarettes out of his breast pocket and flicked one up. Dave refused it with a nod.

"The fish ain't bitin so good." Joe pulled the cigarette from the pack with his lips. "I guess there was plenty to eat the last few days here in the bay."

Joe secured the fish lines to the stern cleats and brought his hands up behind his head, chuckling at the subtlety of the implication.

"Why not boat them oars and take it easy, Davey Boy? You ain't provin' nothin'."

"I'm not trying to."

"Okay." He was watching Dave pull the oars in over his lap, and Dave, uneasy, drew a cigarette from his own pocket and lit it before he remembered. He glanced at Joe's expression.

"First of all you didn't like the fish lines and beer, and now my cigarettes ain't good enough for you," it said.

"I didn't feel like one a minute ago," Dave said. Joe didn't answer. They sat still in the hot boat until he spoke.

"I guess you got a lot of dough in your family, huh, Dave?"

"Lay off, Joe. What difference does it make?"

"No difference. I'm just askin'. It ain't nothin' to be ashamed of." Joe opened a can of beer without looking at it. "Like this guy we're lookin' for, he wasn't ashamed of it. He bought himself a little boat to take the family joy-ridin'."

"So what?"

"So he got himself drowned." Joe laughed.

"And you're not sorry for those people?"

"Sure I'm sorry. Sorry as hell. Still and all, they shoulda gone home like they was told."

"So we're not going to do a thing."

"Sure. We're gonna float around and look at the scenery until the guy pops up and asks for a beer."

Joe was smiling again, but the corners of his smile pointed down instead of up. Dave shifted on the seat. The sun was hot on his back, and his legs were cramped. What in hell was so funny. From where he sat, Joe's grin looked six inches across. And dumbly, he watched Joe lean forward and lift the oars from the oarlocks and lay them along the gunwales on top of the seats: total defeat, and to resist would be to expose himself again.

He eased himself onto the floor of the forward part of the dinghy, his back to Joe.

"That's a-boy, Dave, relax. Enjoy the scenery."

Joe's laugh ruffled through his hair, fell back with a triumphant clatter into the stern. Good Old Joe. One more smile and he'd ram an oar down Good Old Joe's throat: suppose that family was watching them from shore? Even the drowned man must be waiting for them now. He might be two inches under the dinghy, or rubbing softly against the drifting hull. Perhaps even Joe was nervous about him. People said he'd pop up like a rubber ball on the fifth day.

3

DAVE stirred uncomfortably as he peered at the water of the bay. Not a sound, not even a gull. Just the heat and the dry paint smell of the dinghy

and Good Old Joe in the stern, worrying about someone else's wife. Dave laughed at this idea, and the laugh caused a suspicious stir behind him.

Joe's voice was loud in the silence of the bay. "You hear how it happened?" The tone was innocent.

"How what happened?"

"The rich guy." Joe pronounced the words slowly. "The rich guy that got himself drowned."

"Oh yeah, the rich guy. The rich guy that got himself drowned." Dave paused. "Well, the way I heard it, Joe, this rich guy bought himself a little boat to take his family joy-riding and got himself drowned."

Under the noon sun, Dave's rage swarmed through him like fruit flies in a heated jar. He crouched in wait for Joe's reaction, afraid at the same time to turn and face it. Joe's tone, however, conveyed no hint of the wound.

"That's right, Dave, but how did it happen?"

"I don't know exactly," he parried. "The guys told me he tried to make it ashore to get help after they capsized."

"He tried to make it ashore okay, so he could save his own tail. I guess you thought he was a goddam hero or somethin'."

"Yeah, I guess I did. I guess I thought he was a goddam hero or something."

"Well he ain't. He run out on his wife and kids." Joe's voice was suddenly angry. "It's bad enough havin' these rich guys get salty on us and gettin' hung up on sand bars and makin' us risk our necks to save theirs, but I never thought they was all yella."

Joe's innuendo barged clumsily through the other words of the exchange, which hung in the silence overhead as if unwilling to drift away over the empty bay.

"Oh sure." Dave nodded his head philosophically. "That's the thing about rich guys, Joe. You wouldn't believe it, Joe, but all rich guys are yellow. The richer the guy, the wider the yellow streak, every time."

Dave turned to face Joe, excited to see his smile waver, fall away entirely.

"Don't get smart with me, Davey Boy. I'm wise to you. Just don't try that sarcastic line on me, understand?"

"What's the trouble, Joe?"

"Look, Sonny, I'm warnin' you, don't get so smart if you don't want a smack in the mouth'll last you a long time, understand. So watch yourself."

Dave eyed Joe a moment in silence, vaguely conscious of the beer smell on his breath. He felt his own smile flutter mournfully on his face, like a white flag in a dead man's hand; it didn't belong there, not because he was afraid but because the game was over, and now he was suddenly so angry that he spoke with difficulty, in a gasping, distant voice: "C'mon, Joey Boy, relax. Smile. Laugh. You

don't care about the rich guy, you're just out here for the laughs, remember? You wouldn't want to smack me in the mouth, would you, Joey Boy?"

Dave felt the unspoken support of the drowned man and laughed loudly, savagely, but Joe didn't hit him, only flipped his beer can over the side and hauled in the fish lines. And aware for the first time of the picket boat coming up behind, Dave groped aimlessly for the bow line. Joe grinned as they rigged the lowered pulley to the dinghy. "It's okay to shoot your mouth off with the boat comin, Davey Boy, but I'm gonna take you up behind the boat-house as soon as we tie up."

He watched Joe's raucous reception on the boat, his easy way with the other men, and going back, Dave's anger fizzled away in wide, erratic circles over the bay, like a stray wasp, until it disappeared entirely. The boat was early, he'd made a fool of himself, and he was going to have his head knocked off for nothing. They hadn't even found the drowned man. To hell with the drowned man, anyway.

Dave stepped onto the pier and turned to wait for Joe. Joe stood foremost in a grinning knot of men; Dave sensed that he was expected to act, and turned away. He stopped short at the sight of the corpse, in a chorus of quiet laughter.

The water was sliding out of the drowned man's clothes and escaping through the slats of the pier. Dave listened to its uneven tick on the dead water around the pilings. The terrible apathy of the carcass only made him wonder why they hadn't wrapped it up in canvas and taken it away before the family arrived in their new vacation clothes. Joe was right: they should have gone. This thing couldn't mean anything to them any more.

Looking away, he saw the Old Man coming down

the road to the pier, attended by two men with a stretcher, but the breeze, tacking momentarily, shocked him back into the dead man's presence. He stepped away, shouldering Joe.

"That's why they come for us early," Joe said. "The fifth day, just like I told you."

Joe glanced at the bulging mask without interest and turned back to Dave.

"Five days in the water don't do much for a guy." Joe studied Dave's expression.

"He don't look much like a hero, huh, Dave? Imagine a family hangin around five days to have a look at that."

"Okay, you win." Dave stared at the face again and sat down abruptly on the edge of the pier. "Only leave him alone," he muttered, his voice far away. "Why don't you leave him alone."

"I ain't botherin him none."

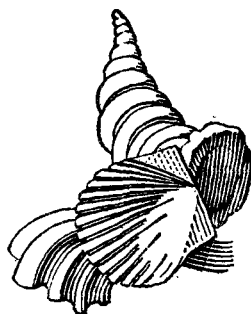
When Joe laughed, Dave opened his eyes. He saw the proffered cigarette in the dark heavy hand, but he could not move. Joe tapped the cigarette against the back of the hand.

"Here they come," he said.

They watched the drowned man's family approach the foot of the pier, like a knot of sheep unsure of their footing, then glanced at the stretchermen, who were pushing the body onto a rusty square of canvas.

"Snap it up, you guys." Joe's tone was angry under his breath. "C'mon, Dave," he said. He hurried down the pier after the men from the picket boat.

Dave stood up, but his legs moved uncertainly. The sun was very hot. He watched the other men meet and pass the oncoming family, both groups moving shyly, in single file. Most of the men had removed their caps.





A native of Greenville, Mississippi, and a graduate of Yale, DAVID L. COHN has come to judge this country by cosmopolitan standards. In the short paper which follows, he raises a vital question: Have we the right temperament to cope with the responsibilities we have assumed? Mr. Cohn's books include Picking America's Pockets, a volume about our tariff policy; Where I Was Born and Raised, a study of race relations; a war diary covering some 40,000 miles; and two volumes of a lighter nature, The Good Old Days and Love in America.

THE AMERICAN TEMPERAMENT

by DAVID L. COHN

ALL that we are doing, or must do, in international affairs is deeply repugnant to us. Only lately come into the stream of history, we are uncertainly breasting its currents. Having much, we want little. A puppy-friendly people with warm luncheon-club hearts, we want to be loved, if not respected, by others. But we are appalled to find that we are getting little love and less respect. It is of no weight with us that nations do not love one another in a June-moon way; that the rich are unlikely to be loved by a poor world; or that what we are doing, provocative of love, as the Marshall Plan, is done largely for our own sake.

Above all, perhaps, we want to be let alone to enjoy our comforts. (Our predecessors in the Americas, the Aztecs, Incas, Arapahoes, had the same desire.) Yet we are not let alone, and we are dismayed that not soon shall we be able to go to Cooper's Wells for the summer, forgetful of the world. Why, we ask in a mood akin to self-pity, should this happen to us; a kind, loving people who want merely to be loved and let alone?

Wanting little, there is much we do not want. We do not want to lead the free world with all that that entails of expenditure of blood and treasure. The role was not sought by us but thrust upon us by destiny. It infuriates us that we cannot evade destiny; that we must lead or perish. O for the good old century between Waterloo and the outbreak of the First World War! Then Britain policed the earth, we got a free ride, and could conquer the West and build America. We little reckoned that every day, at the Khyber Pass, or in some fetid jungle, an Englishman was killed, "far from the English speech and far from the English singing," as Masfield said of his compatriots who died at Gallipoli. Yet this, however much we try to escape the reality, is the inescapable price of leadership.

It is nothing to us that for decades, with a self-

righteousness others found repulsive, we lectured the great nations upon what we took to be their moral, spiritual shortcomings. We prated of our devotion to Western civilization. Ought we not, therefore, when it is in supreme peril — unless we have been hypocrites all along — regard it as a somber privilege that destiny has made us its last great defender? On the contrary, we look frenziedly for the devil who has brought us to this pass — a Truman, a Marshall, an Acheson; we bewail our fate, the chromium trim of the car daily growing thinner.

We do not want to face the prospect of war; still less of standing to arms indefinitely, our men away from home, our living standard threatened. (As well might the embryo struggle against being born.) But war faces us; we must stand to arms. Recently, in discussing Korea with an elderly, Virginia-born Negro woman whose son was entering the Army, she quietly expressed the melancholy truth. "Some folks," she said, "have to die so that the rest of us can live."

Similarly, as we do not want to lead, but do not want to follow, we find it distasteful to deal with allies. This implies consulting them, aiding them, living with them, as though bound to an uncertain marriage, in a state of antagonistic coöperation. Yet we are fearful to go it alone. Hence, for these reasons, the vulture of frustration tears at our liver.

Technically competent, we are politically incompetent. "The object of war," says General MacArthur, "is victory." So it is — militarily. Its object, it seems to me, is peace. We have won two wars in this generation and, twice losing the peace, now face a third world war. This is a measure, not only of our technical competence on the one hand and our political incompetence on the other, but also of our aptness for the short-term job and our ineptness for the long-term task; an

endeavor at which Russia excels out of the reservoirs of her patience. Yet although we have been only fourteen months in Korea, millions of us demand of General Marshall that he show us, in black and white, how to end the conflict. Else we shall take things in our own hands by leaping before we look.

Shortsighted, emotional, impatient, physically energetic but mentally lazy, possessors of a spectrum containing only the colors of black and white, devoted to "education" but wary of ideas and suspicious of "professors" in public life, corroded by our belief in the Easy Way and given to the pathetic illusion that complex problems will yield to a sovereign remedy, we swing, a capricious colossus, in a wide arc from pessimism to optimism, thereby bewildering our friends and enemies. Every time there is a lull in hostilities, we fall back into our nylon dreams. If we advance ten miles in Korea, Congress retreats fifty miles. If we retreat ten miles in Korea, Congress prepares to march to Peiping. This poses a problem of a kind for our military leaders.

Are we temperamentally fitted to pursue a policy of arming at home, arming our friends, aiding them economically, and fending off the Russians for years through the indeterminate future; the policy upon which we are embarked? This is a long-term policy and its successful application implies great patience on our part, willingness to stand to arms for years, the ability to deal skillfully with allies of many kinds and many minds, to pay a high price in men away from home, casualties, treasures. All this without any guarantee of how the policy will turn out. It is a common boast of ours that we can take it. But can we stand it? Is endurance coiled in our bowels? Would we not risk a world war with millions of casualties and the wreckage of our civilization rather than pay the high, if lesser, price of what may be loosely termed "containment" of our enemy; a price requiring us to restrain impetuosity on the leash of will?

We do not know. We are profoundly disconcerted and frustrated, I suggest, because we refuse to accept the basic biological premise that the inescapable imperative of living is struggle; the primary

condition of naked, night-enshrouded man forever seeking to return to the lost Eden whose gates are forever barred against him. You struggle, you adapt yourself to the changing environment, or you perish. You understand, or fail to understand at your peril, the truth of Bertrand Russell's observation that "ninety per cent of the people of the world would rather run the risk of being killed than be sensible," an observation presently illuminated by our behavior. You know, or ought to know, since this is the hallmark of being adult, that while everything is for sale in the world's bazaars, a price is attached to every item; often a high price. You realize that action for action's sake may be merely an expression of murderous petulance or of the bankruptcy of ideas; that no nation may forever escape the consequences of its folly; that the race is not always to the swift or the battle to the strong.

Unmindful of all this, however, we want — we demand — quick, decisive victory in China, and we not unnaturally turn to the man who promises it. There are others who have another point of view. These include Winston Churchill, who has seen as much of war as any man of our times and who, even intellectually, compares not unfavorably with General MacArthur. He puts it this way: —

Those who are prone . . . to seek sharp clearcut solutions of difficult . . . problems . . . have not always been right. . . . Those whose inclination is to bow their heads, to seek patiently . . . for peaceful compromise, are not always wrong. . . . In a majority of instances, they may be right. . . . How many wars have been averted by patience and persisting goodwill! . . . How many wars have been precipitated by firebrands!

If, he adds, force must be forced, then one ought to use it at the *most favorable moment*. Have we exhausted all the alternatives to honorable peace? If there must be war, is this the most favorable moment for us?

Soviet Russia alone cannot destroy us. But neither can Pittsburgh and Detroit alone save us. Confronted by a novel enemy using novel weapons, victory over him requires that we behave in ways hitherto alien to our temperament. Time alone will tell whether we can work the transformation.





On the magnificent stretch of Nauset Beach and on the ponds and marshes that lie inland, DR. WYMAN RICHARDSON for going on fifty summers has lived a life of action and observation, watching the bird life as he has paddled or fished for stripers, and ever conscious of the sea changes which, he tells us, roll in the fog one day in three. This is the seventh in his series of Cape Cod essays which have appeared in the ATLANTIC.

FOG

by WYMAN RICHARDSON, M.D.

1

FOG! The terror of all navigators, whether on land, sea, or in the air. Great is its power — for it can slow down and stop all moving wheels, spoil the lawn party at the Casino, cut into the resort proprietor's net, and incite the Browns to wrangling again due to their all-night foghorn sleeplessness. I well remember my Prides Crossing friend's annoyance when I told him that his snoring had kept me awake all night.

"That was Baker's Island foghorn," he explained.

What is fog? The answer is easy. Fog is a cloud. Whenever you are in a cloud, you are in fog. If you are either above or below fog, it becomes a cloud. What is a cloud? A cloud is a mass of water vapor which has condensed into fine particles of water.

Why is fog? Generalities are easy to mouth. "Fog occurs when warm, moisture-laden air meets cold air." Therefore, heavy fog belts are found where warm and cold ocean currents meet. Also fog occurs when there is a considerable difference between a suddenly lowered air temperature and the temperature of large bodies of water; such as, for instance, the "river damp" which hangs over pond and river during the night and early dawn of a still, cold May or October morning, or the "steam" which rises from the ocean on a below-zero day, and causes such havoc with shipping traffic. But why fog suddenly appears in a certain area, and as suddenly vanishes in the same area, I have never understood.

The waters of outer Cape Cod are in the "heavy fog belt," which I believe means that fog occurs on the average on one out of every three days. Fortunately for us at the Farm House, the fog frequently hangs offshore, where it can sometimes be seen as a low-lying, rather ominous wall of cloud. Perhaps it will drift in and off the lower end of Nauset Marsh, blotting out for a time the East Orleans headland; occasionally, it will shut down

thick across the entire Cape and smother us in a blanket of moisture. The next day, likely as not, a hot "muggy" sou'wester will blow endless strands of fog across and away to the east, the sun gradually lifting them higher and higher into "fog clouds" until finally the sky is clear. Be sure you have your compass, though; for when the sun drops, the wind may drop too. Then that sudden chill east air strikes your cheek, and you find yourself alone in a strange world, landmarks obliterated, familiar objects distorted. Birds do not like fog; neither do I.

One of my earliest definite recollections of a fog experience was when I was a boy. Mel Marble, our skipper, took me out in my father's 21-foot catboat, the "Kingfisher," to Cleveland's Ledge in order to bottom fish. (Cleveland's Ledge, incidentally, was discovered by my father and Mel Marble when they were trolling for bluefish in the middle of Buzzards Bay with a 2-pound lead tied 150 feet out on a 300-foot line. The wind unexpectedly petered out, and the lead caught in a rocky ledge. A quick jibe saved line and lead, and soon a little sounding demonstrated a large group of rocks. I believe they anchored at once and caught a good mess of rock [sea] bass, and tautog. President Cleveland, who spent his summers at "Gray Gables" at the head of the Bay, and who was a great fisherman, was told of this spot and came so often to fish it that it has been known ever since as "Cleveland's Ledge.")

On the present occasion, a heavy fog shut in and with it came a light northeast air. Does the east wind bring the fog, or the fog bring the east wind?

Anyway, we fished for a spell and then decided to make our way in. Mel got out the box compass and we headed by dead reckoning for Marion Harbor. The jaws of the gaff creaked loudly as the uneasy swell swung the sail inboard and then slatted it back. But through it all came the clear, steady tones of the Bird Island fog bell.

"Gee, this is easy," I said.

Mel said, "Humph!"

We kept the bell to starboard as we slowly made our close-hauled way. The bell suddenly sounded very loud. "We're going ashore on Southeast Ledge, Mel," I said, in some perturbation.

Mel smiled, said nothing, and kept his eye on the compass. Then, just as suddenly, the sound of the bell stopped. I waited awhile, and then got scared.

"Why did they stop it?" I asked Mel.

"Didn't," said he. "Noises hop around in a fog."

Just then the red Centreboard Ledge buoy loomed out. Our craft not drawing very much water, we left the buoy a hundred yards to port, at which point we were dead to leeward of Bird Island, and very close to it. No fog bell. Later on, when we came upon the black Seal Rocks buoy (and left it, also, carefully to port) suddenly the bell became insistently loud. Since then I have often observed that sounds, in a light air, can best be heard across the wind. At the Farm House we hear the whistling buoy, or "grunter," off the Inlet, which is southeast of us, in a southwest air; and sometimes, when the breeze is southeast, we hear the whistler off the Peaked Hill bar to the northeast.

2

Fog can do queer things. Some years ago, a friend and I sat in the grass on Porchy Marsh, at the spot where the then high, sandy Porchy bar made out across the channel toward Teal Hummock. It was a sultry September afternoon; and soon the fog shut in thick. Shooting in thick fog is not much fun; for the fun of shooting lies in being out of doors, in a pleasant spot, with a good view both of the surrounding landscape and of the passing wildlife. In a fog, one's world is limited to a 300-foot radius. Nothing is seen except for an unexpected, ghostlike apparition which turns out to be a herring gull. Occasionally, the clear, pewee-like notes of a black-breasted plover, or the more staccato call of the yellowlegs, bring forth a burst of frantic, and usually ineffective, imitation from our whistles. A flock or two of peep will suddenly swirl over our heads, so close as nearly to remove our hats.

On this occasion, just before dark, we had shot at a bunch of summer (lesser) yellowlegs; and after a vast amount of banging, we managed to bag one — small pickings for two hungry men. As darkness began to fall, we picked up and started to row across the channel toward the just visible Middle Flat. Halfway across the channel, we wondered if we had remembered to put our game inside the boat. We both rummaged around in the cockpit, finally found the bird, and looked up. We still could make out both the Porchy and the Middle Flat shore. We continued on our way home. Fifteen minutes later, when we should have been off Uncle Heeman's Creek, I became uneasy. We came to a

wide creek; but even in spite of the tide, it looked too big and did not run off at the correct angle. I took out my compass. We were headed south, out near the Inlet, instead of north, just off the Cedar Bank and nearly home. It gave me a shock I have never forgotten. Of course, what had happened was that when we both were busy looking for our bird, the boat had made a 180-degree turn. When we looked up, the relative positions of the dimly seen shore lines remained the same, and we went south instead of north. I was glad I had taken my compass with me; indeed without it we might have become involved in some real difficulty. Since then, I have never gone out, either in the Nauset Marsh, or on the West Shore flats, or in the woods, without a compass.

And fog can do still other queer things. A foggy day on the beach, especially if one is alone, may give one the creeps, although perhaps not to the extent of bringing about a precipitate retreat. My brother was casting off the beach into the fog, one afternoon, and working north along the shore. He came to a man sitting at the top of the rising behind him. "Any luck?" asked Harry, backing up the beach as he reeled in.

There was no answer. Harry turned around and saw to his chagrin that he was addressing a lobster pot which had washed ashore.

My daughter Margaret and I took out the canoe early one black morning. As we left the boathouse at the Salt Pond Creek, a perceptible lightening of the previously black darkness suggested that possibly the almanac was right. We crept along under the Cedar Bank, which by now could easily be made out, and fished up the Cedar Bank Channel. Gradually, the light increased, but we could not see much afield. After quite a long while, the cupola of the Nauset Coast Guard Station suddenly appeared and we found ourselves close to the bluff at the head of Nauset Bay. There was no evidence of bird, or any other, life. However, as we turned back and headed into the Minister's Channel, our friend the musical crow could be heard calling from the vicinity of the Cedar Bank.

A short distance below Minister's Point, which marks the junction of the Minister's Channel with the Beach Run to form the Beach Channel, Marg hooked into a fish and after a few minutes skillfully brought a nice 2-pound bass to the net. This area, between White's shanty and the cut-through below White's, has frequently produced a fish. (One of my friends, however, complains that these directions are insufficient, inasmuch as White's house, some ten years ago, was completely washed away during an exceptional tide and storm; and the "cut" through the dunes, which produced such a convenient sandy point on which to make a duck blind, has for at least five years been blocked by rapidly growing sand dunes.) When at last we paddled out by Caleb's Hummock at the mouth of

the Beach Channel, quite happy to have caught a fish, the general brightness indicated that the sun was up. However, except for Caleb's Hummock and the opposite nearby edge of the Middle Flat, we could see nothing. Our world became a peculiarly spherical one, limited to a narrow 200-foot radius. I took my compass out and put it on the canoe bottom before me. For below the mouth of the Beach Channel there is a stretch of wide water at high tide.

"Look," I said, pointing. "There is a man fishing on the Porchy riffles."

I could see him standing up in a skiff and casting.

"Yes," said Marg. "We better not go too near."

"I hear he has caught a lot of fish that way," I remarked, as I headed away to give him plenty of room. Just then he rose from the water and flew off. He had suddenly turned into a young, dark herring gull.

On another occasion, during the war, my daughter Charlotte and I made almost the same circuit in the midst of a thick fog. On our way home, we heard the loud roaring of motors.

"Lost airplane," I said and shuddered a bit. "Thick fog, no radio direction, gas low, hoping for a safe crash landing."

We paddled harder; the engines roared louder; and soon we saw the huge hull of a flying boat coming to rest off the First Hummock, across the channel from the Cedar Bank. We really made time, pushing the canoe so fast as to make her dip with every stroke. And then, suddenly our crippled airplane began more and more to take the shape of a motorboat. When finally we came close, it turned out to be a cabin cruiser, trying to get out on the top of an unusually high tide and well stuck on the flat just across from First Hummock. What in the world, we thought, was a boat of this draught doing inside the Nauset Marsh? We told the disgruntled and somewhat truculent skipper where the channel was (he found it on the evening tide), and ever since have been skeptical as to his occupation.

The suddenness of fog is one of its worst features. Last summer, we went out in the canoe at high water, a couple of hours before sunset. It was a beautiful, warm afternoon, with almost no wind and a clear sky. We again cruised over the Nauset Bay flats, but found no bass. On our way down the Minister's Channel we could see umbrella handles here and there, sticking up out of the marsh grass. Occasionally, one would suddenly straighten out and a great ungainly, yet strangely graceful, loose-jointed hulk of a bird would leisurely take off, trailing long legs behind and eventually curling its neck back over its shoulders. The great blue herons like the Middle Flat and at high water, in September and October, collect in loose groups, each bird striking a different pose. One will stand erect, sharp beak lifted and gleaming yellow eye turned skyward; another hunches up, halving his size,

draws in his neck, cocks his head, and eyes the water beneath him. If luckily you have him in the field of your glasses, and if he does not suspect your presence, you may see a sudden motion. So fast is the strike that only the obvious swallowing undulation of the neck, with head uplifted, indicates the destiny of a hapless minnow.

A half hour before sunset finds you out of the Beach Channel below Caleb's Hummock, just as the ebb begins to sweep across the Goose Hummock flats, by every rule the time of times to catch a fish. But the fish do not seem to know the rules and there is no excitement. And then silently and relentlessly small puffs of fog come drifting across the dunes "on little cat feet." A slight chill creeps up your spine; the extra sweater is retrieved from under the bow. Old Sol, a moment ago so strong and invincible, suddenly begins to lose his power. A cold air from the east ripples the water. And then, all at once, your world is blotted out. Abruptly, the roar of the surf seems close aboard.

"Let's get back," you say, somewhat casually, as you fish for the compass in the bottom of the tackle bag.

As darkness rapidly descends, the thought of the Farm House seems good. A fire, so out of place this hot noon, now seems highly desirable. You put a bit more drive to your chunking paddles, follow up the Porchy shore and around Tom Doane's Hummock, and take a bearing just west of north-west from Pull Devil Corner. The gray dimness becomes darker, all landmarks disappear, and you wonder whether the black or the white end of the compass needle points to north. Fortunately, you have scratched the formula on the back of the case: " $B = N$." Of a sudden, the cricket chorus hits your consciousness. Then a strange headland, with an unusual pattern of cedars, looms out of the fog. Where are you? This is unfamiliar ground. Perhaps you got turned around. This looks like the lower end of Skiff Hill. No! Here is the Salt Pond Creek and there is the boathouse. You are safe in port. Now it seems ridiculous to have been so, yes, scared. The weather is warm, the marsh landlocked except for a narrow inlet; real harm is well-nigh impossible. And yet — and yet, the fog gets you down. You want home. And you are afraid you are not going to get there.

And then, at home at last after the long climb up the hill, standing before a crackling fire with a glass in hand containing just a smitch of bourbon, you forget your fear. Fog is not bad; it is good fishing weather. There is usually little or no wind, and the bright sun, with its dark shadows, is dimmed and does not frighten the fish. You must make an early start tomorrow.

Fog! Terror of all navigators! Yes, even on the Nauset Marsh you cast your spell and bring a chill to the stoutest heart. Birds do not like you; neither do I.



Road-racing gave the American automobile industry an impetus it was never to lose, and few sports events in our history have drawn crowds comparable to the 500,000 who turned out for the Vanderbilt Cup competitions forty-odd years ago. KEN PURDY is editor of *True*, an authority on motor racing here and abroad, and he recently gave up his 1912 brassbound Mercer Raceabout in favor of a vintage Grand Prix Bugatti.

THE VANDERBILT CUP

by KEN PURDY

1

IN 1904 they were singing "Give My Regards to Broadway" and Jim Jeffries was heavyweight champion of the world. Mrs. Fiske and George Arliss were playing *Becky Sharp* and New York City was finishing the first subway. The Russians and the Japanese were squared off in one of those nice little *opéra bouffe* wars, women were beginning to demand the right to vote, and one J. B. Fowler showed the world the first thin threat of television: a gimmick for sending photographs over telephone lines. The Waldorf-Astoria menu listed oysters at 25 cents, caviar canapés at 50 cents, prime roast beef at 60 and English partridge at 75. On Friday, October 7, 1904, the Waldorf kitchens stayed open all night, for fifty-two breakfast parties had been scheduled for the hours between 2 A.M. and 7, and in addition many a cold bird and bottle had to be made ready for picnic baskets. The bloods of the town and their ladies were being provisioned for the long trip to Westbury, Long Island, and the first running of the Vanderbilt Cup Race.

Those who had started early enough were on hand when the rising sun picked out the potato fields blanketing the western reaches of the Island. A few seconds before 6 o'clock A. L. Campbell's heavy Mercedes clanked up to the starting line, drawn across the Jericho Turnpike near Westbury. The official starter, his hand fisted around a stop watch, yelled "Go!" and Campbell shot into the first of ten laps of the 28.4-mile triangular course. Behind him sixteen of the original eighteen starters — Alfred G. Vanderbilt's Fiat had broken down — milled around in a thunder of engines, some of them knifing the half-darkness with 2-foot-long flames from their open exhausts. One after another, every two minutes, they banged across the line in Campbell's wake.

There were 25,000 spectators on the course. They had never seen anything like this before, they didn't know how to behave, and the only thing that saved

a brigade of them from instant death was the constant cry "Car coming! Car coming!" that swept ahead of the drivers like wind before a storm. At the last moment people turned, flung themselves into ditches as the cars boomed past, then jumped up and scrambled back on the road to watch the speck vanish until another "Car coming! Car coming!" about-faced them into the ditches again.

There was plenty of carnage on the course. George Arents, Jr., driving a Mercedes, blew a tire near Elmont on the Hempstead-Jamaica road. The bare rim caught in a trolley track and the car turned over, injuring Arents and killing his riding mechanic, Carl Mensel. A. C. Webb wrapped his Pope-Toledo around a tree without much harm to himself or his mechanic. A Mercedes stopped for adjustment, the driver forgot where his mechanic was — under the car — and ran over him. But the race went on, for 6 hours, 56 minutes, and 45 seconds, when the American George Heath, driving a Panhard, hit the finish line to win for France. A minute and a half behind him was Albert Clement in a Clement-Bayard, another French car. Lytle's 24-horsepower Pope-Toledo was unofficially third. The spectators had got completely out of hand at that point, and the race was stopped, lest the course be really bloodied up. Thus the first of the Vanderbilt Cup Races and the beginning of a sporting event that was to top, literally by the hundreds of thousands, any American spectator event before or since.

The race very nearly never happened, for opposition to the idea had been fierce and constant, with press and pulpit in the van. Preached the Reverend Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis of Plymouth Congregational Church in Brooklyn, New York: "Men of today are choking themselves with luxuries. Oh, the degradation of such a scene! As foolish as a bullfight; as vulgar as reddening the sands in a gladiatorial contest; as revolting as bartering Christ's garments for a few pieces of silver."

William K. Vanderbilt nevertheless prevailed. He had driven in many European road races and he believed that these contests were responsible for the superiority of the Continental automobile. The American Automobile Association looked upon him with favor. In 1902 he had placed third in the Circuit des Ardennes in Belgium and immediately afterward had set up a distance record by motoring from Bastogne to Paris in one day. The same year saw him make new world marks for the kilometer and the mile and in January, 1904, he hung up world's records at distances from 1 mile to 50 at Ormond Beach in Florida. Mr. Vanderbilt was a driver and a sportsman, and the A.A.A. was pleased to accept the cup he put up; it stood 31 inches high and weighed 481 ounces of sterling silver.

The rules were simple: cars to weigh between 881 and 2204 pounds, each to carry two persons weighing at least 132 pounds and to run over a route of not less than 250 miles of open road, not more than 300. The race was open to any clubs recognized by either the A.A.A. or the Automobile Club of France, no country to enter more than ten cars, the cup to be held by clubs only, not by individuals.

The announcement of the race on July 7, 1904, was followed shortly by loud outcries from many quarters. There were public hearings, court orders and counterorders, threats of injunction and other legal ambushes. There were those who felt that the official notice of the race, posted along the proposed course, was couched in unfortunate terms: —

"An automobile race over a distance of between 250 and 300 miles will be held for the William K. Vanderbilt Jr. Cup on Saturday October 8. The start will be at Westbury at daylight.

"All persons are warned against using the roads between the hours of 5 A.M. and 3 P.M.

"Officers will be stationed along the road to prevent accidents. The Board of Supervisors of Nassau County has set aside the following roads for the use of the racers on October 8.

"Jericho Turnpike, from Queens to Plain Edge; Massapequa Road, Jericho to Plain Edge; Plain Edge Road (Bethpage Road), Plain Edge to Hempstead; Fulton Street, Hempstead to Jamaica.

"A reduced rate of speed will be maintained while passing through Hicksville. Three minutes will be allowed to pass through the village. Six minutes will be allowed to pass through Hempstead.

"All persons are cautioned against allowing domestic animals or fowl to be at large. Children unattended should be kept off the roads.

"Chain your dogs and lock up your fowl.

"To avoid danger, don't crowd into the road."

Said the New York *Times* on October 1: "The farmers of Nassau County are asking what the common roads are for and who has the right to surrender them for purposes which put in jeopardy all who use them in a legitimate way for intercommunications and the movement of merchandise. To notify those

who need to use the roads for the purposes for which they are designed and maintained at public expense to keep off them on a certain day between the hours of 5 A.M. and 3 P.M. that the owners of road locomotives may run at dangerous speed is calculated to start an inquiry as to who has the right to thus devote public property to private use.

"It is to be regretted that those interested in promoting the development of the automobile have a talent for doing things to antagonize public opinion so bitterly."

On October 4, having presumably heard from its correspondents in the field, the *Times* offered a sharper warning: "The farmers are not only determined but 'embattled.' They announce to their unfaithful Supervisors as well as to the automobilists that it is their fixed intention to use the highways of the county for their lawful occasions in exactly the same way on the day set for the automobile race as on any other day. We may even expect that they will drive to and from market with even more leisureliness than the air of Long Island commonly induces on the part of its inhabitants, and that they will take the middle of the road like so many Populists, to put obstacles in the way of the octopus. They also announce their intention of carrying firearms to protect themselves in case their lives should be menaced by the precipitate scorchers. The speed maniac, while he is yet accessible to reason, will probably pay heed to the warning of the farmers of Nassau."

Apparently the good folk thought better of it, though, for it is not recorded that there was a shot fired in anger during the race. Even the housewives of the Islands, bitter before the race because of the crude oil road-dressing tracked into their parlors, held their peace. The shrewder among them had begun to see possibilities of profit, and when the 1905 races were held, it cost the city slickers \$25 each to park their cars in farmers' yards, and the price of home-brewed coffee, cakes, and soft drinks topped anything ever dreamed of in Gotham's plushiest pleasure-domes.

2

THE 1905 race was run on October 14 and there were twenty entries. The best of the European *maestri* were on hand: the giant Lancia, driving a Fiat; Jenatzy, immortal as the first man to hit 60 m.p.h., on a Mercedes; Nazzaro, appropriately named Szisz, driving a Renault for France, and Victor Hemery, fresh from winning the Belgian Ardennes race. The great Joe Tracy was favored among the Americans, and Foxhall Keene, darling of the Long Island gentry, was rated well up. It was Lancia, though, who really bemused the peasants. A monster of a man, nerveless, forever bellying with laughter, he had a well-developed flair for the spotlight. His car was the noisiest of them

all, and he drove it to the limit of madness. When the Italians left Porrier's Hotel in Garden City in the darkness before the race, a thousand people gaped as Lancia, standing beside his bellowing racer, emptied a bottle of champagne at a gulp before he climbed aboard.

He drove like a man used to backing up his brags. At the end of the fourth lap he was 20 minutes ahead of the field. He did the first 113 miles at an average of 72 m.p.h., which meant that he was hitting 100 wherever the dubious roadway would allow him to do it with a fighting chance for survival. Tire trouble cost him 4 minutes, but still he led, and "every time he passed the stands he was given a rousing cheer, and he laughed merrily and waved his hands to the crowd." But the big Italian could play rough, too. He came in for fuel on the eighth lap and was about to start again when Walter Christie came along flat-out. Lancia's mechanic screamed to him to wait, but he pulled out straight into Christie's path. The American refused to give up his right-of-way. Christie's car was destroyed, his mechanic catapulted into a field like a thrown rag doll. A pair of damaged rear wheels on the Fiat took Lancia an hour to fix, after he had spent a few minutes persuading the crowd not to tear him limb from limb for having wrecked Christie. He was in sixth place when he started again, and drove to such purpose that he finished fourth. Victor Hemery won in a Darracq at an average of 61.48 m.p.h. George Heath was second in his Panhard and Joe Tracy third for Locomobile — the first time an American car and driver had ever placed in international competition.

There were the usual wrecks and derelicts strewn about the course. In addition to Christie's smashup, Lytle hit a dog at Krug's Corner and missed the next bend altogether. He ran up the bank and ripped through a fence. Louis Chevrolet wrapped his Fiat around a telegraph pole on Willis Avenue, and Foxhall Keene smashed into a pole near Albertson. The huge crowd showed symptoms of the strange mania, a sort of death-compulsion, that was to reach full flower the next year. Women and baby carriages cluttered the most dangerous point on the course. Men and small boys clung to overloaded trees fringing the roadway, like starlings at roost. Miraculously none of those who fell found themselves in front of cars. Of course no one got out of the way until the last possible instant. Venders sold thousands of sticks with feathers tied to the ends. The sole use for these unlikely gadgets was to tickle the drivers as they sped past. "I tickled Lancia!" a woman would scream. "That's nothing," another would answer her, "I got Nazzaro on the last round!"

The races of '04 and '05 were mere warm-ups for 1906. The running of the Cup that year provided sport on a truly Homeric scale. By this time the race had the impetus of a successful Broadway

musical behind it. Elsie Janis, the darling of the age, had opened in *The Vanderbilt Cup*, a solid hit that ran for two seasons and portrayed the character of Barney Oldfield. The distance was ten laps of 29.7 miles each, and the course had eleven bad corners, including a complete U, numerous curves and S-bends, as well as two steep hills. As before, it started on Jericho Turnpike, hit East Norwich, Bulls Head, then Old Westbury, Roslyn Hill, Manhasset, Lakeville, Albertson, Krug's Corner.

All the old favorites were back: Lancia, the now-veteran team of driver Joe Tracy and mechanic Al Poole (they had won the American elimination on a wondrous new Locomobile), Jenatzy, Nazzaro, Heath, Wagner, Clement. There were newcomers, too, most picturesque of them one Hubert Le Blon, a Frenchman with a foot-long black beard, driving an American Thomas. The motoring journalists of the day flogged simile to death in describing Le Blon and Tracy: "Provided with a generous beard that overspread his kindly but determined face, the man of France, whose work for nearly a decade has been the driving of speed chariots, might have been taken for Old Father Time in a wild flight to girdle the globe before the rising sun could foretell his coming."

Of Tracy: "... then hurtled into view the pace killer of the age, bounding along with frightful velocity, its pilot releasing all semblance of sanity and caution with the goal in plain sight. None had ever seen Tracy drive in such grand form, sitting erect and awe-inspiring like a Norse sea-king of old for whom the unknown seas had no terrors."

3

BY LATE afternoon on October 5, Cup eve, spectators were streaming out of New York. They came by train, car, bicycle, and by foot. They stormed into farmhouses, hotels, and taverns, where a "suite" might cost \$100 for the night. A reporter for the *Sun*, stationed along one of the main arteries out of the city, wrote that for six hours an unbroken chain of cars crawled past him, head lamp to trunk rack. It was estimated, perhaps rosily, that \$40,000,000 worth of automobiles were parked along the course, practically all the cars in the East. By dawn, more than 300,000 people were lining the roads, devouring cold turkey and champagne, or beer and hard-boiled eggs, according to their station. "And if we're estimating," an old Cup fan said recently, "I estimate that 90 per cent of them were pie-eyed by 11 o'clock. Why not? None of them had been to bed."

Le Blon was first off just before 6 A.M., and it wasn't long before things began to happen. Shephard, driving a Hotchkiss for the French, ran wild at Krug's Corner and ripped into the crowd, killing a man named Curt Gruner. Tracy got into a skid at East Norwich and tossed one onlooker 15 feet,

another 10 feet, and ran over a small boy. He stopped to do what he could. In front of the grandstands, the official announcer, one Peter Prunty, equipped with an oversize megaphone and a voice that could shatter windows a mile distant, relayed the telephone reports as they came into the headquarters shack. "Shephard has crashed at Krug's Corner! Two men hurt. Tracy skidded into the crowd at East Norwich!"

Just then Tracy himself loomed out of the west, jammed on his brakes, and slid to a stop in front of the Race Committee stand. "For God's sake," he shouted, "if the crowd isn't controlled, a hundred people are going to be killed!" He was off again in a second. Vanderbilt jumped into his white Mercedes and disappeared down the course. He tried to appeal to the crowds but there was nothing he could do. The police were completely ineffectual. There were 20,000 people at Krug's Corner, 7000 at the U-turn — "The Hairpin" — near Old Westbury.

A Dr. Wiellschott, handling a 120-horsepower Fiat for the Italians, lost his steering gear at the foot of Manhasset hill. With one foot on the brake, he stood up and wildly gesticulated to the crowd. The people caught his meaning and parted like the Red Sea before the Israelites as the Fiat plowed up a bank into a back yard. Under the car when it stopped lay thirteen-year-old Johnny Brooks. They carried him indoors, and in a few minutes Vanderbilt appeared with a Red Cross doctor. But by that time Johnny was out watching the race again. "Just a bad shock," said the doctor.

Meanwhile the race slackened not at all. Lancia, as usual, was tearing the course to bits but running into trouble too. Joe Tracy put up the fastest lap of the day: 67.5 m.p.h. Nazzaro and Lutgen came past the stands 6 feet apart at 95 m.p.h. and neither would give an inch. But it was Louis Wagner in a Darracq who won for France for the third time, just ahead of the luckless Lancia. He had averaged 61.4 m.p.h. for 298.1 miles. "I was going nearly 80 near the end when someone threw a bottle on the road and I blew a tire," he said later. "But I didn't slow up until I got to a repair station. I was dying of hunger. While they changed the tire I drank a glass of champagne and swallowed two raw eggs. Then I drove on to finish amid an unruly mob. It was the most nerve-wrenching race in motoring history."

Wagner was probably right, and no one believed that there would ever be another Vanderbilt Cup race. There was none in 1907, but the Cup was put up again the next year. Although the magazine *Automobile* called the '08 race "the best ever run for the Cup and the fiercest fought battle an American road race ever produced," it seemed a mild affair to those who remembered the runnings of the earlier years. The consumption of champagne per capita among the drivers was low, and while the crowd was mad enough, the proceedings lacked the old flavor of a Roman holiday gone berserk. Said *Auto-*

mobile: "When the starter, counting off the seconds from a stop-watch, shouted to the drivers 'Ten! Nine! Eight! Seven!' instead of the old familiar 'Deez! Nuff! Wheat! Sett!' the crowd knew things were different."

4

THE '08 course was notable for the inclusion of 9 miles of the new Motor Parkway to each lap. The Parkway, one of the first concrete roads in the East, was the creation of a group of wealthy sportsmen headed by William K. Vanderbilt. It had no main crossroads and no speed limit: a play strip for the scorchers of the time.

The fastest man over 258.6 miles would take the 1908 Cup, and that was George Robertson in the famous "Old 16" Locomobile. This was the car that Joe Tracy had driven in 1906. He set up the incredible average of 64.39 m.p.h. and did one lap at more than 69 m.p.h. Excluding the singeing of Foxhall Keene's mustache, there were no accidents.

Happily, both car and driver still survive. Robertson, a bull of a man still, handled the car in an old-timers' race at Carmel, New York, a couple of years ago — and won, too. The car, hand-built at a cost of \$20,000, belongs now to Peter Helck of Boston Corner, New York, an artist famous for his portrayals of racing cars. As a boy, Helck saw the Loco win in '08 and swore a holy oath he'd own it one day. His insurance company won't let Helck crank the car, but he has a strong son, and he often drives it, and windows shiver for miles around under the booming of its great pipes.

Robertson remembers every foot of a race that few of today's drivers would have the stamina to run. The high-wheeled brutes that were the pre-World War I racing cars soon separated the men from the boys. "I was thick in the shoulders in those days," Robertson says. "You had to be. The steering ratio was almost one to one, and it took an ox to turn the wheel. There were 110 pounds of pressure on the clutch pedal and after you'd pushed that down every minute or so for four and a half hours you walked sideways."

The rules of the road were of a certain flexibility, too. "Near the end of the race," Robertson says, "I was on the Motor Parkway doing close to 90 when I overtook a Thomas just humming along like a Sunday afternoon drive. The bastard was in the middle of the road and I couldn't budge him. His mechanic was supposed to keep looking behind but he never did. He might as well have been reading the paper. Finally I yelled to my mechanic, Glenn Ethridge, 'Get the tire wrench and throw it at the son-of-a-bitch!' I held him by the seat of the pants and he put a nice dent in the Thomas's gas tank. They pulled over; then I got by with maybe a foot to spare.

"On the last lap I passed the stands a minute and

48 seconds ahead of Herb Lytle. Then I blew a tire. Glenn and I leapt out of the car and made what I guess must have been a record for changing a tire: just under 2 minutes. I knew I had to make that up and more — with only half a lap to go. I stood on everything. When we hit the crest of the Meadowbrook bridge we sailed 150 feet through the air before we hit the road again. We were going over 90 when I saw the finish line, and 50,000 people swarming all over it. I didn't see how I could miss them but at the moment I didn't give a damn. I went up over 100.

"On the right side of the radiator I had an iron bar to hold a canvas mudguard in case of rain. It must have stuck out 3 inches beyond the wheel. As I roared into the jam I figured the bar had cut fifty men and women in two. They told me afterward no one had been touched. I still don't believe it.

"I won by only a few seconds. I had done the last 14 miles at an average of 102 m.p.h. People milled around until I thought I'd smother. You see, it was the first time an American driver and car had pulled the trick. It seemed hours before I could get loose and find my own little car. I had a dinner date in New York. I parked the car on 43rd Street and when I got out I slipped on the curb and broke my ankle."

5

THE '08 race gave the American automobile industry an impetus it was never to lose. Orders were pouring into the Locomobile plant in Bridgeport before Robertson had finished washing his hands, and the first salesman to visit Europe after the race sold 2000 cars.

Only stock cars ran in 1909, divided into three classes according to retail price. The course was twenty-two laps around a 12.7-mile triangle, most of it on the Motor Parkway, since it was becoming increasingly difficult to close off the country roads, even harder to police them. Harry Grant of Boston won at the average of 62.7 on an Alco.

Grant won again in 1910 on the same Alco, pushing the average to 65.18 m.p.h. Although the Vanderbilt was to be run seven times more — in Savannah, in Milwaukee, in San Francisco, Santa Monica, and Mineola, New York — the 1910 race really marked its passing. The crowd was vaster and madder than ever, the pace was faster, and blood flowed like water. By the end of the day four people were dead, twenty-two in hospitals. Not all were direct casualties of the race itself, of course; some were merely trampled in the mob of 500,000 people that lined the course. The weird blood-fever that attended the birth of U.S. automobilism peaked in 1910, when ordinarily law-abiding patriots came to the race equipped with cable-cutters to break through the fences bordering the Motor Parkway so that they could surge unrestrained onto the road.

The race was not old when Harold Stone, driving a Columbia, leapt the Meadowbrook bridge and shot into the mob, killing his mechanic and injuring a mixed bag of bystanders. A Lancia, a Fiat, and a Simplex were wrecked at the Massapequa turn, with two drivers, a mechanic, and a spectator hurt. Louis Chevrolet, famous for his crashes, slewed his Marquette-Buick into the porch of a farmhouse. His mechanic, Charles Miller, was thrown 50 feet and killed. The body had barely stopped rolling when souvenir-hunters fell on it, and when the doctor arrived he found a naked corpse.

Long Island was now clearly out of the question as a site, and not until an abortive revival was attempted in 1936, at Mineola, was the Cup driven for on the home terrain. Ralph Mulford won in 1911 when the race was held in Savannah; the great Ralph De Palma in '12 at Milwaukee; Earl Cooper at Santa Monica in 1913; De Palma again in 1914 at Santa Monica; and Dario Resta in 1915 at San Francisco and '16 at Santa Monica. Resta's speed, incidentally, set the all-time record: 86.9 m.p.h.

In 1936 George Vanderbilt revived the Cup races at Roosevelt Raceway, an artificial road circuit; but beyond demonstrating the virtuosity of Tazio Nuvolari, probably the greatest driver who ever held the wheel of an automobile, the event had little to recommend it. In 1937 the Germans came over and mopped up with Auto-Union and Mercedes-Benz cars. Rex Mays alone of the Americans came close to making a contest of it. The Vanderbilt ended, as it had begun, in a demonstration of the superiority of European racing automobiles.

Road-racing was merely dormant, though, not dead, and a small band of enthusiasts who had never given up revived it after World War II.

But to those who remember the runnings of the old Cup, a modern race is a pale thin wraith, a parade without music, war without flags. The cabarets stayed open all night, then, and the musicians played "Little Chauffeur" and "Come Away with Me, Lucille (In My Merry Oldsmobile)" until their wrists ached. The really devoted would leave Rector's or the Plaza at midnight and jam the streets to the East River ferries for blocks. At dawn the dust-parched travelers would stagger into the Garden City Hotel for Martinis, and then on to the course and six hours of happy madness.

Years ago, a New York *Times* reporter said to Mr. Vanderbilt: "It just didn't seem like the Vanderbilt Cup away from Long Island, did it?"

"No," he replied. "It did not."

Later races notwithstanding, the Vanderbilt Cup era really ended on October 1, 1910, when Harry Grant swept his black Alco across the finish line on the Motor Parkway as half a million spectators ground each other's faces into the Long Island sod in an earnest effort to lay their necks in front of the flying cars.



tinguished jury. The O. Henry Memorial Awards are conferred on the best, and the finalists, a group of some twenty, are then published in a Memorial Volume. HERSCHEL BRICKELL, author, editor, and critic, has been a judge of the O. Henry Awards for the past eleven years. He has had an exceptional opportunity to reflect on the changes which have occurred in the short story — changes which he describes in the essay which follows.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SHORT STORY

by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

I

THOSE of us who keep a watchful eye on the short story — as I must, since I am charged with the responsibility of choosing some twenty stories each year for the O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories — have been aware that important things were happening to this form of literary expression in which American writers stand supreme.

At exactly what moment these things began to happen is not easy to say. Putting down pegs in literary matters is risky business at best, and if put down, they had better be placed loosely. It is possible to say, however, that the contemporary short story owes more to Hawthorne than to any other one person, and Hawthorne's first volume of *Twice-Told Tales*, most of which had been published in the popular Annuals of the period, was published in 1837.

Then Poe, ever the acute critic, in reviewing the Hawthorne collection, first formulated the rules for the short story, which still stand as a statement of fundamental principles. But Poe had still another important influence because of his effect on the symbolist poets of France, and the present-day short story owes much to symbolism.

As for foreign influences, there have been two — Chekhov and his New Zealand-born disciple, Katherine Mansfield. It was these two who disregarded most of the rules and made the short narrative take on new life, giving it depth and penetration. Our own Sherwood Anderson found a way further to relax the short story, to give it greater freedom.

And from Anderson's time on, we have seen writers of talent engaged in one of art's oldest battles, the attempt to break the picture free from the frame, to pour more water — or wine — into the bottle than it would seem to be able to hold. This they have been accomplishing with greater or less success for a matter of twenty-five years, but the trick has only just now been mastered to a degree

where many writers with many points of view can work it effectively.

The way it is done is to draw the short story ever nearer to poetry, in the precise and beautiful use of language, so that no story of the present worth a second glance is without its overtones. In the main, the topics are subjective — one speaks here, of course, not at all of the commercial short story, which adheres pretty rigidly to formulae or it does not sell, but of the serious, or artistic, story.

To put it as simply as possible, the short story of the middle period was a story of doing, with action as its theme. Then it gradually moved inward, and in the hands of many people, almost all of whom had first written poetry — and this includes both Hemingway and Faulkner — it became "a slice of life," as we used to say of Maupassant, but a slice of the mind and the spirit rather than the body.

There are Chekhov and Mansfield tales that do not escape by much the designation "sketches," rather than stories. The distinction is not at all difficult to make, since the sketch is static and the story dynamic. But what has happened now to a striking degree is that the work of these masters has been improved upon, since the current story has dramatic conflict as well as form.

It does not wander so much as a millimeter from its objective. Anyone fond of making diagrams will find the material ready to hand in any good short story he cares to examine. There is a straight line from the opening to the closing sentence, and one may change the old saying "In my end was my beginning" to the precept "In my beginning *must* be my end." This does not mean that in the hands of such experts as Stephen Vincent Benét, William Faulkner, and Eudora Welty there may not be found a sensation of relaxation, as if there were plenty of time to talk and be listened to, which is a very old trick with the oral storyteller. Probably one of the oldest, since it involves the important element of suspense.

But in Faulkner's legends and in Miss Welty's curious style — a fascinating blend of the colloquial and the classical — there is no departure from the rule that the short story writer must proceed directly to where he says he is going. He wastes no words, because he has none to waste, but he does not mind letting the reader think that nobody is really in a hurry. It is pleasant not to feel hurried when listening to a good yarn, and the pleasure principle is just as important in the short story as it is in any other kind of writing.

This business about the relationship of the short story and poetry needs careful examination. It does not mean at all that good stories of the present are written in a "poetical" manner, because if they were, they would not really be any good. It was Goethe who said that in writing prose one must have something to say, but in writing lyric poetry it did not really matter. (A poem should not mean/ But be, said Archibald MacLeish.) I am sure Goethe smiled when he made the remark to Eckermann I have quoted, but whether he was in dead earnest or not, it is certain that there is no relationship at all between the short story and the lyric which does no more than sing.

In fact, the safest comparison is, perhaps, between the ballad and the short story, where one is on unimpeachable ground, since the ballad must tell a story, too. But the truth is that no matter how ontological Messrs. Goethe and MacLeish might wish poetry to be, good lyrics have always said something, too. When a poet like Robert Frost sings — and make no mistake about it, he sings most beautifully — he is not just making agreeable sounds.

It would be difficult to insult Robert more thoroughly and completely than by intimating that he was not always at least trying to say something, even in a couplet. This year, with Mark Van Doren as one of the three judges for the O. Henry, I asked him, as both poet and short story writer, what he thought about the relationship we are discussing, and he answered sagely: —

"The short story should be a little epic, or possibly a little drama, but never a lyric, if lyric suggests the static or merely stated. At its highest, lyric means something narrative or dramatic too; but we don't always find it at its highest. In verse as well as prose it too often degenerates into mere writing and attitudinizing. . . . A great short story is exactly what the name implies: a great little story. But it had better be a story, just as a lyric poem had better be something like a story, too, in the last analysis."

2

JUST why have we reached what seems to me a very high plateau — please, not a *peak* — in the development of the American short story? I am firmly con-

vinced that the situation cannot be fully explained by the activities of a few highly talented people. If I did not feel a great fear of using the word genius about a contemporary, I should apply it to Faulkner, Welty, Capote, Boyle, Bowles, and maybe one or two others, who write stories such as nobody else has ever written, or ever will. (Hemingway is not in the list because he long ago abandoned the story for the novel, which seems to me a serious mistake on his part.)

Joseph Henry Jackson, another of this year's O. Henry judges, and a veteran at the job besides being one of the most perceptive reviewers we have, said he thought the explanation lay in the quality of present-day editors — a happy thought indeed. I wish I could agree, but I do not, save for certain exceptions. A little handful of relatively popular magazines publish all the good stories I find outside the literary quarterlies, and some of the very best of these do not at the moment know where next quarter's ink and paper are coming from.

A much more likely explanation, I think, is that there are now actively teaching in all parts of the country some of the best short story writers we have. There is Wallace Stegner, for example, Ray B. West, Jr., and Robert Penn Warren, to mention only three of a considerable number of people who can *do* and who also teach. An even larger number of the up-and-coming younger writers are also teaching creative writing or have had courses under men and women who know what they are talking about, because they have had success with their own stories.

Not all the first-rate teachers of short story writing write stories, too, because some of them are busy running English faculties and taking part in many other campus activities instead of showing that they, too, can do the trick. I think of people like Carroll Towle at the University of New Hampshire, who has had remarkable success with young people; of Hudson Strode at the University of Alabama, whose record is little short of phenomenal as a teacher, but who writes excellent travel books, not fiction.

As a teacher of considerable experience in writers' conferences, I should not be willing to leave these meetings out of consideration, either, in trying to find the explanation for the current spate of good stories. In most cases, short story courses at conferences are taught by people who have written and sold stories themselves. I once saw at a chemical show in New York a silk purse which had actually been made from a sow's ear; but let me pose and then withdraw the question of whether this is easier than trying to teach most people who come to writers' conferences to write anything, including English.

It is unquestionably true, however, that the general improvement in quality in the American short story has been concurrent with the widespread

establishment of courses in creative writing and the mushroomlike growth of writers' conferences. I think Rolfe Humphries summed up the matter for all time when he said: "It is foolish to suppose that you can teach anybody to write, but it is equally foolish to suppose that you cannot teach people a great deal about writing." I have known good teachers at writers' conferences, themselves successful writers, to say that they would have been saved years of trial-and-error by listening to the words of someone who had traveled the path and knew its pitfalls as well as its delights.

I believe I have made it clear that the short story is now in as flourishing a condition artistically as it has ever been, in this country or anywhere else. Perhaps it is safe to say that there are more first-rate and good second-rate stories being written and published right now than at any other time in our history. I wish for everybody's sake one might say with equal veracity that the short story market was as good as the short story quality.

The other side of the coin does not wear a happy expression. A number of the best magazines of the past are dead and buried, the picture books now fill the stands, so that nobody in his right mind would try to start a quality magazine; the quarterlies can at best publish only a handful of stories a year. And the independent "littles" which have always been so useful in this field are hit right where they live during such a period of inflation as we are now in.

Even the quarterlies which enjoy subsidies from universities and colleges are feeling the pinch, since their patrons are also suffering financially; and as such magazines are often regarded as more or less useless trimmings by what are called "practical-minded" trustees, some of the best and wisest editors in the country are now in for long headaches and heartaches. The quarterlies pay from nothing up to the price of a few porterhouse steaks for a story, and they plainly cannot pay more.

The lesson of this is simple: people write quality stories because they must, not because they hope

to get rich, or even to make a living, from writing them. The "big slicks" talk glibly about printing the best stories they can, and I have heard some of their editors say they avoided formula stories when possible, but patient reading of what they print convinces me that most of them are kidding themselves. It is true that a magazine like *Collier's* does print a good many borderline stories, but that is the exception. Mass audiences are looking for entertainment, and they must get it from what is printed, if one accepts circulation figures as evidence.

When the short story began to appear in the *Annals*, so popular during the thirties and forties of the last century, nobody bothered about mass appeal, because an *Annual* was something to use for parlor-table decoration, or a culture-symbol, not to be read — except, perhaps, while waiting for Susan to finish lacing up Old Ironsides and dusting her face with flour for her date.

My optimism about the current short story stems from the specimens that are included in the 1951 *O. Henry*, three of them from this magazine, which has the highest rating in the anthology's records from its inception in 1918, and three of the best, in my judgment. There are two dozen stories in the book, and Mark Van Doren said twelve were absolutely first-rate, while Nancy Hale, the third judge, set the figure at fourteen. Of course, I should say twenty-four. . . .

Both Mr. Jackson and Miss Hale, who follow the short story closely, said it was the best collection in the thirty-three-year history of the *O. Henry Memorial*, and as its editor for eleven years now, I agree with my eminent colleagues, not even pausing to blush. I ought to say that my wife, who assists me in getting the collection together and who is a far tougher critic than I, casts her ballot with the rest of us. That is why I said *plateau*, not *peak*. How long we shall write as we do and what the next phase will be, I do not care to prophesy, but we have now accomplished something of real moment, in a form peculiarly American — of this I am very certain.



THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* *Reviewer*

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

IT is hard for us to believe that trees were regarded as an enemy by the American settler. Trees stood in the way of his planting and they shut out his sunlight. The virgin forests which once covered Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio with their impenetrable gloom into which a child might disappear forever were an enemy to be burned, axed, and uprooted. So the settler won his clearing and the forests thinned out. The story is told with unforgettable fidelity in that fine short novel, *The Trees*, by Pulitzer Prize winner, Conrad Richter.

After the settler came the lumberman and the sawmill, cutting for the needed houses and furniture and, ever increasingly, for the wood pulp from which comes newsprint. A few of the early lumber firms, such as Weyerhaeuser, Pope & Talbot, and the Simpson Logging Company, all of which had extensive holdings in the Pacific Northwest, operated with a conscience, but they were the exception, not the rule.

The original partners, William C. Talbot and Andrew J. Pope, hailed, the one from East Machias, Maine, the other from Boston; they came West with the Forty-niners; they were experienced in shipping, and the first in San Francisco to fill the need for "windows, doors, sashes, and knees"; they prospered in the Gold Rush, their fleet doubled in the Civil War; their lumber schooners held a commanding place in the intercoastal trade, and they shipped over 60 million feet of lumber for the rebuilding of San Francisco in 1906, the year of the Earthquake. The record of Pope & Talbot — cutting and planting — has been graphically told in their Centennial Volume, *Time, Tide and Timber*, by Edwin T. Coman, Jr., and Helen M. Gibbs (Stanford University Press, \$5.00), but as I have said, an operation like this was the exception.

Prior to 1920, the practice was to cut all that was worth cutting, dump your sawdust into the nearest

stream, and then move the sawmill to the next likeliest spot. This summer I paddled down trout streams which once held good trout, and might still were it not for the immovable, poisonous beds of sawdust dumped there forty years ago. Too often the slash was left scattered on the ground, an unregarded fire hazard. By-products from this wood waste were unthought of.

Fires on such cutover land were to be expected, and when they came were regarded as acts of God, not of man. But the scars are there to remind us, the black spindly skeletons and the brown scorched earth on which no new growth can be expected for years. It is disagreeable to remember that in ten days of October, 1947, Maine lost 210,000 acres of good forest land to fire at a cost of sixteen lives and 32 millions of dollars. Fire fighters were flown on from Washington and Oregon as there were not enough trained men available in the Northeast; destroyers were sent North to generate power for the burned-out villages. New England forest industries have increased their vigilance since then. There has been a change of heart and a farsighted betterment of operation, none more noticeable than in the Brown Company of New Hampshire under the new presidency of L. F. Whittemore.

The profession of forestry has come fast after a slow start. The first professional forester was graduated from an American college in 1900. Today there are over 12,500 of them, but they had to have time and experience before they could break down the grandfather heritage ("What my grandfather did was good enough for me!") and really apply the brakes. Only when our virgin timber was depleted, only when the value of all forest products began to rise, did Americans realize that the growing of trees could be a profitable and continuous business.

We have not yet been able to achieve the balance between the volume taken by cutting and fire, and the new growth. The imbalance was at its worst in 1909, and it has been aggravated by our desperate need for wood in both wars: in 1944, for instance, we consumed 53 billion board feet with a new growth of approximately 35 billion. I am sorry to say that the discrepancy in 1950 may be as bad as that. Misguided cutting has been partially controlled by standardization of size and length within the industry. Weyerhaeuser and Marathon have taken the lead in converting wood waste and sawdust into products molded and bound under heat and pressure. For the future we must depend on the new growths, and today we realize that if we protect

forests from fire, insects, and disease; if we utilize wood efficiently; and if we harvest timberlands wisely, we have the chance of balancing the economy of lumbering.

The old order passes. Legend has it that the Machias River in Maine was the first on which logs were driven, and there is a tombstone on its bank in memory of a lumberman who was crushed and drowned in the drive of 1790. Today the Machias is the last stream in the United States on which the long logs are still driven with the old-time skill and risk. Close to 8 million feet of long logs came down it this year, and the same may be true for another decade. Then the cycle will be complete.

At this moment of transition, when the trees close to home have become more precious, it is important to increase our control of fire and pest. See what fire has done to the magnificent slopes of upland Maine. Keep an eye out for those beauties of the woods, the white birch (there are two particularly magnificent stands, one in Gorham, New Hampshire, the other at Manchester, Vermont); the birch dieback has been killing these trees from the top throughout New England. Notice the rust in the white pine and the damage of the spruce bud worm, unquestionably the most destructive insect in the Northeast, if not in the entire country. Remember the blight that swept away every vestige of the chestnut. (Can anyone tell me of chestnuts that have taken hold again in New England?) Bear in mind that over 2 million elms have been destroyed by the Dutch elm disease. New Haven is, perhaps, the worst sufferer from this invasion, with a loss of more than two thousand trees, most of them the great patriots of the past. Hingham and Williamstown are the two battlegrounds where the Dutch elm disease was routed and the great trees saved. Read what the oak wilt is doing in Indiana, Kentucky, and Wisconsin. Only one state, and that Pennsylvania, which was lightly hit, has made a complete extermination of this oak wilt.

Ruthless cutting, fire, and disease — these are the public enemies of our trees. To offset them there are two white hopes: the increasing vigilance of Americans devoted to Conservation, and the ever spreading knowledge of tree farming. Tree farming as a popular movement began in the State of Washington ten years ago in the little town of Montesano, a community that has lived on and in the forests for ninety years. People who are going into the business of growing trees need time; they need protection from fire; they need graduated taxes on their wood lots so that the seedlings will not be taxed as heavily as the growing trees twenty years later. They need mechanical planters such as are now capable of planting a thousand seedlings in an hour. Four years ago there were twenty-five such machines in operation. Today there are two thousand.

Tree farming is now being developed in thirty states; a tree farm may be a 10-acre section on a

New Hampshire farm, or it may be the 500,000-acre holding of Weyerhaeuser. Every one of us stands to gain from the increase of these farms. If you are interested in reading more about them, write for the little booklet "Trees Forever," designed and produced in Montesano, Washington, by the *Montesano Vidette*, the first newspaper to publicize tree farms.

The girls who keep you coming

From that day in 1924 when she gave us her enchanting picture of the Sanger Circus in her novel *The Constant Nymph*, **Margaret Kennedy** could be counted on to do the unusual. Now in a summer when fiction is either too thin, with too much make-up, or lugubrious and full of foreboding, she presents us with *Lucy Carmichael* (Rinehart, \$3.00), a lighthearted, urbane story of people who are attractive, and of the amenities which remain in post-war England.

She writes about two English girls, Melissa and Lucy; and seldom has a partnership in the spring-time of life been more charmingly depicted. Melissa is blonde, poised, and very deliberate; men run to do her bidding, and she knows exactly what she wants. Lucy is aquiline, forthright, and capable of fury. At Oxford, Melissa gathered courage from Lucy's gay vitality, and Lucy from Melissa learned to discriminate and relax. Together they had worked out their own code for the other sex; they had become the closest of friends, and now as the story begins they are to be separated by marriage.

But Lucy is jilted at the altar by her irresponsible Irish novelist who couldn't quite forget his former mistress. And it is Melissa with her secure unexcitable John who goes to the altar first. So, in what follows, Lucy is the protagonist — first as she recovers from her shock of humiliation, then as she tries to hide herself away as a dramatic coach at the Ravensbridge Institute on the borderline of Wales. And finally, as her loyalty and her sex are freshly challenged, it is Lucy's love story that keeps you guessing.

The girls make this story. Melissa when she is charming a roomful, or Lucy as she pours out her indignation on Lady Frances Millwood or her son Charles, the wealthy patrons of the Institute, is captivating; so are they as they decode their emotions to each other in their witty chatter or spritely letters. The men play second fiddle. John and Rickie as they contend for Melissa; Patrick, the jilter, Angera, the artist, Charles, the millionaire, Owen, the Welsh worker, and Hump, Melissa's brother, as they pursue Lucy — each and every one of them is a one-note man. You know their attributes. Since they are predictable characters, they do the expected. I find myself most interested in Angera and Charles, for they are the two who are most tempted to rebel; I find myself skeptical of Hump, whose last-minute arrival in the story is

hardly persuasive. No, it is the girls who keep you coming.

Men against the sea

The Book-of-the-Month Club has chosen for its midsummer selection *The Cruel Sea* (Knopf, \$4.00) by **Nicholas Monsarrat**, who served in the Royal Navy throughout the war; and it seems to me a timely and excellent choice. "This," begins the author, "is the story — the long and true story — of one ocean, two ships, and about a hundred and fifty men. . . . The ship, the first of the two, the doomed one, . . . is a corvette, a new type of escort ship, an experiment designed to meet a desperate situation. . . . The men are the stars of this story. The only heroines are the ships: and the only villain the cruel sea itself."

The corvette, H.M.S. *Compass Rose*, 200 feet long and "not much more than a floating platform for depth charges," makes her maiden voyage in November, 1939. Her skipper, Lieutenant-Commander George Ericson, R.N.R., is an old hand and a likable man. Her first officer, Lieutenant Bennett, is a stinker from Australia who, fortunately for all, is soon beached. The younger officers are of course untested, but your eye is drawn more and more to Lieutenant Keith Lockhart, an ex-journalist whom you will see rise to the occasion again and again.

In all weather and under constant risk the *Compass Rose* stands convoy duty in the Atlantic, first to the midpoint, then on the air- and sea-assaulted run to Gibraltar, then on the brutally exposed trip to Iceland. You know, as in a Greek tragedy, what the third act will be, and are made the more apprehensive of the doom because of your affection for and interest in this vulnerable little community.

The author is accurate and honest in his self-analysis. The women in this book do not count save as symbols of love, loyalty, or gratification left ashore. What he is writing about is the binding force of watchful men, manning the bridge on filthy nights, how to pick up survivors, how to stalk and counterattack the U-boat, how to bury the dead, and "how to die without wasting anyone's time."

As months flow into years the battle of the Atlantic, Monsarrat says, became "a very personal matter, and for the sailors involved in it there was a pride and comradeship that nothing could supplant." Thus it is that Lieutenant Lockhart refuses a command of his own in order to stay with Ericson aboard his new ship. The story is a long stretch of powerful episodes, some of them almost more gruesome than one can bear, as when the skeletons are sighted lashed to the drifting raft. But the inner filling and dominant quality of this sturdy novel is compassion. You see the men in strength and in weakness, in laughter and in reverie, and facing death; and it is the manliness in them that makes you proud and stirs your pity as you read.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Around the World

QUEST FOR THE LOST CITY by **Dana and Ginger Lamb**. (Harper, \$4.00.) A husband and wife team find the lost city in the jungle country of Mexico near the Guatemala border.

WHITE MAN RETURNS by **Agnes Newton Keith**. (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.00.) After recuperating in Canada from the rigors of a Japanese prison camp, the author of *Land Below the Wind* and *Three Came Home* is once again in Borneo with her husband, helping to reconstruct the war-shattered colony.

THE SILENT TRAVELLER IN EDINBURGH by **Chiang Yee**. (John Day, \$6.00.) A look at the Scottish city through the intriguing eyes and skillful hand of a Chinese artist and traveler.

The Jewish People

THE JEWS IN THE SOVIET UNION by **Solomon Schwarz**. (Syracuse University Press, \$5.00.) An examination of Soviet contentions that there is no anti-Semitism in the Bolshevik territories.

MY MISSION IN ISRAEL by **James G. McDonald**. (Simon & Schuster, \$3.50.) An informal account of recent Israel history by the first United States Ambassador to this young Near East nation.

A BELIEVING JEW by **Milton Steinberg**. (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50.) A testament of faith by the late rabbi and author of *The Making of a Modern Jew*.

Gracious Living

ON THE MAKING OF GARDENS by **Sir George Sitwell**. (Scribner's, \$3.75.) The distillation of a lifetime's thought on the purpose and planning of gardens by the father of Sir Osbert (who contributes an introduction).

THE HOMES OF AMERICA by **Ernest Pickering**. (Crowell, \$5.75.) A view of interesting houses in many parts of the United States, from the earliest days of New England through the modern period. Admirably illustrated with 215 plates.

Adventure and Experience

YANGTSE INCIDENT by **Lawrence Earl**. (Knopf, \$3.00.) The entrapment of the British frigate *Amethyst* under Chinese Communist fire for 101 days in 1949, and her escape down the river to Hong Kong.

THE DARK AND THE DAMP by **Jock Wilson**. (Dutton, \$3.00.) A stirring autobiography, winner of the 1950 Avery Hopwood Major Award, by a self-educated miner, poet, boxer, and Marine.

MIRACLE AT KITTY HAWK: The Letters of Wilbur and Orville Wright edited by **Fred C. Kelly**. (Farrar, Straus & Young, \$6.00.) The day-to-day account of the conquest of flight, parts of which appeared in the *Atlantic*, is now available complete in book form. Mr. Kelly is the authorized biographer of the Wright Brothers.

CLIMBS IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES by **Frank S. Smythe**. (Norton, \$4.50.) The ruggedness and remoteness of the great Northwest and its abundance of game lend a wild interest to this account by an Alpinist of international reputation.

Reader's Choice

BY

HARVEY BREIT



WHATEVER the season, here in America we know we're in for it. That is not an amiable thing to say. One finds his interstice of forgetfulness, by either going to the cinema for Hitchcock's latest or having one's closest friends over for the iciest drinks or, for the twenty-seventh time, marveling at the spectacular originality of Berlioz' musical ideas. The forgetfulness is fleeting and, alas, lacking in autonomy. Even as one pursues his entertainment, his sociality, or his art, he hears, as did Andrew Marvell's gallant lover, Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near.

"But at my back I always hear," Marvell had it; today, what is imminently at our backs and what causes us distress is totalitarianism, which has found its most alarming and subtle and confounding expression in Stalin's Soviet Union. Whatever it is, whether it is North Koreans and Chinese in South Korea, or acute political agitation in France, or dilemma in Berlin, or oil in Iran, one feels that Stalinism is in back of it or *will* be soon enough. Have we become paranoid? Out of abnormal, fantastic fear are we creating a Stalin that is monstrous, superhuman, ubiquitous, altogether too potent and clever?

I think that is the point and those are the questions at the heart of *Cracks in the Kremlin Wall* (Viking, \$3.50), a stylistically brilliant, intelligent, refreshing, and contradictory study, written by **Edward Crankshaw**, best known here for his earlier book, *Russia and the Russians*. Crankshaw has had firsthand experience with the Russians: he was attached to the British Military Mission to Moscow during the war and he returned to Russia in 1947 as a writer for the *Observer*.

Now, it would be unfair to say that Crankshaw wants to console us by pointing out that Stalin is human, only too human, and therefore capable of mistakes and muddles; formulating it that way is to imply that Crankshaw is indulging in wishful logic. It is fairer to say that Crankshaw, after years of observation and thought, has made the discovery that the Politburo is opportunistic, pragmatic, planless, and subject to tremendous day-to-day pressures that force it to move in various directions very often not to its liking. But if Crankshaw's logic isn't wishful (he admonishes us because we are not realistic), it is elusive and downright evasive.

The author's polemical style is simplicity itself — and it is an instrument of beauty. When he is on *immediate* grounds, he appears certain and devastating: "In addition to being a born materialist, Lenin was also a born conspirator. He was also a born Russian. To be a conspiratorial Russian and a natural materialist into the bargain offers unparalleled opportunities for chicanery of every kind." The immediate logic and wit create an impression of absolute lucidity. But then, looking into it a bit, one wonders: what does he mean, a *born* materialist? a *born* conspirator? These are the first cracks in the Crankshaw wall.

There are others. Here is Crankshaw explaining the Russian character: "It is all take with him, or all give; it is all domination, or all submission." This is a case of having your cake and eating it too. When Russia moves on Finland or Poland, it is *all* take; when Russia retreats in Germany or Greece, it is *all* give. If the Russian people cannot have total anarchy, they will take total despotism. Crankshaw himself says it. But then he says the Russians don't want total anarchy. And so, according to non-Crankshavian logic, the Russians are doomed to total despotism until they can change their Russianism. Crankshaw doesn't tell us how that can happen.

Evidently, not even the revolution can change the Russians' "Russianism." "This [the world revolutionary aspect] is something quite new; but actually we shall see that it is simply one manifestation of the [Russian] messianic aspect." On the same page Crankshaw hands off another notion: "But to say that Russia is traditionally an expanding power is not at all to say that she is a war-like power." The distinction may have been true a century ago; in the present, constricted world, in which even nationalism is obsolescent, expansionism obviously does mean war.

A few pages later Crankshaw begins an extraordinary idea: "The minds of the Soviet leaders, with the exception of Stalin himself, are Russian minds." Stalin, the author reminds us, is a Georgian. There are several fascinating paragraphs in which Crankshaw demonstrates that the non-Russian Stalin has a far more realistic attitude towards Marx and the Communist ideals than his Russian colleagues — all of which proves that Stalin isn't as bullied by Marxism as his friends are.

Crankshaw tells us "if Tito had not occurred it would have been necessary for Stalin to invent him." But why would it have been necessary for Stalin to invent Tito? Tito, Crankshaw says, is living proof of Stalin's capacity for blunder. It is one of his best mistakes. The author enumerates what Tito has cost Stalin: killed the spirit of Communism in Eastern Europe, thrown overboard that hard core of convinced fanatics, and so forth. The bungling with Tito, Crankshaw concludes, "is a characteristically Russian, as distinct from Bolshevik, per-



The penetrating observer,
the eloquent reporter,
the gallant heroine of
LAND BELOW THE WIND
and **THREE CAME HOME...**

the *Atlantic's* own
Agnes Newton Keith

writes of the white man's new—and nobler—destiny in the East, as she, her husband, and their small son have been discovering it day by day since their return to Borneo, "the land below the wind."

**WHITE MAN
RETURNS**

Illustrated by the author

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book • \$4.00

The reluctant hero of
A ROUGH SHOOT
is up to his eyes
in more high-minded mayhem

A TIME TO KILL

by **GEOFFREY
HOUSEHOLD**



An
Atlantic
Monthly
Press
Book
\$2.50

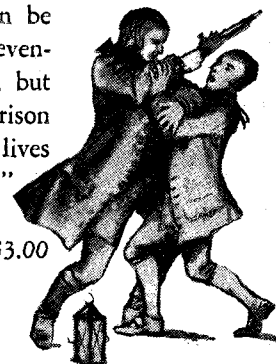
Hurry on down
to your bookstore
to catch the sensational
fiction discovery
**THE CATCHER
IN THE RYE**
by **J. D. Salinger**
\$3.00

One of the world's
great adventure stories
MOONFLEET
By **J. MEADE FALKNER**

This famous 19th
century adventure
masterpiece "can be
compared to Steven-
son at his best, but
needs no comparison
to sustain it. It lives
in its own right."

—WALTER D.

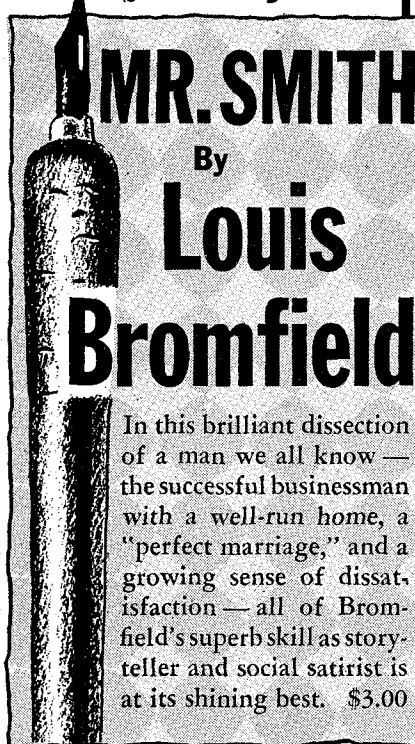
EDMONDS. \$3.00



LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY • BOSTON

Coming October 1st — **JOHN P. MARQUAND'S** new novel **MELVILLE GOODWIN, USA**

Harper Highlights



Dizzy

The Life and Personality of Benjamin Disraeli

By HESKETH PEARSON

The biographer of *G. B. S.* and *Oscar Wilde* achieves a spectacular re-creation of the most baffling and witty figure of the Victorian Age. \$4.00

The United Nations and Power Politics

By JOHN McLAURIN

Formerly Educational Consultant to the United Nations

A forceful and well-informed argument for fuller utilization of the peace potential vested in the United Nations charter. \$5.00

At all bookstores

HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. 16

formance." But Crankshaw has by this time forgotten that Stalin is not a Russian. There is a good deal more of this opportunistic, will-o'-the-wisp logic in Crankshaw than I have demonstrated.

I hope I have not been unjust. The book needs to be treated just in this detailed way — not because of what Crankshaw aims at, but because it is so brilliant a book in its parts that it is apt therefore to dazzle, as well as to throw away too many hard-won and plodding notions that we hold; for example, that the Russians are distinct from the men who rule them — to name but one. From a reading of this book the reader will be certain that its author has admirable qualities: he is obviously honest, he is excitingly independent, and he has considerable knowledge; and, of course, some of what he says is undeniably true and undeniably helpful.

Against these, one comes away from the book with the sense that the author has attempted to do an overwhelming job singlehanded; that he has rejected (out of the Lord knows what, perhaps egotism) the coöperation of economists, political scientists, biographers, historians; that he has banked on his own energy and his own everyday psychological insights. He has made an excellent and stimulating contribution. But what he banked on is not enough. Instead of a revelation, Crankshaw has created an interesting and dramatic fiction, something that a minor and conservative Stendhal might have tossed off.

From ridicule to reverence

One of England's greatest statesmen gained considerable prestige by blocking out Russia's expansionism in the nineteenth century. His name, of course, was Disraeli; and in Hesketh Pearson's warm and admiring but not always adulatory biography, *Dizzy* (Harper, \$4.00), the biographer brings this fact out nicely. Gladstone was whipping up sympathy for the Russian against the Turk: for Disraeli's rival, Russia's manipulations were interpreted as a war for Christianity. Disraeli summed it up as neatly as one could hope for: "he (the Tsar) and all his court would don the turban tomorrow, if he could only build a Kremlin on the Bosphorus."

Pearson's study of the great prime minister is an engaging one. It is memorable only in so far as the subject is memorable. Disraeli him-

self is sure-fire: a Jew who came closer to Queen Victoria than perhaps any man except the men in her own family; a frightful novelist and poet, who insisted on writing his books even during times when crucial events challenged his authority in Parliament; a statesman who loved England more than Englishmen; an aphorist in the tradition of La Rochefoucauld; a loyal friend, a devoted husband, a courageous fighter, a colorful and dazzling figure. Who could wish for better?

Most of the time, Pearson does it justice. But sometimes he doesn't. His chief failure, perhaps, is that the reader at the end of the biography has not true conviction that Disraeli was a superb statesman and figure. I would guess the reason — that Pearson's approach is too consistently a surface one; it is lacking in ideas, in density of detail, in manipulating complex and contradictory facts; it is too easily contented.

But, it must be confessed, its very failure as a work of real significance makes it highly readable and engaging. One does get from Pearson elegant vignettes and an appreciation of the drama in Disraeli's life. The biographer is most superior in drawing the tender and extraordinarily moving relationship between Disraeli and his wife; he shows a keen understanding of it and paints it with profound recognition of its touching qualities.

There is hardly any question that Disraeli was perhaps the only figure in English political history "who started public life as an object of ridicule and ended it as an object of reverence." Pearson follows out this patient evolution with devotedness as well as intelligence — factors that fundamentally shape the book's excellence.

Imagery in Gide

I find nothing basically wrong with Albert J. Guerard's *André Gide* (Harvard University Press, \$4.00) except that it is uninspiring. It is quite antithetical to Hesketh Pearson's study of Disraeli. Though they are different attempts — Pearson's being biography and Guerard's literary analysis — their virtues and defects complement each other. Whereas Pearson gives the reader vista without sufficient foreground, Guerard gives him foreground and insufficient vista. I find it unfortunate. Guerard possesses an admirable amount of

"A five-star book
in every respect."*



"A SOLDIER'S STORY reveals the long-awaited inside story of war in the field as only the 'GI's General' knows it . . . Highly readable, jammed with colorful sidelights, seasoned with humor and salty speech, A SOLDIER'S STORY is unquestionably the best book written by any military leader of the last war . . . It should be read by every American." — *EDWARD R. MURROW

At all bookstores • \$5



**Catherine Drinker
Bowen says:**

"JOCK WILSON has the writer's eye; he forgets neither sound nor smell nor light nor shadow, once he has experienced it in connection with some felt emotion."

The Dark and the Damp



An Autobiography by
JOCK WILSON

Avery Hopwood Major Award, 1950

THE true story of a young man of great physical strength and courage who toiled in a coal mine but who had a love of the beautiful and found light and hope in the deepest pit. With 18 pen sketches by the author. \$3.00

At all bookstores

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Inc.
New York 10



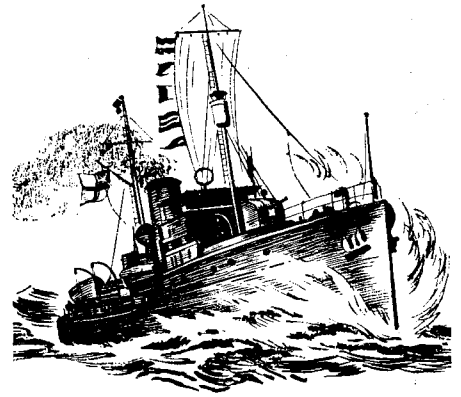
information about Gide and the Gidean works, and, even better than that, he has a keen sense of the measure and value of the man and his work. He is truly at home in the world of letters, certainly of European letters; his language is exacting and distinctive; his analysis is distinguished. The trouble is that Guerard fails to transmit his knowledge and judgment with excitement or stimulation. He is invariably intelligent and too often merely erudite; the adventure — and for André Gide life was an adventure — is completely missing.

Schematically, the key terms in Gide's life and work are the warring "longing for freedom" and "submission to authority"; the protection of the self and the dissolution of the self. In the wonderful *Journals*, Gide notes time and again his submission or resistance to one or the other of these diametrically opposed impulses. It made living not easy, and he wrote with great difficulty. I think it is a key to the work, and accounts for the hideous perfection of *The Immoralist*, which Guerard, I feel sure, overestimates. "The novel," he writes, "offers very little 'neutral' or innocent imagery. . . . The question poses itself when we recall the amount of 'wasted' imagery in Mann and Dos- toevsky, wasted for the sake of realism." But it is precisely this "wasted" imagery that gives *Death in Venice*, not to speak of *The Possessed*, scale and scope; and the absence of "waste" in *The Immoralist* gives it a rarefied and precious charge. It is disproportionate, somewhat as an overlong prose-poem might be, and even embarrassing.

For the same reason, I think Guerard underestimates *Lafcadio's Adventures*, a novel that is Gide at his novelistic best because it is comic and sardonic and gets away from Gide's interminable confession; in short, because of its "wasted" imagery, its related irrelevancies.

The human and divine

A famous British publisher, Victor Gollancz, proves — and the point needs proving these days — that a publisher not only reads, but is vitally interested in what man has thought and written since the beginning of civilization. Gollancz has put together an anthology he calls *Man and God*, subtitled *Passages chosen and arranged to express a mood about the human and divine* (Houghton



You read an excerpt
from this exceptional novel
in the *August Atlantic*.

Now you can read
the complete, exciting story.

THE CRUEL SEA

by NICHOLAS
MONSARRAT

"The publisher's estimate of this book—one of the finest works of fiction to come out of World War II—does not overstate the case. The author describes his novel as 'the long and true story of one ocean, two ships and about a hundred and fifty men.'

"Who touches this book touches men deep in desperate enterprises. The impression that remains is not one of the cancellation of humanity, but of courage and comradeship, a thousand times tested to the breaking-point, a gallantry in which there is little trace of exhibitionism or frenzy. These men will live in naval tradition and become legend; and of that legend, grim and glorious, *The Cruel Sea* may well turn out to be the cornerstone."

—CLIFTON FADIMAN,

Book-of-the-Month Club News
\$4.00 at all bookstores

ALFRED • A • KNOPE, Publisher





Harvard
introduces



...the great "demoralizer"

ANDRÉ GIDE

By Albert J. Guerard. "Not a poor sinner but a strange pilot," wrote François Mauriac of André Gide. Albert J. Guerard shows the effects of Gide's psychological conflicts upon his novels, spiritual autobiographies and diaries. Two highly interesting letters from Gide to the author are included in an appendix; and, in the Preface, the author vividly describes two visits to Gide in 1945 and 1950. The book shows how Gide, with his desire for independence and his paradoxical longing for submission to authority, became one of the makers of the modern mind.

\$4.00



...a vigorous "theatre"

THE ROMAN STAGE

A SHORT HISTORY OF LATIN DRAMA
IN THE TIME OF THE REPUBLIC

By W. Beare. All types of Roman drama, from tragedy to farce, are here considered in relation to the theatre for which they were intended.

Illustrated, \$4.50

...a changing society THE PEOPLE OF ARISTOPHANES

By Victor Ehrenberg. The people of Athens are Mr. Ehrenberg's subject. He draws upon Aristophanes and old Attic comedy for a fascinating social and economic history of Fifth Century Athens.

Illustrated, \$5.00

At all bookstores, or



Harvard University Press
Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

Mifflin, \$3.75). The anthologer shows excellent taste and ranges wide; he draws from the Scriptures, saints, poets, philosophers, from the Oriental and Occidental, from the old and new. He has attempted to construct a moral chronology, not an anthology; he believes, for example, that the book should be read as a book with a beginning, middle, and end, not as a grab bag to be dipped into. He has attempted a survey, without frivolity, whose findings would support the memorable experience the young Gollancz had when he "sniffed the air and sang for joy amid the late autumn leaves in a narrow London garden." Now, most of us hold with this sort of experience. We remember it, nurture it, shore it against the horror that nearly drowns us. I think of Eliot's

Other echoes

Inhabit the garden. Shall we follow?

Quick, said the bird, find them, find them,
Round the corner.

But an anthology is another thing. It is asking too much of us to read it through, in inexorable sequence. An anthology is by its nature fragmented and truncated, and what the anthologer asks is contradictory. Eliot's *Four Quartets* expresses more satisfactorily a mood about the human and the divine. Gollancz is successful not through any particularized exploitation of a vision, but rather in that he has assembled a varied and perhaps related number of approaches to human wisdom. He has created a superior anthology, but an *anthology* nevertheless.

The innocent and the guileless

William Sansom is a young English author who has an undebatably immense talent. His earlier novel, *The Body*, was a brilliant and intense capture of a nightmare experience. His newest, *The Face of Innocence* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.00), is a subtle reversal of the earlier story. The humor and wit of his first novel was subsidiary and held back; the humor and wit in this second novel is primary and the psychological detection is held back and merely supporting. The novel is concerned with precisely the face of innocence — the face belonging to a handsome young lady who early in the story marries an old friend of the narrator. This trinity makes a nicely modulated triangle: though the triangle threatens to lose its neat shape when they get to

Cannes. That it ends well is almost a necessity: the tone is not one of tragedy, and the characters — well, the groom is a man who looks as if he were always wearing a splendidly tailored overcoat, even when he is in a bathing suit.

Sansom, I believe, writes as ably as anyone writing in English today. His language is quietly distinctive, effortless, and exact. He sees with an unstrained and a fresh eye. He has superb control of his material and he doesn't try what he can't do. Maybe that is the reason he hasn't written a great novel. So far his works have been minor ones. But this modest phenomenon is pleasing within the current context of egomania. I have the feeling that Sansom is still going to school, and that one day, given a sufficiently complex idea that he is anxious to transpose into fiction, he may very well be the novelist to fill the particular vacuum that, since early Maugham-Huxley and late Orwell, has remained unfilled.

We are told that *Ti-Coyo and His Shark* (Knopf, \$3.00) is the first book by Clément Richer to be published in the United States. Richer is Martinique-born (1914) and French-educated. This small and charming fable is so expertly written that it would have been something of a surprise if it had turned out to be his first novel. It isn't; the author, it seems, has published a half-dozen novels in France.

Ti-Coyo's beginnings, according to his creator, are of a most unpromising nature; he is the offspring of a hump-backed father and a squint-eyed mother who are ridiculed and despised by the townspeople. But Ti-Coyo becomes friends with a shark — a baby shark, of course. As the shark becomes svelte and murderous, Ti-Coyo's fortunes swell for the better. It is an "immoral fable"; a fairy tale; a Horatio Alger story, a from-rags-to-riches ritual. The sole problem that remains at the end of the tale is about as serious as this: how will Ti-Coyo apportion his hours of affectionate play — since now he is in possession of the shark as well as a lovely young wife? But Ti-Coyo, the reader knows, will solve it with effortless distinction.

Aside from its inconsequential, amusing story, what is attractive in the novel is its air of sophisticated guilelessness. There is a triflingly wicked candor that spreads its harm-



A key to the
survival of
human freedom

man & state

Eivind Berggrav

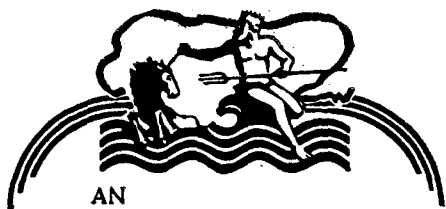
Former Primate of
The Church of Norway

"Bishop Berggrav's subject . . . is one of the most crucial and inescapable religious problems of the times: How does a Christian face a totalitarian state?" — *TIME*, May 21.

A vital, timely answer to democracy's most urgent problem—the stifling of the lust for power in the state and the growing spirit of totalitarianism abroad today. Bishop Berggrav points the way toward victory over the drift toward tyranny.

At all bookstores, \$4.00

MUHLENBERG PRESS
Philadelphia



AN
Atlantic Monthly Press
NOVEL

Giles Playfair's THE HEART OF FAME

Claude Rains, Roland Young, Margaret Webster, Basil Rathbone, Henry Hull, Clive Brooks and other theater "greats" are talking about this story of a great actor whose irresistible glamor cast its radiance on the lives of all who knew him—even the ones he wrecked. Have you read it yet?

At all bookstores • \$3.00
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY
BOSTON

less wings over the story. That Richer has retained what must be a native memory and has managed to sustain it for novella length constitutes an admirable work, if not of art, then of craft.

Potpourri

MOONFLEET by J. Meade Falkner. Little, Brown, \$3.00.

Moonfleet was published in England at the end of the nineteenth century. This is its first appearance under an American imprint, and all fanciers of high adventure at its finest and most savory may be grateful for the event. *Moonfleet* (the name of a town on the Channel coast of England) is fitted out with silver-shod pistols, discoveries in churchyards, the tramp of feet into old inns at night, the curse of the Black Mohunes (Mohune-fleet, Moonfleet), and the flash of a fateful diamond.

What it has that is missing in most contemporary tales of action is a style, an integrity, a mastery in its handling that brings to mind and is able to stand beside such pinnacles of the genre as Stevenson's *Kidnapped*.

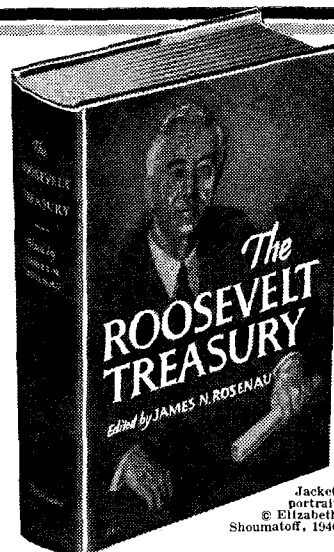
"There was my aunt's best winter candle still burning away in the daylight, for no one had taken any thought to put it out; and Mr. Bailiff melts the wax at it, till a drop of sealing-wax falls into the grease and makes a gutter down one side, and then there is a swealing of the parchment under the hot wax, and at last on goes the seal." That's the tone, and a fine one.

THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES OF 1951 edited by Martha Foley. Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75.

The trend in writing that impressed Martha Foley in her reading over the past year is a return to what William Faulkner (whom Miss Foley quotes) calls "the old verities and truths of the heart, the old universal truths lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed—love and honor and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice."

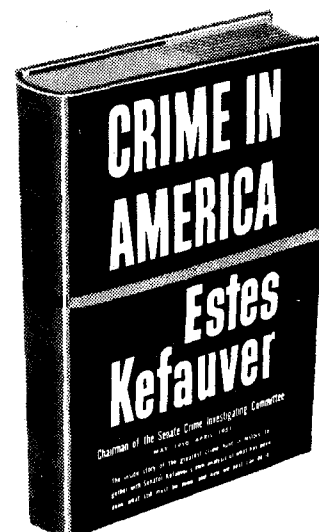
Although the twenty-eight short stories that Miss Foley has fastened on as the best of 1951 are for the major part works of skill and merit on a variety of levels, only six have a validity that answers to the spirit of Mr. Faulkner's criteria—the stories, specifically, by Peggy Bennet, Leonard Casper, R. V. Cassill, Ilona Karmel, and Oliver La Farge, and Jean Stafford's remarkable and moving study of abnormality, "The Nemesis."

For the rest, there is one excellent tale of wit, "Death of a Favorite," by J. F. Powers; a spate of highly sensitized glimpses of frustration and defeat, aimless except as they reflect the moral claustrophobias of the moment; several sensitive, innocuous stories with a women's magazine gloss to them; and a great deal of competent and subtle writing, as might be



Jacket
portrait
© Elizabeth
Shoumatoff, 1946

"The best portrait-in-words of Roosevelt to be found anywhere." — *Newark News* . . . THE ROOSEVELT TREASURY, edited by James N. Rosenau. The total picture of the fabulous F. D. R.—107 carefully chosen selections from the writings of 52 famous contemporaries, with the best of Roosevelt's speeches and press talks. Just published. 448 pages, \$5.



"Fascinating reading . . . As sparkling as the live television broadcasts." — *Chicago Tribune*. This book is the complete, inside, and personal report of the greatest crime hunt in U. S. history, by the man who conducted it . . . the only book that gives you the whole Crime Committee story as Kefauver himself lived it from the very beginning. Covers the Committee hearings in N. Y., Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, Washington, Cleveland, Los Angeles, San Francisco, St. Louis, New Orleans, Kansas City, Miami, Tampa, and Las Vegas. 376 pages, with 41 dramatic photographs, cloth, \$3.50. Paper edition, text complete and unabridged, \$1.

PRIZE STORIES OF 1951

THE O. HENRY AWARDS

Edited by Herschel Brickell. The thirty-third annual collection is "the best yet put together." — *Joseph Henry Jackson*. 24 stories, including this year's 1-2-3 prize-winners by Harris Downey, Eudora Welty, and Truman Capote. \$3.75

At all booksellers **DOUBLEDAY**

SUCCESSFUL WRITERS

Teach You To WRITE



ROBERT SMITH

Author: *Hotel on the Lake; The Human Image; Baseball; One Winter in Boston* and many short stories.



JANET WELT

formerly on staff N. Y. *Journal* and *Detroit Times*; writer for Dell and Fawcett Publications.

BETH WALKER, author: *Hills of Home; Hollywood Ho*; radio scripts; verse; juvenile stories.

MARY HEATON VORSE, author: *The Prestons; A Footnote to Folly*; stories in *Collier's*, *Woman's Home Companion*, etc. And Other Successful Writers and Editors.

ONLY COURSE OF ITS KIND

The Magazine Institute, the ONLY New York Writing School which is completely owned, staffed and operated by successful writers and editors, offers you a chance to learn to write the way famous writers did—by writing continually under the patient direction of a professional writer or editor.

You work at home, in spare time. Every lesson you submit is criticised and corrected by a successful writer or editor. You proceed as slowly or as rapidly as you wish. You may concentrate on fiction or non-fiction. Before long you are turning out, under our direction, short stories, articles, sketches, whatever you seem best fitted to do. Your work, if it seems ready, is offered directly to market by our sales department.

TEST YOUR LITERARY APTITUDE FREE

The Magazine Institute offers a Free Literary Aptitude Test which enables you to find out for yourself if you have any writing talent. The test is Completely Self-Correcting.

THE BEST JOB IN THE WORLD

Inquirers also receive a big free catalog describing the Magazine Institute plan of professional help to writers and the Booklet **THE BEST JOB IN THE WORLD**, telling how Magazine Institute graduates without other training have succeeded in the book, magazine, or newspaper world. Fill out the coupon below and mail it TODAY. Do not risk mislaying this page. Do it NOW.

THIS COURSE APPROVED FOR VETERANS' TRAINING

The Magazine Institute, Inc.

Fifty Rockefeller Plaza
New York 20, N. Y.

The Magazine Institute, Inc. Dept. 19-C
Fifty Rockefeller Plaza, Rockefeller
Center, New York 20, N. Y.

Yes, I want to find out for myself if I have any writing talent. Send me your FREE Literary Aptitude Test together with your Free Catalog and other material about opportunities for success in writing. I understand that this inquiry is confidential and that no agent will call on me.

Name _____

Address _____

() Check here if eligible under G.I. Bill

expected from a collection that includes John Cheever, Roger Angell, Tennessee Williams, Shirley Jackson, Mary Bolte, and William Goyen.

THE ANATOMY OF HAPPINESS by Martin Gumpert, M.D. McGraw-Hill, \$3.50.

"Happiness," writes Dr. Gumpert, "is a state of mind which is caused by the release of tension. Unhappiness is caused by the inadequate release of tension. This is the most simple and most comprehensive definition I can think of. It puts the age-old problem of human happiness into biological terms. There, I believe, it belongs." In the forty-eight brief chapters that follow, Dr. Gumpert, a specialist in the medicine and pathology of old age and author of the best-selling *You Are Younger than You Think*, attempts to clarify "the patterns of happiness—and unhappiness—as they appear in actual daily experience in every physician's life."

The result is an intelligent, garrulous, digressive, and at some points debatable book that leaves practically no stone of daily life unturned, from housing to gout, from snobbishness to insomnia, from love to allergies. How much of *The Anatomy of Happiness* is good sense and how much nonsense the individual reader will have to weed out for himself.

TALKS WITH NEHRU: *A discussion between Jawaharlal Nehru and Norman Cousins.* John Day, \$2.00.

This meaty little book, a transcript of a tape recording of 150 minutes of conversation between the Prime Minister of India and the editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, is continuously intelligent and frequently illuminating. It is a dialogue that, on the whole, is heartening because of its civilized tone, its human decency, and its candor. Candor, one hastens to add, as between two people; the Prime Minister is, after all, a powerfully public figure. For example, he expresses sorrow at the fate of Czechoslovakia but he avoids what appears to be an ineluctable conclusion that Communism will devour democracy the first chance it gets.

To Mr. Cousins's intelligent questions on democracy, the role of the state, India, China, the UN, Mr. Nehru replies with a moral seriousness and simplicity that establishes him as unique on all the Capitol Hills of the world. The Prime Minister appears strongest on interrogations concerning democracy and the rights of the individual; weakest on the subject of Stalinist communism, mainly because he fails, or does not wish, to understand the nature of the revolution that has taken place in Russia since 1930. Nevertheless this brief exchange is a strong document. It helps us to understand India's moral aspirations and political techniques, undeniably a precondition for an alliance with India and, ultimately, with peace.

"Tops in its field" . . . John Barkham

THE PLAY

A Critical Anthology

Edited
by Eric
Bentley

Nine great plays—Moliere's *The Miser*; Strindberg's *Ghost Sonata*; Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*, and others.

"Invaluable . . . its nine plays are all recognized masterpieces. Mr. Bentley has produced two new and first-rate translations by leading theatrical figures (Jean Cocteau's adaptation of Sophocles' *Antigone* and Eva Le Gallienne's translation of Ibsen's *Ghosts*) . . . Bespeaks authority, erudition and good taste."—*Saturday Review of Literature Syndicate* \$3.65

PRENTICE-HALL, INC. • New York

WITTER BYNNER'S
stimulating and amusing
recollections, brilliant and
perceptive reflections, con-
cerning the D. H. LAWRENCE'S
Journey With Genius

At all bookstores • \$4.00

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY

Sales Office: 210 Madison Ave., N.Y. 16

OUT-OF-PRINT and HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS
supplied. All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies and Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your list of wants. No obligation. We report quickly at lowest prices. (We also supply all current books at retail store prices—postpaid, as well as all books reviewed, advertised or listed in this issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*).
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 West 48th Street, Dept. A, New York 19, N. Y.
N.B. We also BUY books and magazines. Please list.

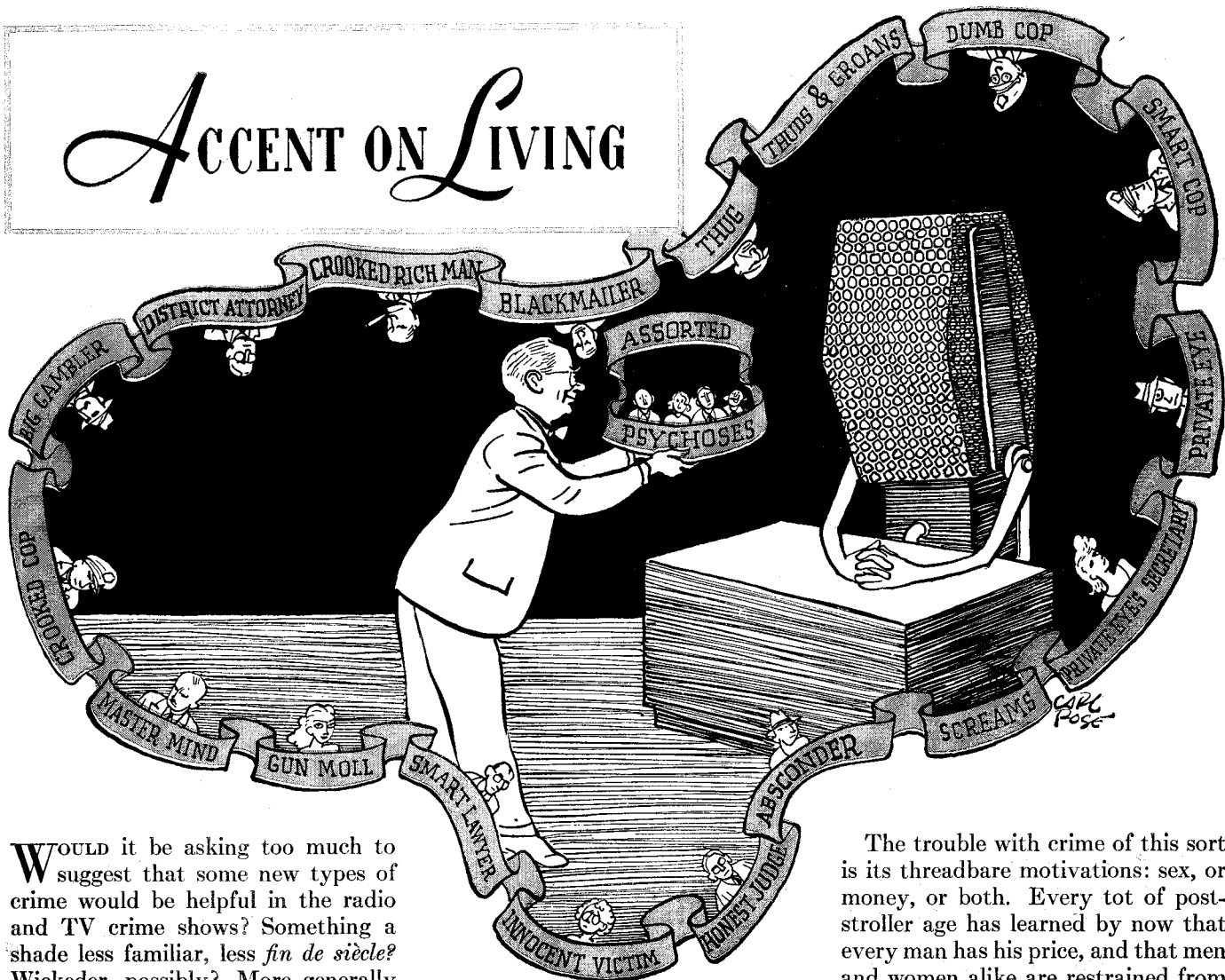
Frederick Wight's KINDLING

A novel of violent passions and coruscating action—of a man who was weak and a woman who was strong. \$3.00

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON

ACCENT ON LIVING



WOULD it be asking too much to suggest that some new types of crime would be helpful in the radio and TV crime shows? Something a shade less familiar, less *fin de siècle*? Wicked, possibly? More generally damaging?

Criminality is still the backbone of broadcasting, and I have no intention of belittling its status as the greatest single asset of the air waves. The incorruptible judge, the spouse of indubitable virtue, the bank cashier who is not and never was a horse-player — these are hardly in the heroic mold long since taken for granted by the radio audience. Such characters would lack plausibility, I realize, and it would be terribly poky for the script writers to have to drag in the artificialities of a make-believe world where people speak grammatical English, carry no firearms, and keep their cash in a checking account. Again, without tough criminals, there would be no tough cops. No tough cops, no tough Private Eyes, and then where would radio be? What would happen to society?

But I discern a certain sameness in our crime-entertainment. One squeaking door sounds much like another. The thud of blackjack on glabella (or occiput), and the ensuing groans, are the same from one studio

to the next. Fiendish laughter is still fiendish laughter, whether it comes from the crooked District Attorney, the crooked president of the Nirvana Trust Company, or from Blackie Slam himself, a real card-carrying crook.

"Okay, Slam — drop that heater and face the wall!"

(Thud! Smack! THUD!) "Oo-o-o-o-h."

(THUD! THUD!!) "Ee-e-e-ah-a-a-a-h."

"Fooled yuh, didn' I, shamus? Heh-heh-heh."

These situations must seem hum-drum by this time even to the most aggressive of us. The boredom in Blackie's voice as he wields the cosh is not simulated. He's in a rut and he knows it. So are the listeners, the technicians, the sponsors. And in the blowoff, when the Private Eye — whose head has been neatly fitted together again by his faithful secretary — rattles off the denouement, all hands are just as fed up with the story as he is.

The trouble with crime of this sort is its threadbare motivations: sex, or money, or both. Every tot of post-stroller age has learned by now that every man has his price, and that men and women alike are restrained from adultery only by the broadcasting code. Naturally the will was forged, naturally the race was fixed, naturally the blackmailer double-crossed the victim. So what! Violence helps to while away these half hours, but it's always violence for the most transparent reasons.

Yet even as broadcasting fondles the well-worn themes of criminality, a far richer vein of "drama" lies untouched and ready at hand. I refer to the broad field of lunacy, hitherto entered only fitfully by our entertainers and on a relatively limited basis.

The proposition that every American is a crook would be enormously vitalized if broadcast entertainment could also show him to be a schizophrenic with as many fancy psychoses on the side as the script writers found convenient to assign to him. Plots and "situations" would become not only more complex but also highly unpredictable. The sameness, the tedium, would vanish before novelities that fairly stagger the imagination. Consider, for instance, what

might become of Lt. Grim of the Nirvana police department.

Grim is a crook to begin with. Well and good. But he is also an undiagnosed schizophrenic — half crooked cop, but with the other half believing himself to be Catherine the Great. As a crooked cop, Grim is, into the bargain, a fetishist, a pyromaniac, and he suffers from a morbid fear of handling public telephones.

Into Grim's orbit, possibly for a mere parking violation, comes Harrison J. Ravenel, crooked rich man-about-town and split cleanly down the middle into one-part dilettante and one-part turret lathe operator. Ravenel is also a food faddist who eats nothing but graham crackers and blackstrap molasses. His preach-

ments to this effect send Grim, who has been daydreaming about blinis and caviar in one of his Catherine the Great intervals, into a frenzy. Grim gives Ravenel a classic radio beating with full sound effects and locks him up in the tank.

Meanwhile, word of Ravenel's plight reaches his fellow turret lathe operators, a highly organized group and all crazy as loons. They are led by lovely Dixie Swanson, a paranoid and jury-fixer who believes that she is desired in marriage by Grim, who has in fact never heard of her.

Under Dixie's leadership, the turret lathe operators set fire to the plant and march on the police station.

Such a plot might veer in almost any direction. How would Grim re-

act, for example, to having his head put through a few turns on a turret lathe? Far more noisily, one suspects, than he would to the tiresome blackjackings and pistol-whippings that we have all heard so often. And what of lovely Dixie Swanson, languishing on Ravenel's graham crackers and molasses, prisoner in a penthouse filled with Old Masters, scrap metal, and whirring machinery? Would Ravenel's parking ticket case ever reach a jury? Would Grim burn down the courthouse?

No nursery school toddler is likely to tick off the answers to that kind of question in a hurry. Broadcasters, the way is open! A new epoch awaits you! *Floreat Dementia!*

CHARLES W. MORTON

TOURIST IN ARGENTINA

by RAOUL SIMPKINS

RAOUL SIMPKINS is the pseudonym of an English resident of Paris who has recently been traveling in South America. He has been a frequent contributor to these pages.

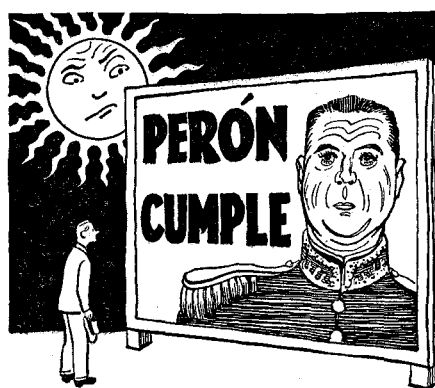
POSSIBLY Juan Perón, President of Argentina, is unaware of the fact, but a lot of people in that country — several hundred thousand, I should think — are blatantly disobeying his orders. And with a dictatorship, that is rather a bad show. In all the hotels, bars, and restaurants there hangs a notice. "By order of the authorities," it says, "all tipping has been abolished from October 1, 1945." Tipping abolished? Can this be true? Hats off to Perón, surely? Read on. "Instead, the amount of the bill will be legally increased by twenty-three per cent as a service charge. Aside from this, employees are forbidden to accept any tip."

Twenty-three per cent! Even in the best of European luxury hotels, fifteen per cent is the highest for service. Nor does it stop there, in Argentina. The employees, naughtily ignoring their president's wishes, still continue to accept *propinas* in the same bad old way, explaining — which is doubtless true — that the twenty-three per cent is simply used by the hotel or restaurant to pay their wages.

So that's one thing that Perón can't chalk up for himself. But he

is busy claiming many other credits. Everywhere — in Buenos Aires itself and out in the countryside — I encountered vast billboards alongside public work projects. "Perón cumple!" they cry, in huge black letters. Meaning "Perón did it!" And sometimes, by way of variation, the second line reads, "And Eva dignified it," a graceful reference to the First Lady.

The building projects and the big



blocks of flats for "workers" that have gone up in the capital are certainly badly needed. For a country that has not suffered a major war in recent years, Argentina in many ways is just like a country that has. The appalling crowding of public transportation, the chronic lack of taxis, the log jam on the air lines, the wheezing dilapidation of the railroads, taken over from British control a few years back, and the enormous difficulty of making a hotel reserva-

tion at a spot like Mar del Plata, Buenos Aires' Atlantic City, is all reminiscent of a post-war boom.

I wanted to go to Mar del Plata myself, as I thought it would be fun to meet the sailor from the *Graf Spee* who had recently broken the bank at the government-run Casino there (by strictly legal means). But when I mentioned this desire to the hall porter in my hotel, adding that I purposed to travel the next day, the fellow gave a merry laugh. "Ah, you English are drolls," he remarked. "For Mar del Plata you would have to reserve on the plane two or three weeks ahead. And once there, señor, who knows when you could return? No round-trip reservations are ever made nowadays on any of our trains or planes." This seemed so odd that I investigated. It's true enough — no round trips! Just one-way!

There is a frightening shortage of telephones in Argentina. To be on a waiting list for as much as four years is taken as a matter of course. And the practice of shifting the telephone you already have when you move to another house or flat is not allowed. You must start again from scratch. I was sitting in the office of a newspaperman one afternoon, in Buenos Aires, when a man popped his head round the door and said something in Spanish. My friend reached up and heaved over a vast switch on the wall near his silver-painted, candlestick telephone, and the other man disap-

peared. "We share a telephone," explained my man. "That's a business office next door and they pop in and ask me to switch over. It's the party-line system — but awkward sometimes when they are trying to clinch a business deal and I am trying to get a story."

As I stood in a Buenos Aires street at three o'clock in the morning watching the buses go past, all as crowded as if it were the rush hour and all bearing the *Completo* notice, I said to a friend with me, "What are all these people doing up at this hour?" He said, "Perón has raised everyone's wages and most of them can't think what to do with their money. So they ride back and forth on the buses."

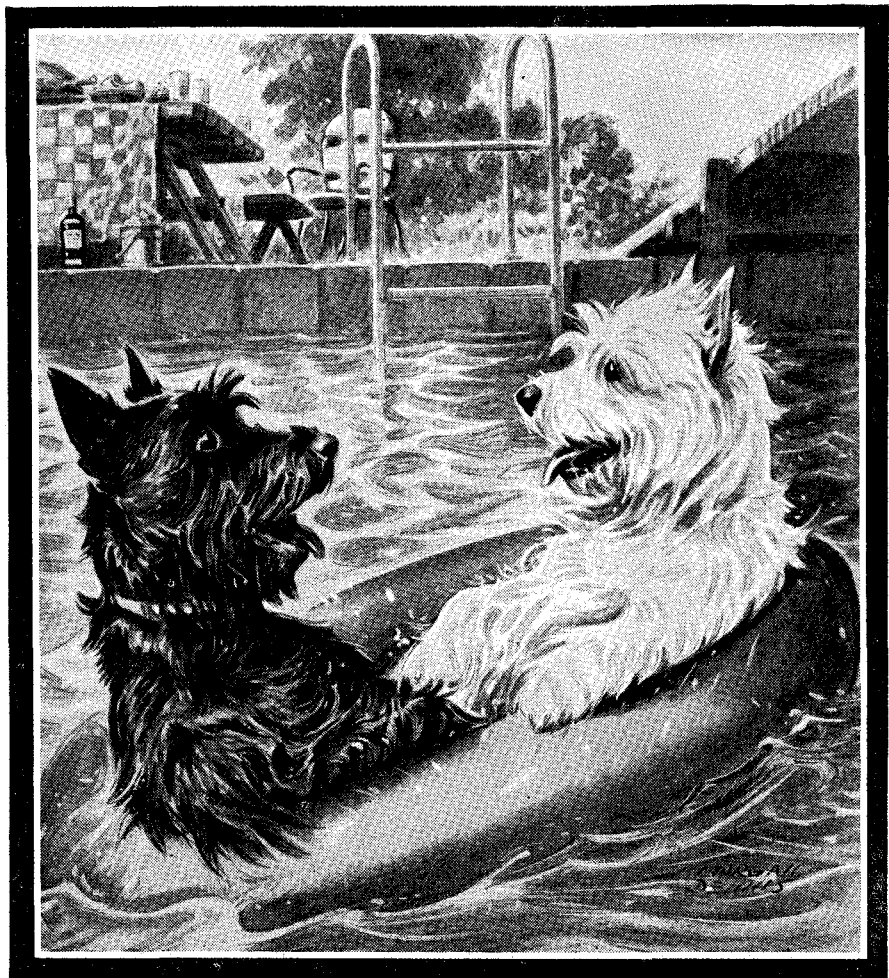
Later this same friend was driving me along in an old Ford, 1936 vintage. I noticed several times, when we stopped for a traffic light, that men would step eagerly forward and mutter something. "Who are they?" I inquired. "They are making offers for this car," he said. "I bought it for 3000 pesos in 1946. I could get 30,000 for it tomorrow."

The car situation is bad and leading to scandals. In line with the Perón "self-sufficiency" policy, all car imports have been halted. To get a car into Argentina, even if you bought it yourself while abroad and are perfectly prepared to fulfill all legal requirements, pay the steep tariff, and so on, requires such a monstrous battle with red tape that most people give up. One man I met has had his new American convertible all crated up and waiting across the River Plate at Montevideo for nearly a year. Nothing doing. But the official at a small legation who has been bringing in six Cadillacs a year, under diplomatic immunity, and reselling them at fabulous profits is, it is confidently stated, on the verge of comfortable retirement.

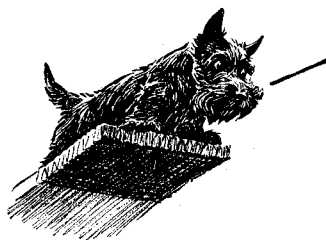
This economic xenophobia of Perón's leads to the strangest black markets. Doormats, for example. The operators have cleaned up nicely on doormats, which are, or used to be, imported. In consequence mats are usually kept on a chain, or else brought out specially for the honored guest, like a bottle of rare wine.

The meat consumption in Buenos Aires is staggering. I soon wearied of the steaks and caused surprise by clamoring for chicken and fish. For one thing, the Argentines are not very good cooks. And the scale of their

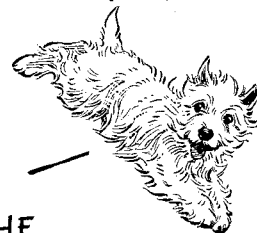
ACCENT ON LIVING



What a Safe Feeling



"IT SURE IS NICE TO BE
ON THE CREST OF
THE WAVE, WHITEY!"



"YES, BLACKIE, AND
THAT'S BECAUSE OUR
FRIENDS KNOW THAT THE
QUALITY AND CHARACTER
OF BLACK & WHITE SCOTCH
NEVER CHANGE!"

"BLACK & WHITE"

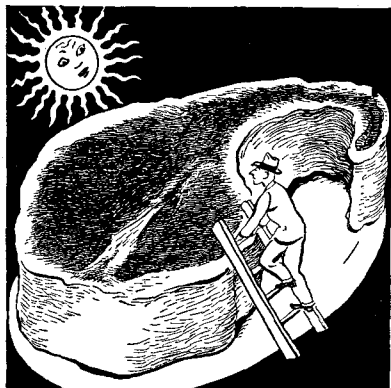
The Scotch with Character



BLENDING SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

meat cutting is so heroic that I found it tending to rob me of my appetite. Order a T-bone and you will have planked down in front of you a great slab of flesh which could satisfy three men — but which, in Buenos Aires, is quite often taken care of by a woman giving a solo performance.

I went to an *asado*, an Argentine barbecue, one Sunday afternoon, and it was small wonder that afterwards



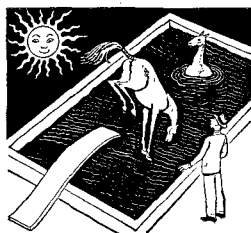
the company, neglecting a very fine swimming pool on the premises, mainly stretched out under the eucalyptus trees and went to sleep. A peon had been at work on the victuals for several hours. He worked with a large and elaborately compartmented grill, set at a slope, over a slow charcoal fire. Besides straight cuts of beef, you could have sausages (very good these), spareribs, and flaky hot pasties which were a sort of cross between sausage rolls and mince pies — delicious. Your plate satisfactorily loaded up, you made your way over to a table set beneath the fig trees. Here the men were placed at chairs and the womenfolk fluttered dutifully about us. I was plied with vermouth, salad, fruit, cakes, and cheese, the whole irrigated by red wine in great profusion. I felt it the next day.

No visit to Buenos Aires would, as the saying goes, be complete without a look into the Jockey Club. A member showed me something of the ornate lushness of the place. It cost \$2,000,000 to build in the eighties and is the quintessence of Victorianism. Here, beneath several superb Goyas or over the drinks in a charming bar, the members had some hard things to say about the regime. In the club museum they keep the skeletons of many a famed old-time race horse, and I got the impression that they wouldn't at all mind adding one or two human skeletons to the collection. The members, who are all of great substance — most of them cattlemen

— do themselves well. There are 225,000 bottles of vintage wine in the cellars; there are 40 cooks, and in all 1328 employees. I was sorry not to see the club's premises out at the San Isidro race track, which include a swimming pool for horses only. (Humans are expressly forbidden its use.)

The policemen, who wear jack boots and sky-blue collars and ties, resemble graduates of an SS division who have wound up in a musical comedy having social significance. To direct traffic, they climb up ladders onto little covered-in platforms. Clearly men who worry about the sunshine, they are not content with the roof over their heads but, for extra protection, wear a great white thing like a nun's veil as well. They go home to lunch — probably steak.

Several times as I walked about Buenos Aires I heard men's voices calling out the word *Malvinas*! About the fourth time it happened I was accompanied by an Argentine friend, and I said to him: "Malvinas must be a most popular girl's name around here?" He looked uncomfortable and said, "I am afraid it is no girl's name. You see, it is what we call the Falkland Islands, and these men, having spotted you as a Britisher, are shouting to suggest that you let us have them back." As Confucius might have put it: "Lucky is the man who, through ignorance of the language, remains unaware that he is the object of a public demonstration."



A HOLLYWOOD CHILD STAR'S GARDEN OF VERSES. III

(Apologies to Robert Louis Stevenson)

by EDMUND J. KIEFER

THE rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree;
It's phony rain and phony ground
And phony scenery.

OF speckled eggs the birdie sings,
And nests among the trees;
But my own singing yearly brings
About 100 Gs.

QUIET—I'M ON A DIET



by ALFRED TOOMBS

ALFRED TOOMBS was a newspaperman in Washington and Chicago before settling down as a free lance in southern Maryland. He is the author of *Raising a Riot*, and Crowell will publish this fall his *Honeymoon for Seven*.

ABOUT once a year, my wife takes a look at my silhouette and pushes me onto the bathroom scales. The reading invariably shows that I have gained at least ten pounds.

I am willing to shrug this matter off, but she is not. "There's a diet starting in the paper today," she says. "You should try it. You'd lose that ten pounds in a couple of weeks."

I spend the next two weeks avoiding the subject, but this effort nets me a loss of only one pound. When further resistance to her is useless, I begin the ordeal.

Diets are horrible enough, but the way they are run at our place they become something that the Chinese simply had not yet perfected when they introduced the water torture.

The fare on our table is the sort of plain, sturdy home-cooking which has made it possible for so many French and Italian restaurants to prosper in this country. But when I have whipped myself up to a frenzy of self-denial, my wife begins to practice spectacular rites in the kitchen. The result is that, instead of the low-calorie roast chicken which normally appears on Sunday, we have fried chicken or chicken and dumplings. The cauliflower and cabbage, which are usually served with pristine plainness, now come drenched in rich sauces.

If my diet permits me to have two ounces of noodles at a meal, my wife will knock herself out to come up with some casserole containing noodles, mushrooms, bits of bacon, and black walnuts, soaked in a butter sauce and topped with baked cheese. When I sit staring at it moodily, trying to figure

ACCENT ON LIVING

how to sort out the noodles from the calories, she will say, "Take some of the crispy part on top. You look so hungry."

"But that's cheese," I protest. "I am supposed to be eating noodles."

"But you're allowed cheese on your diet," she insists.

"That was for lunch," I reply. "I got one ounce of cheese with my lettuce and tomato salad with the, ugh, mineral oil dressing."

"Oh, pshaw," she says. "And I put cheese on your apple pie, too. . . . Why are you looking at me like that? I know you're supposed to get an apple for dessert tonight."

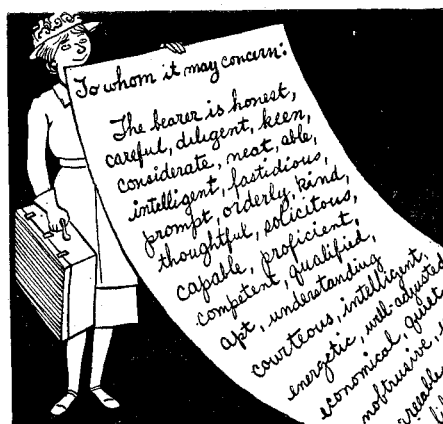
The children, seeing how I am suffering, traipse home from school with their candy ration intact. They rush up and wave candy bars under my nose; and if I refuse to take a bite, their feelings are deeply hurt. It is about this time that all of our friends in faraway places (a) begin to drop in for a visit, bringing boxes of candy and bottles of high calorie whiskey, or (b) suddenly start sending us rare cheeses and fruit cakes. I never have figured out how the word gets around the country so fast that I'm on a diet.

The last time I went through this ordeal, I resolved that it would indeed be the last time. So when my wife began her annual agitation about my waistline recently, I made no protest about going on a diet. On the first night of the regime, she served broccoli as the diet specified. I gobbled it down, along with the hollandaise sauce she had thoughtfully improvised. I drank the cocoa she served when she decided I must be getting tired of skimmed milk. I ate the chocolates the kids shoved into my mouth; and when Aunt Edith sent candied fruit, I loaded up on it.

When the two weeks of dieting were up, I weighed myself and found I had gained two pounds. "Well, I'm back to normal," I announced to my family. "Now I can start eating like a human again."

Everyone lost interest in me immediately. Cabbage came out of the kitchen — boiled, period. Chickens were roasted again, and the kids managed to do away with all their gumdrops before they got home from school. My old buddy Pat, who had come through with pecan pralines from Texas when I was on my last diet, sent us pickled Swedish fish this time.

While nobody was watching, I lost fifteen pounds.



ALL UP IN A HEAVAL

by JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON

Critic, author, and anthologist, JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON has been literary editor of the San Francisco Chronicle since 1931.

FOR quite a while now we have been wondering about the Trotts. We have never seen them but we feel they are almost friends. They are dream people, curiously dim in certain aspects of their lives, sharp and clear in others. At 500 miles' distance (they live in Southern California) they are, naturally, vague to us even though we know a surprising lot about them. Some of it, we are sure, cannot be true. Yet — well, Marta who told us so much and so little about the Trotts was herself so simply and solidly matter-of-fact.

It was this round-cheeked solidity that made us certain Marta was the jewel all families like ours hope to find. With her blonde hair edging on gray, she seemed the very model of foursquare respectability. Plainly she liked our child — all children we guessed, watching her comfortable surrogate-motherliness. When she came for her interview she scooped our cat into her lap with that absent-minded assurance all cats immediately recognize and approve. The Trotts had written sincerely and warmly To Whom It Might Concern. Yes, Marta would be the ideal helper we had sought so long.

For the three months she stayed with us Marta was all we hoped. Her strudel was a poem. She would have laid down her life for our seven-year-old if necessary. She hummed little tunes when she washed the kitchen paint. On her nights off she rode the trolley happily down to Oakland to attend the sedate midweek get-together dances at Smart's Ballroom

where strangers were always decently introduced. After a short time men called for her on those evenings. All of them were admirable examples of middle-aged propriety, and my wife thought that one in particular, an electrician, might make Marta a good match. Nothing came of it. Perhaps she told him too much about the Trotts. For, as we began to see, Marta still lived with the Trotts in spirit if with us in the flesh.

We understood this when we realized that we were coming to know a surprising lot about the Trotts' family life. Mrs. Trott, we learned, wore a transformer. Mr. Trott was a pharmacist. He played a flute after dinner; the music was lovely, Marta said — clear as a hound's tooth. Perhaps it was his training at the prescription-slab that taught him to make a better Old-Fashioned than I did. Marta was firm about that; Mr. Trott always put a dash of Angora bitters in his.

As the weeks passed, we began to see the Trotts more and more plainly. Mr. Trott was a tidy man and Marta had a passion for tidiness. Once she suggested to my wife that The Mister was sometimes like a bull in a china closet. Order ruled in the Trott household; times, dates, and schedules were scrupulously observed. When we innocently assumed she would change her night off because we had unexpected guests, Marta made this quite clear. Mrs. Trott would not have taken such a thing for granite. "She would never put me in a lurch!" Marta said with dignity.

Mrs. Trott, we learned, often had ladies in for tea, and sometimes for a game of option bridge. Marta had never minded doing up the cups and plates, nor did she when my wife had ladies in. But there was no doubt about her feeling that we might bet-



ter have done such things with more style. Mrs. Trott, for instance, made her tea in a semaphore, a handsome brass one.

It was not long before we came to

have in our minds' eye a partial picture, at least, of the Trott house. Some rooms we could never visualize. Marta made no mention of bed-chambers, for instance. She spoke of the bathroom once, when she told us that Mr. Trott, an asthmatic, kept his epidemic needle there. But the living room is clear in outline and color, with the gaily-jacketed books that came by mail each month from the Literary Glide, and the derogatypes of Trott relatives on the walls.

Mrs. Trott was one for sayings, it appeared. Marta quoted her frequently. When the telephone rang she liked to say "Sometimes I wish I was invisible!" A "kick in the bucket" was what happened to someone who died, and afterward — well, it was all water under the dam. Mrs. Trott often said she didn't believe in stirring up a harness nest. As for trouble, the thing to do was to rise beneath it. Now and then, we thought, Marta felt she spoke too much of the Trotts. At such times she would close the subject briskly. "Excuse me!" she would say. "I was just talking out loud!"

In the end, we believe, it was our lack of neatness that was too much for Marta. She liked our university town with its steep, picturesque hills; more than once she mentioned the unusual conformality of the ground. But what with our child and a cat and the fact that we were too busy most of the time to be as tidy as we should — as tidy as the Trotts — Marta felt that our house always looked like the raft of God, and she never felt wholly at home in it. She did not like it, she said, when things were all up in a heaval.

Inevitably Marta went back to the Trotts, and she is with them now. She writes occasionally, and always sends her regards to The Mister. Sometimes we think of her, busy and happy, keeping the big brass semaphore bright, dusting the Trott derogatypes in their heavy gilt frames. Perhaps some day, if anything takes us to Southern California, we shall call on her. It would be worth it, we feel, to look at the Trotts' greatest treasure, the oil painting that occupies the end wall of the living room. Marta always lowered her voice when she mentioned the subject. It is — and we would give a good deal to see it just once — a religious painting, a scene from the New Testament showing Our Lord in the Garden of Yosemite.



PROVENCE WITHOUT GARLIC

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

JOSEPH WECHSBERG has been traveling in Africa and in Europe. This latest of his travel articles comes to us from the South of France.

I AM always skeptical when one of my gourmet friends tells me of a "sensational" restaurant which he has discovered. Too often the place appears to be sensational only because of the amount of garlic the chef gets away with in something whimsically called Provençal, or because the lights are turned off or on — I don't remember which — while Crêpes Suzette are being served. I like good food (ungarlicked), and occasionally I write about people who make good food because I've found them to be interesting and wise in many ways, but I've never thought of myself as a gourmet. I was more dubious than ever early this spring when a gourmet friend from Boston told me of a "wonderful" restaurant in Les-Baux-en-Provence, France, called L'Oustau de Baumanière. Epicureanism, I've come to learn, is rare among the Bostonians' many virtues. I put the address down in my book and gave no thought to it.

Then, one morning a few weeks ago, I found myself in the Provence, after a long and arduous trip through North Africa on which I had subsisted on 40-cent in-flight luncheons prepared by United States Air Force mess sergeants, and on some awful couscous which my gourmet friends would doubtless consider exotic — spiced and thus sensational. Hot as red pepper. I began to think wistfully of a good French table. Then I remembered the address. As I happened to be traveling northbound

on the Marseille-Paris Express, I asked the conductor where to get off for Les Baux. He didn't know and suggested that I get off at Arles. "Nothing is very far from Arles," he said, with commendable Gallic serenity. The *Guide Michelin*, however, put Les Baux, department Bouches-du-Rhône, at 18 kilometers from Tarascon, awarding the Baumanière, tel: No. 7, two stars — which is pretty good — and adding, in red print, "*Bel interieur provençal et patio fleuri.*" I would get off there.

Tarascon is a sleepy old Roman town with many ruins. I went into the post office and called No. 7 in Les Baux. In due time M. Thuilier, the *patron* (proprietor) of the Baumanière, came to the phone. He would be glad to pick me up in half an hour, he said. No bother, no bother at all. He was going there anyway to look at a saddle of lamb and the early asparagus.

Half an hour later a Talbot stopped in front of the Syndicat d'Initiative. M. Raymond Thuilier was a jovial, mustachioed Frenchman who looked as pleased as if he'd just heard some good news about himself. He would have been fat for a middleweight champion but he was rather trim for a chef. He wore a topcoat over his white chef's outfit and explained apologetically that he'd been about to prepare *déjeuner* and that there had been no time to dress. M. Thuilier, it seemed, was that *rara avis*, the owner of a well-known restaurant who actually did the cooking himself.

As soon as we left the old ramparts of Tarascon behind us M. Thuilier started to step down on the gas. "Life begins at eighty kilometers an hour," he said. "I used to go much faster. Must be getting old. Fifty-four, you know."

We went through the Provence at

suicidal speed. I've always liked the Provençal landscape with its soft colors, deep shadows, the permanent warm glow in the air, and the omniscient memory of bold warriors and romantic troubadours, but there was no time for appreciation. We stopped briefly in the small village of Maillane where Frédéric Mistral, last of the great troubadours, lived and is buried.

"Pablo Casals came here last year to play Bach at Mistral's grave," said M. Thuilier. "I suppose it was Mistral's poetry that made me come here. I'm from Chambéry, in the Savoie, where my parents and my grandparents were hotelkeepers."

The road began to ascend and the fertile lovely countryside became rocky and wild. The rocks grew into rocky hills and the hills became jagged mountains with grotesque patterns, like the eerie moonscapes in Arizona and New Mexico. M. Thuilier said that many of his American friends had noted the resemblance. "Lots of fennel and thyme here," he said. "The air is very dry, too dry to keep our Camembert. They bring it up all *mûr* and within twenty-four hours it's as dry as bread crust."

We reached the pass. The mountains were called Les Alpilles — "the little Alps" — and below us the valley with its bizarre formations was Val d'Enfer, the Valley of Hell, where according to legend Dante had found the inspiration for his *Inferno*. Way up on the hilltop, built into the rocks so that it was hard to distinguish the houses from the rocks, was the centuries-old village of Les



Baux. Baux is a Ligurian word which means "steep"; the mineral which was later called bauxite was first found here in 1822. Back in the thirteenth century the township of Les Baux had boasted of three thousand six hundred people but now there are only fifty-five or fifty-six. M. Thuilier turned the car off the

road. Suddenly, as if the scenery had been switched on a revolving stage, I found myself back in the twentieth century with its more advanced comforts. There was a swimming pool, a stately stone house, the *patio fleuri* that the *Guide Michelin* had noted in red letters, and a wide terrace with comfortable chairs, from which you could look out over the mysterious Camargue country, the plains of the Provence in the rear, and the bluish haze indicating the faraway Mediterranean.

I was enchanted. There were drama and contrast and beauty in this picture. "I fell in love with the place," M. Thuilier said, with the quiet satisfaction of an artist showing his life's work. "There wasn't much when I came here in '46. A dilapidated, abandoned farmhouse. We had to rebuild the whole thing but we stuck to the Provençal style and to the old name. *Oustau* means 'house' in Provençal. We are not sure about the origin of the word *Baumanière*. It may be the name of the family that built the house, in 1634. Or it may mean The House of the Black Cave, or The House Near the Rock with Easy Access. There was a mill here, and a sheep farm. The family of Mistral lived here for some time. You remember Mistral's words, '*Di Baus farien ma capitado* — in Baux I'll make my capital.'"

An affectionate young police dog rushed up to M. Thuilier and was introduced as Ajax. "When we bought the place with M. Moscoloni, my partner," said M. Thuilier, "we had trouble to find water. We drilled and found enough to fill the pool."

A few people were sitting in the patio and on the terrace, and from the kitchen came the nervous sounds that always mount before mealtime like the tide, but M. Thuilier said there was no hurry; he was a civilized man and didn't like to hurry, and he was going to show me the house. There are only ten guestrooms but M. Thuilier, unlike most French innkeepers, knows the importance of showers, bathrooms, fireplaces, telephones, of good beds and rough towels. There were even screens on the windows. The floor had Renaissance tiles and above the entrance was a sun clock with an inscription: —

A la Teulisso lou Teule
Au Toulissaire lou Souleu.

The vaulted dining room was cool and comfortable, suggesting a home

rather than a restaurant with its big fireplace, gobelin-covered chairs, and flowers everywhere. Most people were eating outside but I thought I would rather have lunch here. M. Thuilier agreed. "It's all right to have a picnic on the terrace, cold meat and cheese and salad, but you can't really appreciate the food outside, with the wind blowing dust



on your plate and blossoms falling down. I'm going to prepare your lunch. What do you like?"

I never tell a good chef what I like to eat; I eat what he likes to make for me. M. Thuilier was delighted. "So many people come here and order," he said. "They don't give me a chance to show what I can do."

The headwaiter, Rodolphe, was a relaxed young fellow who had worked in Paris and London and wanted to go to America. Did I think it was difficult to get to America and find a job if you really knew your *métier*? As we talked, a couple sat down at the table next to me, and Rodolphe turned toward them. The man was stiff and unsmiling and wore a small Swiss flag in his lapel, and his wife was heavy-set and needed a shampoo. Rodolphe started to make suggestions. They have a printed menu — without prices — but rarely bother to show it. There are always three or four specialties — not that weird list of seventeen dishes, all as impersonal as cans of peaches.

How about some warm hors d'oeuvres to start with, said Rodolphe, perhaps *cervelas truffé en brioche* or a *parfait de foie gras en croûte*? Afterwards he would recommend either the *gratin de langoustes* or the *filets de soles*, both specialties of the house. Then, perhaps, a *poulet* or some red meat, an *entrecôte*. The fat woman started to swallow in happy anticipation.

"*Filets de soles* for me and an *entrecôte*," she said. You could hear her mouth watering.

"Wait!" her husband commanded.

“Waiter, how much are the *soles*?”

Rodolphe kept smiling. “Five hundred fifty francs, monsieur. A very fine dish, served with *sauce crevettes* and *quenelles* which were *flambées à l’Armagnac*.”

“Too much money. We’ll have an *entrecôte* only.”

“Very well, monsieur. A nice



entrecôte, with a *béarnaise* . . .” It was evident that Rodolphe knew his métier.

Three red-faced, hungry-looking Dutchmen came in, shook hands with Rodolphe and with René, the sommelier, and ordered even before they sat down. They ordered everything that Rodolphe suggested, and would have ordered more. René brought a flat-bellied bottle, uncorked it with a quick turn of his wrist, and filled their glasses. He is a blond, easy-going fellow and told me that he was half Alsatian, half Savoyard. René judged his clients by their faces. If he liked a client, he would do everything for him.

“M. Thuilier is going to make you his *soles*,” he said, with amiable authority. “Try this Muscat blanc des Alpilles with it.” He brought the bottle, tasted a little in his silver cup, and filled my glass, looking at me expectantly. The wine was light and agreeable and aromatic, like the spirit of the landscape outside from which it came.

René laughed. “Quite amusing, *hein*? One wouldn’t think that such a wine could come from the country here. You must try the red Gigondas later. It comes from a place a few kilometers east of the Châteauneuf-du-Pape. A little lighter and less *brûlant*.”

It was a wonderful lunch. The *filets de soles* were poached in dry Cinzano and served with a delicious *sauce crevettes*. Any cookbook tells you how to make shrimp butter, which is the important ingredient of *sauce crevettes* — “pound shrimp remains, add their weight of butter,

strain through a fine sieve” — but no book could possibly explain how M. Thuilier made his sauce. The *quenelles* (fish cakes) were *flambées* in Armagnac, for the benefit of impressionable tourists. Afterwards I had a *pintadeau au porto*, with a sauce that was made of the juice of the Guinea cock, with port wine and Madeira added. The mixture had been simmering on a low flame for hours. I began to have a guilty conscience about the way I had reacted when my Bostonian friend had given me the address of the Baumanière. In fact, I wished he were there with me. I won’t be surprised if some day the *Guide Michelin* should award M. Thuilier the supreme accolade of a third star, which only seven restaurants in France received in the 1951 edition. M. Thuilier isn’t sure whether this would help the restaurant. Three-star places are the ones where “money doesn’t matter” and some people might be afraid to come. Actually the Baumanière is not an expensive place.

M. Thuilier had his lunch at my table, a little cold meat and salad. He said he rarely ate a big meal; sometimes he didn’t eat the whole day. After tasting every dish in the kitchen he wasn’t hungry. “I have a small staff,” he said. “An assistant, a *commis*, a *châreutier* who prepares the cold hors d’œuvres, and a *pâtis-sier*. Good boys, all of them, but the trouble with the help is that they remember the difficult things and are apt to forget the simple ones. I keep telling the boys that they must never roast a chicken in a very hot oven, and always only in its *own* fat. So first thing they turn on the fire and cover the *poulet* with butter. Wrong. The skin gets blisters and even the finest *poulet* from Bresse dries out inside. I put the chicken in, sprinkle it with its own juice, and when it gets gold-brown, I put a little butter on the legs. Thus the juice is kept inside and gently bloats up the chicken.”

M. Thuilier asked for a bottle of Vichy water and said, “A cook shows how good he is when something goes wrong and he’s got to show presence of mind. One of my friends in Morocco has a good Arab cook who can copy anything from a recipe but is not able to think for himself. He will lose his head when his *sauce béarnaise* curdles. Silly, what? Easiest thing in the world to make a good *béarnaise*.”

Sure, I said. As easy as it is for Jascha Heifetz to perform the Walton Concerto.

“He added hot water to the warm sauce. Of course, it got even worse.” M. Thuilier laughed, genuinely amused. “The trick is to add tepid water when the *béarnaise* is cold, and to add cold water when the sauce is tepid. A simple chemical reaction. Suppose I make you an *entrecôte* tonight with my *béarnaise*?”

He had another glass of Vichy water. He drinks little wine, not more than half a bottle of champagne a month, and never hard liquor. He never smokes. “Can’t afford to hurt my palate. A chef is good only as long as his palate is reliable.”

Being isolated in the mountains, M. Thuilier has a problem of logistics and supply. Everything has to be ordered and brought up. The chicken comes from Bresse, the *langouste* from Cap Finistère, the fish from the Mediterranean and from Lac d’Annecy in the Haute-Savoie. “The train leaves there at eight in the evening and gets here at eight in the morning,” said M. Thuilier. “Of course you’ve got to trust your fishmonger. I buy only the best and I must be sure that I get what I want. I had an argument last week. The fellow knows that I don’t want my *rouget* (red mullet) larger than 180 or 200 grams. No *rouget* is worth anything when it’s over 300 grams, *hein*?”

I couldn’t help wondering what my gourmet friends would say to *that*. They always talk of spices and sauces and soufflés and forget the basic things — the size of the red mullet, for instance.

“I had the mullets packed in ice and sent them back,” said M. Thuilier. “The next time I’ll throw them away and look for another dealer. You can’t compromise on quality.”

A petite brunette and her husband



came to our table. They were Madame and Monsieur Moscoloni, M. Thuilier's partner. "Léon is from Lyon," said M. Thuilier. "You know what we in France say about the Lyonnais? The richer they are, the shabbier they look. When I meet a fellow with frayed shirt sleeves on the golf course, I know he's a silk millionaire from Lyon."

"A Lyonnais never shirks out of an obligation," said M. Moscoloni with some asperity. "In my city the biggest business deals are confirmed by a simple handshake."

"Oh, la, la, the Lyonnais," M. Thuilier said, winking at me.

Madame Moscoloni said the re-



frigerator would be out of order for four days. They were enlarging the kitchen for the second time since the end of the war. The Baumanière serves sixty luncheons and thirty-five dinners on weekdays; on Sundays there are as many as a hundred and twenty people. During the winter most guests are French, but in summertime there is a higher percentage of foreigners — Americans, British, Dutch, Swiss, Spaniards.

"Some Americans know about food," M. Thuilier said. "I know — I was with them in the war as liaison officer with the Twelfth Army Group. But many do not. They haven't learned yet that the best dishes are simple dishes. My mother used to say, '*Il faut manger simplement et sainement*'; simple food is healthy food. My American friends didn't believe me when I told them that I rarely use garlic in my Provençal dishes; they like everything overspiced. The simple dishes are also the most difficult. The other day my assistant prepared a *gratin de langoustes*. The sauce was too 'short' — too thick and not clear enough. I wasn't satisfied, but the client was. But to make a perfect *purée de pommes de terre* (mashed

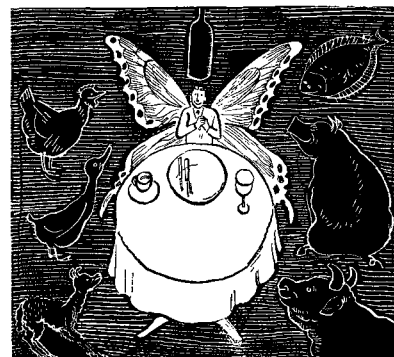
potatoes) — ah, that's difficult. The slightest mistake shows up. The potatoes must be steamed, not boiled. The dish must not be too liquid and not too firm and it must not be allowed to wait. Another simple and difficult dish is *pot-au-feu*. The secret of 'boiled' beef is that the soup must never boil, only simmer. To make a fine omelet is one of the most difficult feats of the *grande cuisine*. But the clients would stop coming if we served them omelets. They want things that sound complicated, *rougets papillottes au beurre d'anchois*, mullet grilled and wrapped in a paper bag, or *cane-ton à l'orange*, which has never been my favorite. In cooking, as in music, there should be harmony, and duck just doesn't harmonize with oranges. And you must never hurry. A few weeks ago a client told me he was in a hurry, could I serve him in twenty minutes? I said to him, 'Of course I realize that you're in a hurry, monsieur, and I will serve you — a sandwich.'"

"We work too hard here," said M. Moscolini. "We should close one day of the week."

"Difficult," said M. Thuilier. "Restaurants like Pic in Valence and Point in Vienne can afford to close once a week. There is always some other place near Route 7. But people make a detour to come up here and they would be stuck. Have you been at Point's Pyramide in Vienne lately? Ah, the great Fernand Point! We are old friends. We come from the same region and were both born in the same year, 1897. They are wonderful people, Fernand and Mado Point. Last year we both got the *Légion d'honneur* and Point gave a special dinner. Served us a whole pheasant, with head and feathers, but the body was made of *pâté de faisan*. Ah!"

There was a minute of reverent silence, then we walked over to the cave to look at some vintages of Château-Lafite, Château Gruaud-Larose, a 1928 Chambolle-Musigny, a 1929 Charmes-Chambertin. It is a small cellar but has a fine assortment of Côtes du Rhône wines, Hermitage

La Chapelle, and a '29 Châteauneuf-du-Pape. M. Thuilier compared the Bordeaux to a "grande dame" and



the Burgundy to an "exciting mistress." René, the sommelier, remembered a Clos de Vougeot '29 which —

I tiptoed away. The sun was getting low and I walked up to the high plateau past a Roman chapel where, an old man told me, "even the unbelieving ones feel the urge to kneel down." I walked through a dead city of broken walls, scattered rocks, and troglodyte dwellings, past the tenth-century castle which Louis XIII had demolished in 1632, two years before the Baumanière was built.

When I came back, the lights were burning in the patio and there were candles on the dining-room tables. M. Thuilier was working again. I had a "simple" dinner, a marvelous *gratin de langoustes* ("nothing to it," said M. Thuilier, "once you have the feel of the sauce") and a steak which M. Thuilier rubs with butter lightly before broiling it over a hot fire, and butters once more later so that the juice will stay in. He is doubtless one of the great chefs of France. When I walked up to my room, the moon was bright and the rocks seemed to be strangely alive. I thought I was hearing the old battle cry of the Lords of Les Baux, "*A l'Hasard Bauthésard!*" but it was only the voice of René, downstairs in the patio, telling a guest of the wonderful bottle of Moët & Chandon 1906 which had still been in perfect condition when he opened it, forty-five years later, although it was older than himself.

BRIDGE FISHERMEN

by M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

FINDING on neither shore what most they crave,
Sad symbolists of unrewarded wish,
Poised hesitant above a liquid grave —
Has ever one been seen to land a fish?

Free
TO NEW MEMBER:

—WALTER J. BLACK, PRESIDENT OF THE CLASSICS CLUB,
INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT FREE

This Beautifully Bound, Lavishly Illustrated Edition of

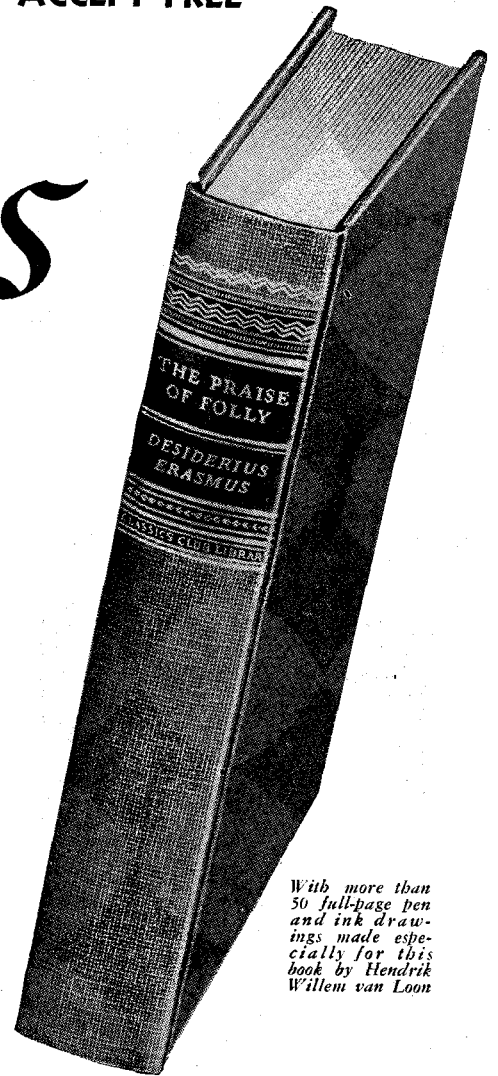
ERASMUS

The Praise of Folly



DID your favorite newspaper columnist write this book four centuries ago? You'll ask that question the moment you open this remarkable volume! For you'll feel that Erasmus *is* your contemporary — so surely does he crack the whip of wit and humor at the follies of the world you live in *today*.

Hitler burned this book, smashed its author's statue—but the laughter and scorn that lash out from *The Praise of Folly* will never be stilled. Now you can join that laughter and share that scorn of violence, prejudice, and greed. And you'll treasure this handsome De Luxe volume — *now yours, free, as a gift* — because its inimitable drawings by Hendrik Willem van Loon, who has also written the introduction, make it as delightful to look at as it is to read.



With more than 50 full-page pen and ink drawings made especially for this book by Hendrik Willem van Loon

Why The Classics Club Offers You This Book Free

WILL you add this lovely volume to your library — as a membership gift from The Classics Club? You are invited to join today . . . and to receive on approval beautiful editions of the world's greatest masterpieces.

These books, selected unanimously by distinguished literary authorities, were chosen because they offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today.

Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. Have you ever wondered how the truly great books have *become* "classics"? First, because they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were read; they would not have been read unless they were interesting. To be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And those are the very qualities which characterize these selections: *readability, interest, simplicity*.

Only Book Club of Its Kind

The Classics Club is different from

all other book clubs. 1. It distributes to its members the world's classics at a low price. 2. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its volumes (which are being used today in many leading colleges and universities) are luxurious De Luxe Editions — bound in the fine buckram ordinarily used for \$5 and \$10 bindings. They have tinted page tops; are richly stamped in genuine gold, which will retain its original lustre — books you and your children will read and cherish for years.

A Trial Membership Invitation to You

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership. With your first book will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any book you do not wish. You need not take any specific number of books — only the ones you want. No money in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership at any time.

Mail this Invitation Form now. Paper, printing, binding costs are rising. This low price — and your FREE copy of *The Praise of Folly*, by ERASMUS — cannot be assured unless you respond promptly. THE CLASSICS CLUB, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Walter J. Black, President JW
THE CLASSICS CLUB
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me, FREE, the beautiful De Luxe Classics Club Edition of *The Praise of Folly*, by ERASMUS, together with the current selection.

I am not obligated to take any specific number of books and I am to receive an advance description of future selections. Also, I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership whenever I wish.

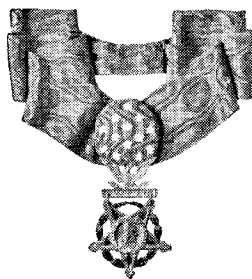
For each volume I decide to keep I will send you \$2.89 plus a few cents mailing charges. (Books shipped U. S. A. in only.)

Mr. {
Mrs. {
Miss { Please Print Plainly

Address.....

City..... Zone No.
(if any)..... State.....

Medal of Honor



Sergeant Charles Turner, of Boston, Massachusetts—Medal of Honor, Korea. On September 1, 1950, near Yongsan, Korea, Sergeant Turner took over an exposed turret machine gun on a tank. Despite fifty direct hits on the tank, he stayed by his gun and destroyed seven enemy machine gun nests before he was killed.

You and your family are more secure today because of what Charles Turner did for you.

Sergeant Turner died to keep America free. Won't you see that America *stays* the land of peace and promise for which he gave his life? Defending the things he fought for is *your* job, too.

One important defense job you can do *right now* is to buy United States Defense* Bonds and buy them regularly. For it's your Defense Bonds that help keep America strong *within*. And out of America's inner strength can come power that guarantees security—for your country, for your family, for *you*.

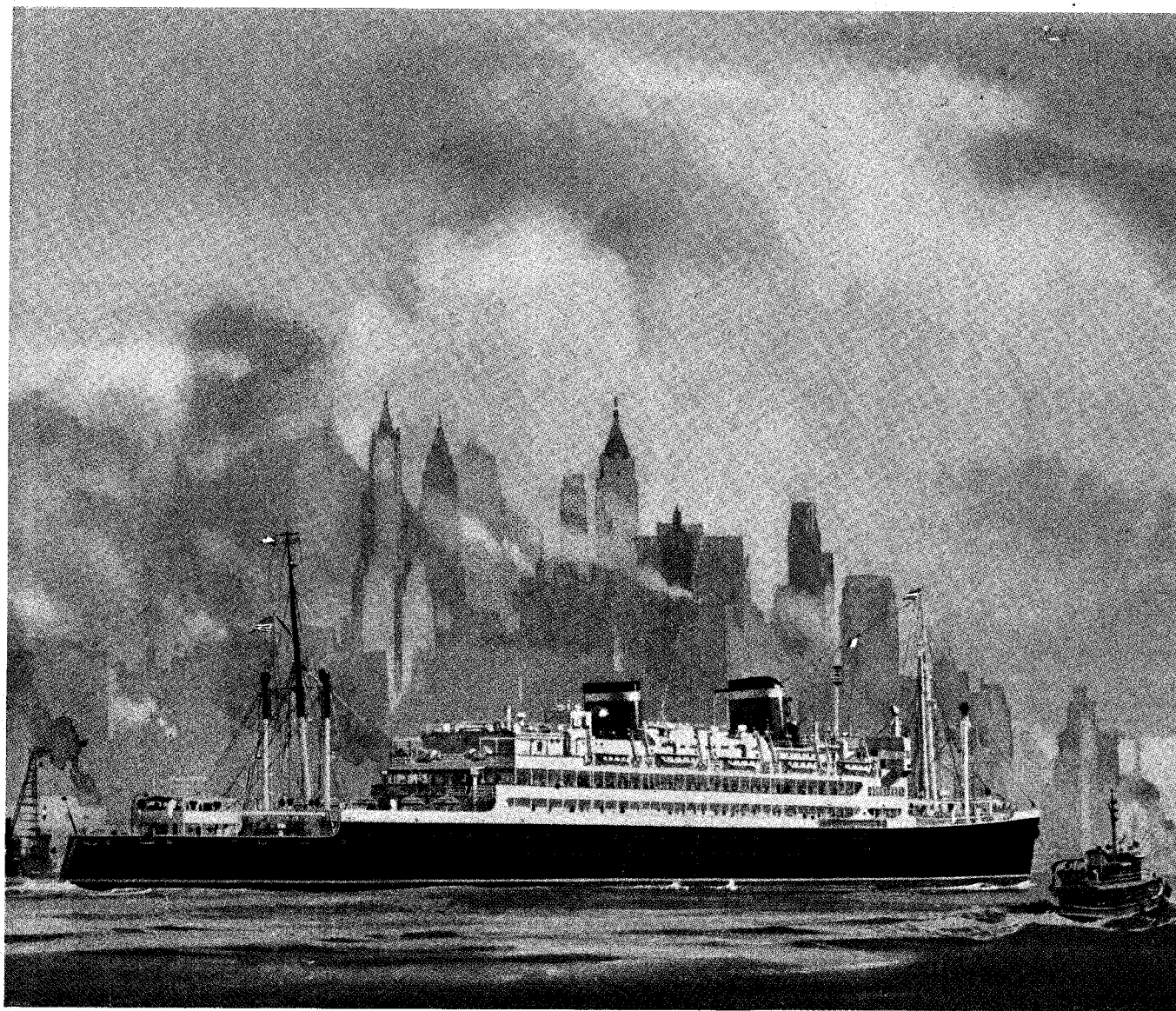
Remember that when you're buying bonds for national defense, you're also building a personal reserve of cash savings. Remember, too, that if you don't save *regularly*, you generally don't save at all. Money you take

home usually is money spent. So sign up today in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work, or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. For your country's security, and your own, buy U. S. Defense Bonds now!

****U.S. Savings Bonds are Defense Bonds - Buy them regularly!***



The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.



"Santa Rosa" leaving New York harbor

Cruises **TO THE CARIBBEAN AND SOUTH AMERICA**
12 TO 18 DAYS OR LONGER...SAILINGS EVERY FRIDAY



*Grace "Santas" are especially designed for tropical cruising
all rooms outside, each with private bath
light airy dining rooms on promenade decks
outdoor tiled swimming pools. See your travel agent or*

GRACE LINE

10 Hanover Square, New York

Agents and offices in all principal cities